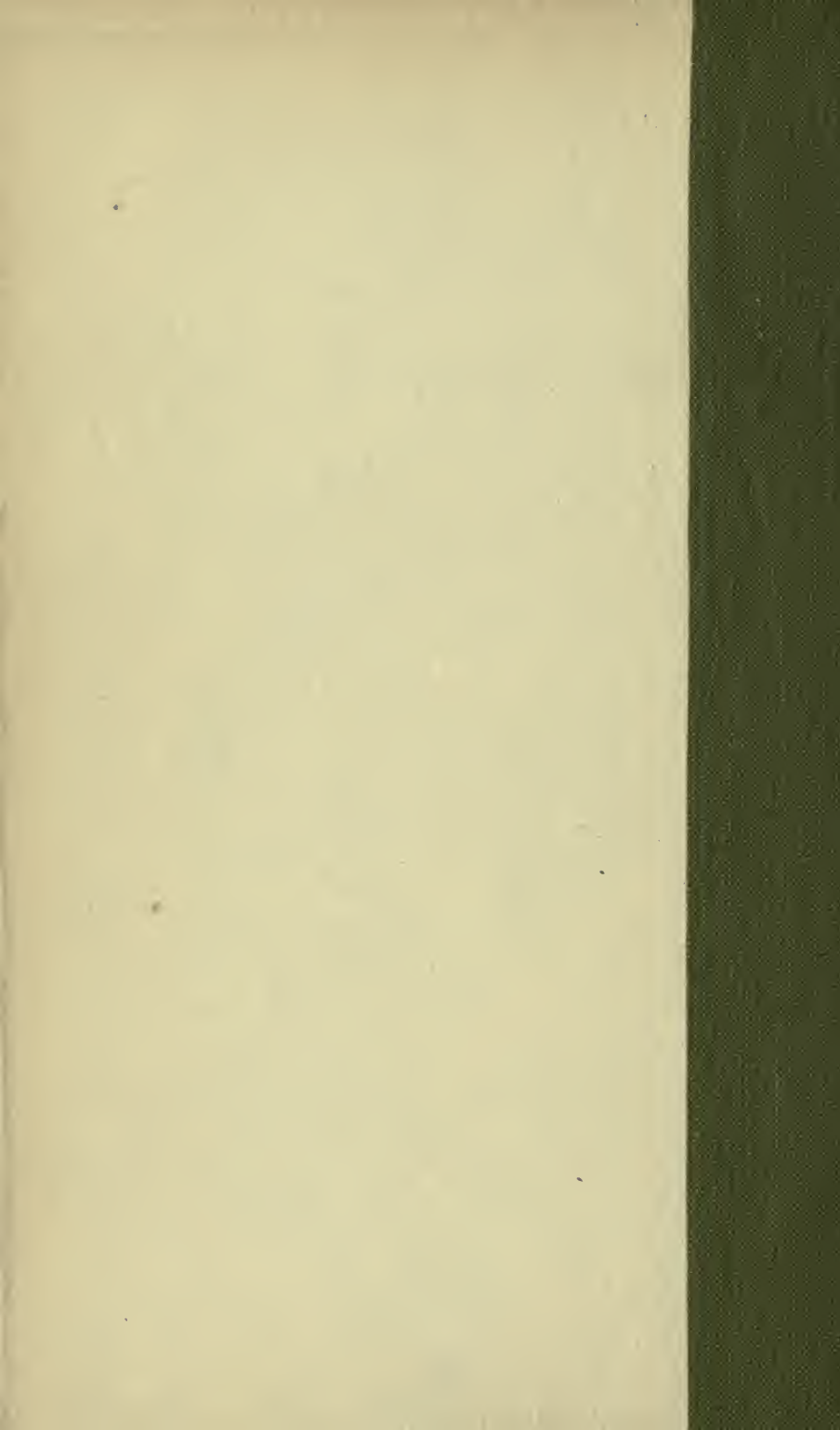


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AMERICAN AUTHORS

A HAND-BOOK

OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE

FROM

EARLY COLONIAL TO LIVING WRITERS

BY

^{Lewis}
MILDRED RUTHERFORD

ATHENS GEORGIA

"It is a commendation of a good huntsman to find game in a wide world, but it is no imputation if he hath not caught it all."—Plato.

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7.

PREFACE.

"If injustice has been done, it has not been of malice aforethought."—*E. C. Stedman.*

To prepare a text-book of American literature is a difficult task. It is utterly impossible to give every writer a place in so small a compass, and, as a matter of fact, justice cannot be done every section of our broad land. Especially do we realize this to be true, when we discover that in the South alone there are over 3,500 writers, to say naught of the remaining three sections. While we trust a spirit of fairness shall pervade our work, we know that in the judgment of many wise critics some names will be omitted contrary to their opinion, and many inserted which they think should have been omitted. Every compiler of a work of this kind is subject to this criticism.

Plato said, "It is a commendation of a good huntsman to find game in a wide world, but it is no imputation if he hath not caught it all." Therefore we beg the missing writers and their friends to wait patiently until the supplement shall catch all that remain.

If this volume shall prove the means of inspiring in our young people a love for their country, and a pride in their countrymen; and shall stimulate them to emulate the example of the wise, and to avoid the errors of the unwise, its mission will not be in vain.*

MILDRED RUTHERFORD.

Athens, Ga., 1894.

* To all teachers and students of "American Authors," "Library of American Literature," by E. C. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson, is recommended in highest terms to supply the missing extracts.

IMPORTANT DATES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

		CONTEMPORANEOUS SOVEREIGNS.	
		ENGLAND.	FRANCE.
936	Discovery of the Western Continent by Herjulfson.....	Ethelred II.	Louis V.
1001	Discovery of America by Lief Erickson	"	Robert.
1492	Discovery of America by Columbus.....	Henry VII.	Charles VIII
1497	Discovery of America by the Cabots.....	"	"
1512	Ponce de Leon discovered Florida.....	Henry VIII.	Louis XII.
1513	Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean.....	"	"
1534	Cartier discovered the St. Lawrence.....	"	Francis I.
1541	De Soto discovered the Mississippi.....	"	Henry II.
1607	Virginia settled by English Protestants.....	James I.	Henry IV.
1607	Captain John Smith.....	"	"
1609	Henry Hudson discovered the Hudson.....	"	"
1614	New York settled by the Dutch.....	"	Louis XIII.
1620	Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.....	"	"
1620	Slave trade begun.....	"	"
1623	New Hampshire settled by English Protestants.....	"	"
1623	Massachusetts settled by English Protestants.....	Charles I.	"
1634	Maryland settled by English Catholics.....	"	"
1635	Connecticut settled by English Protestants.....	"	"
1636	Rhode Island settled by English Protestants.....	"	"
1638	Printing Press introduced.....	"	"
1638	Delaware settled by the Swedes.....	"	"
1638	Harvard University founded.....	"	"
1638	New Sweden.....	"	"
1640	North Carolina settled by English Protestants	"	"
1664	New Netherlands became New York.....	Charles II.	Louis XIV.
1665	New Jersey settled by English Quakers.....	"	"
1670	South Carolina settled by English Protestants.....	"	"
1675	King Philip's War.....	"	"
1681	Pennsylvania settled by English Protestants.....	"	"
1692	William and Mary College established.....	William and Mary.	"
1692	Witchcraft.....	"	"
1732	Georgia settled by English Protestants.....	George II.	Louis XV.
1735	The Wesleys arrived in Georgia.....	"	"
1763	Mason and Dixon's Line surveyed	George III.	"
1765	Stamp Act passed.....	"	"
1765	First Colonial Congress	"	"
1773	The Boston Tea Party.....	"	"
1775	Battle of Lexington.....	"	Louis XVI.
1775	Battle of Bunker Hill.....	"	"
1776	Sergeant Jasper.....	"	"
1776	Declaration of Independence.....	"	"
1777	Articles of Confederation.....	"	"
1780	Arnold's Treason.....	"	"
1781	Surrender of Cornwallis.....	"	"
1783	The Treaty of Paris.....	"	"
1787	Adoption of the Constitution.....	"	"
1787	Electoral Colleges	"	"
1787	The President's Cabinet.....	"	"
1789	First President—George Washington (two terms)....	"	Republic.
1792	Invention of Cotton Gin, Eli Whitney, Massachusetts.....	"	"

CONTEMPORANEOUS SOVEREIGNS.

	ENGLAND.	FRANCE.
1797 <i>Second President</i> —John Adams (one term).....	George III.	Republic.
1800 Seat of Government changed.....	"	"
1801 <i>Third President</i> —Thomas Jefferson (two terms).....	"	"
1803 Louisiana purchased.....	"	"
1807 Invention of the Steamboat—Robert Fulton, Penn.....	"	Napoleon I.
1809 <i>Fourth President</i> —James Madison (two terms).....	"	"
1812 War of 1812.....	"	"
1815 Peace declared.....	"	Louis XVIII.
1815 War with Algiers.....	"	"
1817 <i>Fifth President</i> —James Monroe (two terms).....	"	"
1818 The Seminole War.....	"	"
1819 The First Ocean Steamer.....	"	"
1820 The Missouri Compromise.....	George IV.	"
1825 <i>Sixth President</i> —John Quincy Adams (one term).....	"	"
1827 The First Railroad.....	"	"
1829 <i>Seventh President</i> —Andrew Jackson (two terms).....	"	"
1833 Whigs and Democrats.....	William IV.	"
1835 The Florida War.....	"	"
1837 <i>Eighth President</i> —Martin Van Buren (one term).....	Victoria.	"
1841 <i>Ninth President</i> —William Henry Harrison (one month)...	"	"
1841 <i>Tenth President</i> —John Tyler (one term).....	"	"
1845 <i>Eleventh President</i> —James K. Polk (one term).....	"	"
1846 War with Mexico.....	"	"
1849 <i>Twelfth President</i> —Zachary Taylor (one year).....	"	"
1850 <i>Thirteenth President</i> —Millard Fillmore (three years).....	"	"
1853 <i>Fourteenth President</i> —Franklin Pierce (one term).....	"	"
1854 The Know-Nothings.....	"	Napoleon III.
1854 Kansas War.....	"	"
1857 <i>Fifteenth President</i> —James Buchanan (one term).....	"	"
1858 The Atlantic Cable.....	"	"
1861 <i>Sixteenth President</i> —Abraham Lincoln (one term).....	"	"
1861 Secession—The Southern Confederacy.....	"	"
1861 Jefferson Davis (President of Confederate States).....	"	"
1861 The Fall of Sumter.....	"	"
1861 The Baltimore Riot.....	"	"
1861 Battle at Philippi.....	"	"
1861 First Battle of Manassas.....	"	"
1862 Second Battle of Manassas.....	"	"
1862 Battle of Shiloh.....	"	"
1863 Emancipation Proclamation.....	"	"
1865 The Surrender.....	"	"
1865 Lincoln's Death.....	"	"
1865 Davis's Capture ..	"	"
1865 <i>Seventeenth President</i> —Andrew Johnson (one term).....	"	"
1865 Abolition of Slavery.....	"	"
1865 Fourteenth Amendment ..	"	"
1869 <i>Eighteenth President</i> —Ulysses S. Grant (two terms).....	"	"
1870 Fifteenth Amendment.....	"	"
1877 <i>Nineteenth President</i> —Rutherford B. Hayes (one term).....	"	Republic.
1881 <i>Twentieth President</i> —James A. Garfield (six months).....	"	"
1881 <i>Twenty-first President</i> —Chester A. Arthur (3½ years).....	"	"
1885 <i>Twenty-second President</i> —Grover Cleveland (one term).....	"	"
1889 <i>Twenty-third President</i> —Benjamin Harrison (one term).....	"	"
1893 <i>Twenty-fourth President</i> —Grover Cleveland	"	"

CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

"Not every mother as fair and ripe as England, however affectionate, can look with perfect complacency upon a daughter growing to her own height and beauty before the world. To her eyes the maiden is still a child, and she owns with reluctance and very slowly that child's attractiveness, and the claims of her suitors."—*E. C. Stedman*.

The first writings of the New World took the form of messages from the Old.

As the "Edinburgh Review" once said, "Literature the Americans have none; no native literature we mean. But why should the Americans write books when a six weeks' passage brings them in their own tongue our sense, science, and genius in bales and hogsheads?"

This doubtless was true at the time it was written, but the Americans of the Nineteenth Century no longer depend upon England to furnish them sense, science, or genius.

It seems unreasonable to look for a display of literary effort and success during the Colonial period. The people were very poor; they had no credit abroad, and no real money at home; exchange was mere barter, so what could be expected except a rude civilization. Yet there were a number of men, eager in spirit and intellect, representatives of learned professions, graduates of universities, who came among the colonists to America, —these only waited for an opportunity to develop the resources within them.

Not the *Colonial Period*, nor the *Revolutionary Period*, nor the *National Period* was favorable to the production of literature.

In the *first era* the people were too poor to write; in the *second era* they were fighting too much to write; in the *third era*

they were making laws and looking after the agricultural and manufacturing interests of the country and had no time to write—but, during the *Period of the Republic*, matters have been quite different; independence has been gained, mutual jealousies have been laid aside, and grievances have been redressed, so that now the writers of America are standing side by side with the writers of England, and with equal skill and equal industry are making contributions to the literature of a common language.

When Sidney Smith asked the question, "Who reads an American book?" we could not answer the ungenerous criticism, and we were compelled then to bear tamely his tauntings for lack of originality and unproductiveness in the literature of our country; but no one dares now to repeat this question. The ablest critics must admit that the highest claim for English literature to-day belongs on this side of the Atlantic; and, although American literature is practically but eighty years old, it compares favorably with that of any literature on the globe.

"Self-praise is half scandal," so we shall let the literature speak for itself.

As Richardson says, "We have done some things well, and some we have not done at all; some we have done ill, some only passably well, and some better than any nation in the world. We can afford to recognize this fact and rest upon it, but let us be very careful not to praise an author simply because he is an American."

Literature is the written record of valuable thought and should have no personal ends to subserve. In order then to treat the subject of American literature systematically and intelligently, we shall divide it into five eras:

1. The Early Colonial Literature (1602-1675).
2. The Later Colonial Literature (1675-1764).
3. The Literature of the Revolution (1764-1787).
4. The Literature of the National and Constitutional Era (1787-1861).
5. The Literature of the Republic (1861——).

Certain peculiarities of style characterize each of these eras, and a person familiar with the history of the times can assign at a glance the writers by their writings.

The early Colonial writers dealt chiefly with the tales of voyagers who first gained a foothold on our shores. The striking accounts of voyaging, shipwreck, and discovery date from Raleigh's, Gosnold's, and Waymouth's explorations in 1602.

All books and pamphlets at this time were published in England, and while they were modelled in the style of the Old Country, they breathed the independent spirit of the New. It was not until 1640 that an American book, *The Bay Psalm Book*,* was published on this continent, still we call all literature American that sprung from the brains and hearts of these heroic pioneers who shaped the Colonial mind.

The first literary work in America was the translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses" by George Sandys, but the first original literary work was "*Poems*" by Mrs. Bradstreet.

The later Colonial writers wrote less of adventure and more of religion and politics. The divines were the thinking class; their theology, filled with records of "startling and mysterious providences," formed a striking characteristic of this era.

The *Writings of the Revolution* consisted chiefly in the speeches of patriotic statesmen—statesmen who were the founders of the Republic, and whose speeches were filled with political wisdom, eloquence, and law. The people had been struggling for independence; and public and private energies were applied to the recuperation of strength, and the maintenance and comprehension of their new liberty; so little or no time could be devoted to letters and the liberal arts.

The *Writers of the National Era* produced a change, but it was not until the *Writers of the Republic* entered the arena that we notice any very decided change in style and thought. This era brought forth an array of orators, novelists, historians, theo-

* One of the first editions of this book, belonging to a collection given by Mr. Paine, of New York, is in the library at Hartford Seminary.

logians, scientists and poets, unequalled by any other nation in the same period of time. North and South offer equal claims for recognition during this period of literature.

Much that is misleading has been said in regard to the literature of the South prior to the "War between the States." It has been urged that the institution of slavery destroyed the mental activity of the Southern writers. If that were true, how did the minds of such men as Washington, Madison, Jefferson, Monroe, Randolph, Clay, Calhoun, Jackson and others escape this mental destruction? Whipple said, "Jefferson was the most efficient master of the pen and the most advanced political thinker of his day." Judge Story said that we are mainly indebted to Madison and Hamilton for the Constitution of the United States. Charles Dudley Warner, in speaking of Virginians, said, "To find a parallel to their treatises on the nature of government, in respect to originality and vigor, we must go back to the classic times." Who can estimate the power of Marshall in welding by his pen the States into a nation, or of Randolph in creating a solid South? Who did most in controlling and directing the affairs of the nation from the adoption of the Constitution until the election of Lincoln, if not Southern minds? Again, how did Greece attain the pinnacle of her glory in literature and art under the institution of slavery, if this statement be true?

There is a dearth of writers North as well as South prior to the "War between the States." The names of over two hundred writers belonging to the Old South have been preserved. Of these as many prominent ones can be mentioned as lived and wrote during the same period at the North; although there were good reasons why their printed works should not have been as many.

New England claims that her people were too poor to write, showing that she thought wealth, which gives time to its possessors, was only requisite to the cultivation of literary tastes and talents. This the South had. The wealth and prosperity of the United States were the outcome of the Slave States, for they

exported from 1700 to 1850 more than three hundred and fifty million dollars in excess of all the Northern States. The Southern planters had wealth then and leisure, and the reason so few books emanated from their brains must have been from other causes than from the institution of slavery and consequent riches. Being rich there was no incentive to them to publish books. Besides there were few Southern magazines to encourage talent. If an author were poor, he went like Poe to a Northern market to sell the product of his brain. Many talented men and women wrote simply for amusement. These articles were published usually in the town or county papers which had only a local circulation.

They were articles filled with original thought, wit, humor and pathos,—exquisite gems of poetry, remembered and cherished by many of that day, but which were probably never seen beyond Mason and Dixon's line.

Richard Henry Wilde, Henry R. Jackson, Mirabeau Lamar, Madame le Vert, Philip Pendleton Cooke, Harry Flash, and a few others may be known; but we doubt seriously if Colonel John B. Lamar, the author of "Polly Peablossom's Wedding" and "The Blacksmith of Smoky Mt." is scarcely known, although Dickens was thought to have plagiarized from him; nor do we suppose that "Billy Woodpile's Letters" have been read and appreciated beyond Oliver Prince's native State.

The accusation has been made, too, that the Southerner was not a reader, and consequently not literary in tastes and aspirations. Statistics furnish proofs that out of the one thousand five hundred and forty-nine subscribers to the "American Museum," a monthly magazine published in Philadelphia in the early part of the century, seven hundred and thirty-two were from the South. Much of the energy of the South was expended in statesmanship and law-making. In what States can be found eloquent orators and statesmen in greater numbers than in Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia?

The South too has been unfortunate in that many of her

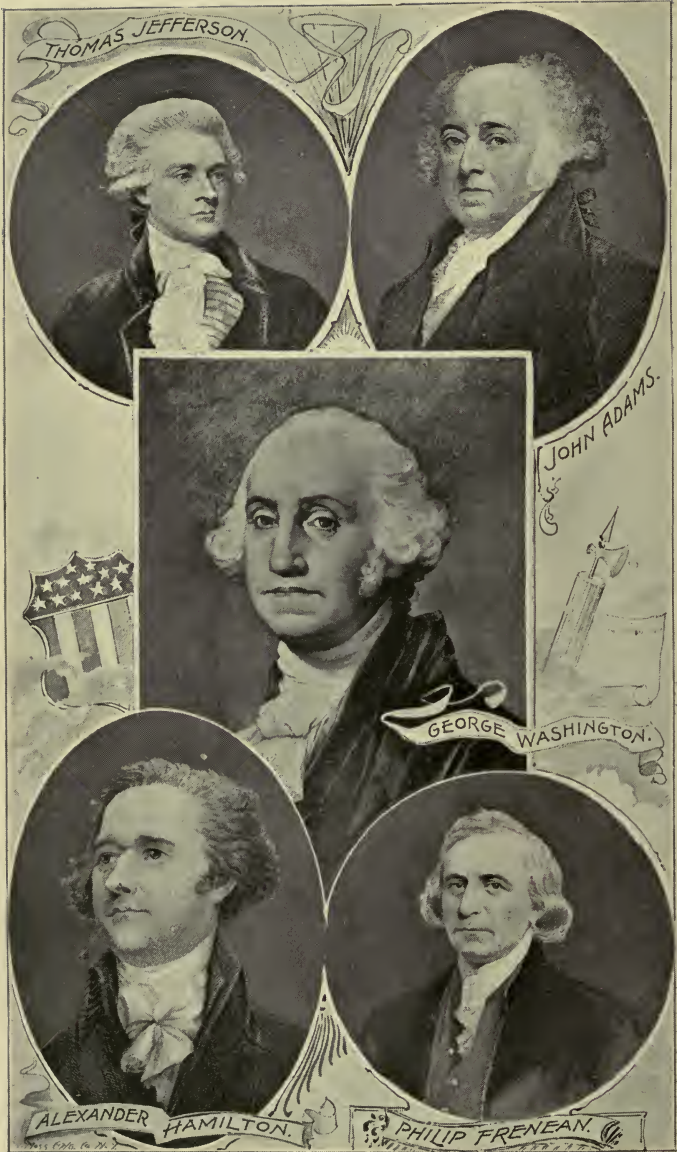
most gifted poets have died young. Poe, Timrod, Lanier, Hayne, Ryan, and Cooke, had scarcely reached the prime of life when death claimed them. When the means are furnished whereby a correct knowledge of facts may be obtained, such statements will cease to be made. A false idea of modesty caused Southern men to refuse to give sketches of their lives to makers of encyclopædias, hence their names are missing from them. The North is blamed for this when really it is the fault of the South. Even as fair-minded a writer as Stedman in his "Library of American Literature" has omitted many Southern writers; and it was doubtless because he had no means of obtaining information regarding them.

HISTORY REVIEW.*

1. *What is this country sometimes called, and why?*
2. *Who were the first inhabitants of the New World?*
3. *Why were they called Indians?*
4. *What is known of their origin?*
5. *What is the theory concerning their lineage?*
6. *How did they employ their time?*
7. *Name the leading tribes of Indians.*
8. *What Tribes now remain? Where do they live?*
9. *Describe the mode of warfare among the Indians.*
10. *Describe the houses, dress and weapons of the Indians.*

*Consult "Miss Field's United States History," Barnes's "Brief History of the United States," Chambers "Higher History of the United States," and Eggleston's "History of the United States and Its People."

16



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

WILLOUGHBY, ENGLAND.

1579.

1631.

EARLY COLONIAL WRITER.

"Poetry has imagined nothing more stirring and romantic than his life and adventures; and history, upon her ample page, has recorded few more honorable and spotless names."—*George S. Hilliard.*

Captain John Smith, from his own account, was a very brave and a very great man; he was not only a wanderer, a pioneer and a fighter, but he was also a writer; yet, as it has been stated, this representation rests almost wholly upon what he has told us himself. While we are sure that he often took credit for what was due others, still there is no doubt that his life was one remarkable for romance and adventure. He was the product of an adventurous and boastful age. His origin embittered him against those better born, and it may have hindered his advancement. He had, without doubt, courage, immense energy, and a wonderful amount of what is generally known as tact.

He was born in Willoughby, Lincolnshire, England, January, 1579. His father was George Smith, and his mother's name was Alice. He had very little education except that gained by travel.

At fifteen he was appointed to a trade, but he ran away from his employer with ten shillings in his pocket and went to France. At seventeen he joined the French army; he served three years with the Dutch; at twenty-one he was shipwrecked; afterwards travelled extensively on the Continent; served under Sigismund Báthori against the Turks, where he claimed to have killed three of their men in single combat; was caught and enslaved in Constantinople; killed his master with a flail and returned to England through Africa; and at twenty-five years of age was a "battle-scarred veteran" and an "experienced traveller."

In 1605 he returned to London, and while there caught the fever for the colonization of America. Captain Bartholomew Gosnold had just returned from the New World, and easily persuaded Smith, who was ever ready for an adventure of any kind, to go with him to found a colony in Virginia. Accordingly an expedition consisting of three vessels and one hundred and five men set out. On the way the colonists conceived the idea that Smith intended to murder the council, usurp the government, and make himself king. When they reached the Canaries, they made him prisoner and kept him so during the rest of the voyage. They landed at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, in May. In June they needed Smith's advice in regard to obtaining supplies of food and building defences against the Indians, so they restored him in the confidence of the party and admitted him to the council.

In exploring the James River, he was taken prisoner by Powhatan, who kept him captive six weeks and then sent him back to Jamestown. It was during this captivity that the romantic incident in connection with Pocahontas took place, and so intimately has John Smith's name become associated with that of the beautiful Indian princess, that many still labor under the impression that he, instead of Rolfe, afterwards married her.

Pocahontas was only twelve years old at the time of Smith's capture, and touched with compassion for him when she saw what fate had decreed for him, interceded with her father in his behalf. History does state, however, that she refused to marry Rolfe until told that Smith was dead. When she discovered that she had been deceived, it is said she died of a broken heart.

"At last they brought him (Smith) to Werowocomoco, where was Powhatan, their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him as he had been a monster, till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe made of Rarocnn skinnies, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along on each side of the house two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of birds; but every one with something; and a great chain of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the king all the people gave a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers instead of a towel,

to dry them. Having feasted them after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could laid their hands on him dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs to beate out his braines, Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her armes, and her owne upon his to save him from death; whereat the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the king himselfe will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe anything so well as the rest."

Disasters seemed to follow Smith in his new country. He tells us how he was taken prisoner by the savages and carried to the king of Pamaunkey; tied to a tree to be shot; led about the country as a wonder; fatted for a sacrifice to an idol; captured by Powhatan and threatened with death; stung by the tail of a poisonous fish; blown up with gunpowder and finally carried to England to be cured. Surely no man has had more wonderful escapes, nor has been more miraculously preserved, if it be possible to believe his own accounts; but unfortunately, John Smith is to American literature what Mandeville is to English—both had the tendency to embellish and magnify everything, especially parts relating to themselves, and both made up by touches of romance what they "lacked in the sober field of history."

Smith is the most entertaining of the travel-writers of that day, and his position in literature rests upon his facility to write romances. His *Generall Historie of Virginia* comes nearest the border line of pure literature, while his *Accidence for Young Seamen* is farthest from it. Smith's narratives are always picturesque and sometimes they are strong. Their main value is that of historical material. When we consider that he wrote when Shakespeare and Bacon were writing in England, we can scarcely conceive how he succeeded even in interesting his contemporaries.

He died in London at the age of fifty-two, after a brave, active, romantic, and useful life. His zeal was greater than his discretion; and his industry was often fruitless; yet in spite of these adverse criticisms, America owes a debt of gratitude to him which she can never pay. He was the virtual founder of the

State of Virginia; for had it not been for his remarkable personal qualities and indefatigable exertions, the colony at Jamestown would never have been established. New England is not much less his debtor, for, although not directly instrumental in founding the colony at Plymouth, there is no doubt that he first awakened an interest in that settlement by his writings and personal exertions. So the debt we owe is national and American, and so should his glory be; and wherever the English language is spoken, his deeds should be recounted and his memory hal-
lowed.

His writings, however, give him but an humble place in American literature. Strictly speaking they should not be placed there, but in English literature, for only two years and eight months of his life were ever spent on American soil.

While serving with the Germans against the Turks, he adopted an ingenious mode of telegraphing. This was by means of torches. Each letter between A and L was designated by showing one torch as many times as corresponded to the letter's place in the alphabet; and all letters between L and Z in like manner by two torches.

Smith's works are:

A True Relation,	New England Trials,
A Map of Virginia,	The True Travels,
A Description of New England,	The General Historie of Virginia,
An Accidence for Young Seaman,	New England and the Summer Isles,
Advertisements for Unexperienced Planters.	

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What does Aborigines mean?*
2. *What is the theory of the origin of the Aborigines?*
3. *How wide is Behring Strait?*
4. *Where are Indian mounds most numerous?*
5. *Who were the Aztecs?*
6. *What extensive ruins remain in Mexico and Central America?*
7. *What was the religion of the Indians?*
8. *What is their theory concerning the soul after death?*
9. *What are their views concerning the marriage relation?*
10. *How did they treat their wives?*

ROGER WILLIAMS.

WALES.

1606.

1683.

EARLY COLONIAL WRITER.

"He was the foremost man in asserting the principles which now form the basis of liberty in America."

The founder of Rhode Island deserves a place in early Colonial literature, if literature be a record of the progress of culture among the people; and if Roger Williams had written nothing more than the article on religious liberty inserted in the charter of the colony, that alone would entitle him to consideration.

He was the son of William Williams, of Cærmarthenshire, Wales, and, tradition says, a relative of Oliver Cromwell; but whether he was or was not matters little, although he possessed many qualities peculiar to the "Old Roundhead."

There is no doubt that Williams had been religiously educated, for when he was quite a little boy we have an account of his taking shorthand notes upon the sermons which he heard; and it was these and the notes upon speeches in the Star Chamber that first attracted the attention of Sir Edward Coke, who, taking a liking to the precocious little boy, sent him to Sutton's hospital, which was afterwards the famous Charter-house. He then entered Jesus College, Oxford, and after that, it is stated upon some slight authority, he studied law; but this must have been for a very short while, as he became a clergyman in the Church of England soon after and embarked for America as early as 1630. He did not arrive in Boston until February, 1631, for it took much longer to cross the Atlantic then than it does in these days of improved steamships. His wife Mary accompanied him, and they suffered greatly during the long and tedious voyage.

Being a Puritan, very pronounced in his opinions, and inclining strongly to Baptist principles and beliefs, he soon incurred the hostility of the authorities at Boston by announcing these

beliefs and joining the Baptists; and, strange to say, the Christians who had fled from the persecutions abroad soon became the persecutors of the Christians at home. The Puritans saw that this doctrine of soul liberty, which Roger Williams so strongly advocated, assailed the theocracy they were rearing; and taking alarm they compelled him to leave Salem and to retire to Plymouth. He was, however, afterwards allowed to return to Salem, but when he denied the right of King Charles to grant the Charter to the Massachusetts Bay Colony, upon the ground that the land belonged to the Indians, and that he (the king) had no right to give it away, they forced him to leave again. Fearing to incur the displeasure of the king by what might appear to him an effort to throw off their allegiance to him, they publicly condemned these views of Roger Williams, and planned to get him out of the colony. They became still more alarmed when he said "no human power had the right to intermeddle in matters of conscience; and that neither church nor state, neither bishop nor king may prescribe the smallest iota of religious faith," and "man is responsible to God alone." They felt that these were doctrines which threatened danger to the colonies, so they sent a committee from the church to censure him, but he denied their jurisdiction over him; then he was summoned before the general court of Boston and ordered to leave the colonies in six weeks. This authority he acknowledged, and prepared to leave, but a longer time was afterwards granted him; when it was discovered that many were daily repairing to his house for religious instruction, and were contemplating founding a colony upon Narragansett Bay under his guidance and direction, they decided that he must at once leave for England. He was summoned by the church to appear at Boston, but he refused to obey the summons; then the civil authorities issued a warrant for his arrest, and he barely escaped before the officers arrived.

For fourteen weeks he wandered through the snow and in the bitter cold, without bread or a resting place at night, save the

hollow of some sheltering tree. During this time he tells us "the ravens fed me in the wilderness." He made his way to the wigwams of the Pokanokets, and Massatoit their chief received him kindly, and granted to him a tract of land to which his friends and followers from Salem soon came. In order to avoid any complications which might arise later with the Plymouth colony, he thought it wiser to select another site, so moved higher up to a place he named Providence, in gratitude to God for giving them a friendly resting place. To this colony he invited all to flee who were "persecuted for righteousness' sake."

The Indians loved and trusted Roger Williams. He maintained that they had a right to their native soil, and that a fair and just compensation should be rendered them for every foot of land. In all his dealings with them he adhered to this principle, and they felt that he was their friend.

In 1672 he engaged in a controversy with the Quakers, and while he greatly disapproved of their views, he refused to persecute them, maintaining the right of every one to worship God according to his conscience. He challenged Fox, their leader, to a discussion of views, but as Fox had left the colony before the challenge was received, three of the prominent Quakers accepted it. The controversy resulted in both parties being as firmly convinced as ever in their own beliefs. Williams afterwards wrote an account of it, entitled, *George Fox digged out of his Burrowes*. A copy of this book is in Harvard library, and is a literary curiosity. Then he wrote a *Dispute about the Pawtuxet Lands*. His pen was ever busy in righting what he thought to be wrong.

In 1683 he died at Providence, and was buried with all the pomp his surroundings could command. One of his descendants, Betsy Williams, inherited from him a farm of one hundred acres and bequeathed it to the city of Providence to form a park, which now bears his name. A handsome statue has lately been erected there to his memory.

In his home life Roger Williams was as gentle and forgiving

as in his public life he was undaunted and pugnacious. He was always ready to concede any point which honesty permitted, while, at the same time, he asserted his belief with temperate firmness and unfailing benevolence. Sanctity of conscience was the great tenet of his faith in youth as in old age.

His strength and activity were remarkable, for we have it recorded of him when an old man in the eighties, that he went out to meet King Philip whom he heard was marching against Providence. Unaided and alone, with simply his staff in his hand, he met the old hostile chief, and by kind and persuasive words turned aside his attack. Had his example been followed in all civil dealings with the Indians, much bloodshed would have been spared. When old Canonicus, the aged chief of the Narragansett tribe, was about to die, he sent for his friend Williams and begged that he would see him buried in the piece of cloth the good missionary had given him.

Roger Williams was twice sent to England in behalf of the colonies, and it was on his second visit that he met Milton and became so attached to him.

Roger Williams had an humble, grateful spirit to God and man for all benefits shown. He said:

“How thankful unto God, unto man, should we poor strangers be for the least crumb, or drop, or rag vouchsafed unto us, when we remember we are but strangers in an inn, but passengers in a ship; and though we dream of long summer days, yet our very life and being is but a swift short passage from the bank of time to the other side or bank of a doleful eternity! How patient should our minds and bodies be under the crossing, disappointing hand of our all-powerful Maker, of our most gracious Father, when we remember that this is the short span of our purging and fitting for an eternal glory, and that when we are judged we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world!”

Roger Williams's works not already mentioned are:

Key into the Languages of America,
Mr. Cotton's Letter Examined and An-
swered,

The Bloody Tenent of Persecution for
Cause of Conscience,

The Hireling Ministry, None of Christ's.

The Bloody Tenent yet More Bloody by
Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to Wash it in the
Blood of the Lamb,

Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health
and their Preservatives,

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *When was the Western Continent first seen, and by whom?*
2. *Who was Herjulfson?*
3. *Who made the actual discovery of America? When?*
4. *Who was Lief Erickson?*
5. *What other voyagers came to this Continent before 1492?*
6. *With whom did the idea of the rotundity of the earth originate?*
ANSWER.—Sir John de Mandeville, 1336.
7. *Where in the Bible is the earth spoken of as a circle?*
ANSWER.—Isaiah xl., 22, 713 B. C.
8. *What was Columbus's idea of the earth?*
9. *Who was Christopher Columbus?*
10. *When and where born? When and where did he die? Where buried?*

ANNE DUDLEY BRADSTREET.

ENGLAND.

1612.

1672.

EARLY COLONIAL WRITER.

"Praise her who list, yet he shall be a debtor,
For art ne'er feigned, nor nature formed a better."
—*John Norton.*

Anne Dudley was born in England in 1612. By birth she inherited those heroic qualities for which she was so remarkable through life. Her fame as a writer ranks above that of any American of her time. We must remember that she wrote in the new country while Milton was penning his "Paradise Lost" in the old.

She was the daughter of one Puritan governor, Thomas Dudley, and the wife of another, Simon Bradstreet; so that through her eminent social position she had every opportunity for influence. In 1628 she married Governor Bradstreet, and two years later moved with him to New England. She was the mother of eight children, and yet, with all her family cares and her household duties, she found time to write several poems and many prose works. Her poems contain much curious learning, showing what a vast fund of information she possessed. Critics of to-day would say that her descriptions are too literal, but those of her own day gave her the very highest praise. John Norton said, "If Virgil could hear her poems, he would throw his own into the flames."

It must be remembered that it was a woman who was the author of the first volume of poetry ever published in America. She dedicated the volume to her father, because he had inspired her by his talents and integrity with the desire to become a writer.

Her father had been an officer in the service of Holland, but, deciding to join the Puritans, he brought his family to Massa-

chusetts in 1630, when Anne was only eighteen years of age. Her brothers, Joseph and Paul, became noted men in the colonies. The first became Governor of Massachusetts, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and, on his return to England, a member of Parliament from Newtown. He was said to be a philosopher, a scholar, a divine, and a lawyer,—all combined. The second brother was Attorney-General under Queen Anne, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a distinguished naturalist, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and an author of some note. Is it strange then that Mrs. Bradstreet possessed literary tastes and capacities? A literary atmosphere will do much to instil literary ambitions; and with father, husband, and brothers to stimulate and inspire her with ambition, we can readily see how she attained that rank as a poetess which she so justly deserved. The most distinguished men of the day were her friends and admirers; and, when we examine the miserable attempts made by them, we must believe that not only was she as learned as her contemporaries represent her, but vastly more poetical.

The preface to her third edition sketches her character thus: "It is the work of a woman honored and esteemed where she lives for her gracious demeanor, her eminent parts, her pious conversations, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet management of her domestic affairs; and more so, these poems are the fruit of a few hours curtailed from her sleep and other refreshments."

Literary women are prone to neglect daily duties when absorbed in their work. We have to-day, sad to relate, many records of home ties blighted by ambitious hopes of this kind, yet fewer now than formerly. Mrs. Bradstreet furnishes us a notable example of housewifely duties never neglected for literary aspirations; and of her it is recorded, "she raised a family of eight children, whom she trained with great discretion."

The effect of this training is shown in her distinguished grandson, Simon, whose learning, remarkable memory, and lively imagination gave him a reputation for being one of the leading lit-

erary characters of his time, and the "best preacher" in America. There can be no doubt that much of this spirit was engendered by his grandmother's learning and piety, which she so thoroughly instilled into her children. Nay, more, may we not trace, even to the fourth and fifth generation, some of this same spirit in her grandson, Oliver Wendell Holmes?

In reviewing the writings of Anne Bradstreet, we must not forget that she had few models beyond Chaucer and Spenser and Gower. Milton had not gained the foothold which he has now; Shakespeare was considered highly immoral and was not allowed to be read in any Puritan household. The life of a Puritan up to this time was singularly free from all that was bright and joyous; he did not know how to laugh, though he was equally ignorant of knowing how to fret and grumble. His writings had neither felt nor expressed pleasure in nature; flowers bloomed and birds sang, but he was not the happier thereby; life was too solemn a thing, he thought, to be frittered away, or sung away, or rusted away.

American literature was truly in its "day of small things." "It was really harder for Mrs. Bradstreet to be Mrs. Bradstreet than for Emerson to be Emerson." So, while we assign to this pioneer woman without hesitation the place at the head of American poets of that day, we cannot expect, nor do we hope, that people will now "rave" over her crude verses. She would rank with poets of a medium grade in this advanced nineteenth century. In her poem *Contemplations* we find this verse:

"O time the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivion's curtain over kings,
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a record are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomps are laid in th' dust,
Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings 'scape time's rust;
But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone."

She has been called the "Tenth Muse," and there is no estimating the amount of literary work we might have had from her busy pen, had not fire destroyed her entire library.

Her *Meditations, Divine and Moral* furnish helpful suggestions.

MEDITATIONS, DIVINE AND MORAL.

A ship that bears much sail, and little ballast, is easily overset; and that man, whose head hath great abilities, and his heart little or no grace, is in danger of foundering.

The finest bread has the least bran; the purest honey, the least wax; and the sincerest Christian, the least self-love.

Sweet words are like honey; a little may refresh, but too much gluts the stomach.

Divers children have their different natures: Some are like flesh which nothing but salt will keep from putrefaction; some again like tender fruits, that are best preserved with sugar. Those parents are wise that can fit their nurture according to their nature.

Authority without wisdom is like a heavy axe without an edge, fitter to bruise than polish.

The reason why Christians are so loath to exchange this world for a better, is because they have more sense than faith; they see what they enjoy, they do not hope for that which is to come.

Fire has its force abated by water, not by wind; and anger must be allayed by cold words and not by blustering threats.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *To whom did Columbus apply for aid?*
2. *Who encouraged him?*
3. *From what point did he sail?*
4. *How long was he in crossing the Atlantic Ocean?*
When did he see land?
5. *What was the first land seen? What was it called?*
6. *In what year was this discovery made, and when did he return?*
7. *What were the results of his second and third and fourth voyages?*
8. *Was Columbus ever conscious of his great discovery?*
How old was he when he died?
9. *Were any honors shown him during his lifetime?*
Why was he persecuted?
10. *What twofold honor belongs to Spain?*

COTTON MATHER.

BOSTON, MASS.

1663.

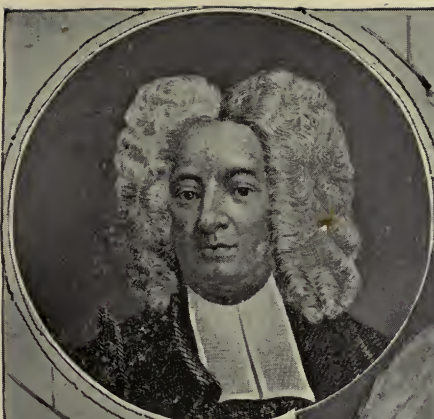
1728.

LATER COLONIAL WRITER.

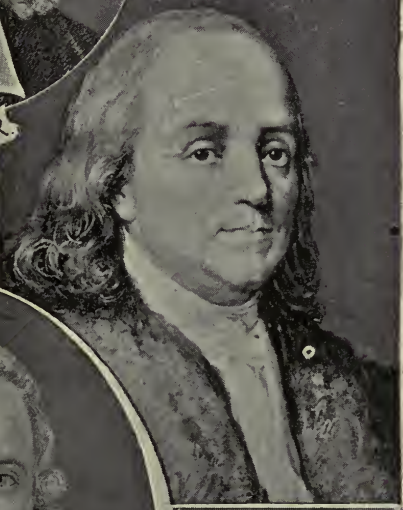
Cotton Mather was the most learned, as well as the most widely known of a family, which through four generations exerted a wonderful influence upon New England in its first century. His father was Increase Mather and his mother was Maria Cotton, the daughter of the famous John Cotton, and it is for her family name this distinguished son was called. According to President Oakes, he inherited the good qualities of two very remarkable grandfathers. An impediment in his speech might have seemed an insurmountable obstacle to his becoming a minister, but nothing daunted such a soul as Cotton Mather's. He practised prolonging his syllable as in singing, and perfectly cured his stammering.

He continued his theological studies, and began to preach before he was eighteen, for he was graduated from Harvard when only fifteen. This early advancement in studies meant very much more then than now, as the facilities for receiving an education were so much more meagre in those early days. The lad could "talk Latin," as was the fashion of the day, and was thoroughly familiar with Hebrew and Greek. He taught a few years, but was only twenty-one when he was ordained minister of North Church, Boston, in which pulpit the greater part of his ministry was spent. Lengthy pastorates were usual then, and people and pastor were satisfied with each other for years. His first sermon was preached in his grandfather Mather's pulpit; his second, in his father's; and his third, in his grandfather Cotton's; so he was in the line of succession among the Puritans.

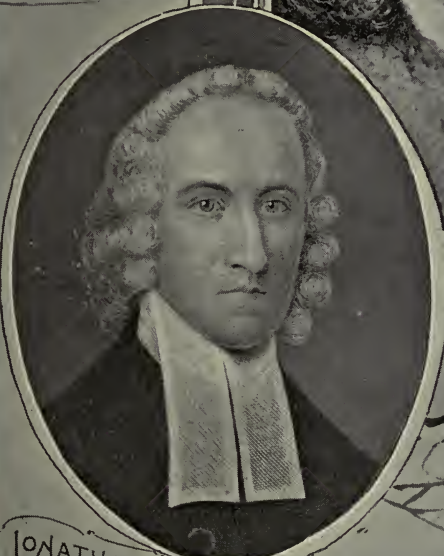
One of the earliest developments of his character was the de-



COTTON MATHER.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



JONATHAN EDWARDS.



W. B. G. C. 6. 7. 7.

sire to be useful. He organized associations in different neighborhoods to suppress evils; he raised his voice and used his pen against intemperance; he established a school for Christianizing the negroes; he became interested in seamen; he zealously advocated inoculation, although in this he was greatly opposed by the medical minds of the day; he originated twenty societies for public charity.

He was a faithful pastor, exhorting and praying with his people at their homes, and often spending whole days on his knees interceding for their salvation. Lest he should forget some one of the members of his flock, he wrote out each name with his or her peculiar need, and kept this list before him while he prayed. Frequently in one year he was known to devote sixty days to fasting, and twenty nights to prayer. He studied his sermons diligently, and maintained through a pastorate of forty-three years his hold upon the largest congregation in New England.

He compiled a little book, *Essays to do Good*. Of this book Benjamin Franklin said, "When I was a boy I met with a book entitled 'Essays to do Good.' It had been so little regarded by its former owner that several leaves were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn for thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than any other kind of reputation, and if I have been, as you think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."

Cotton Mather's literary life was perhaps more remarkable than that of any other American of his day. He wrote three hundred and eighty-two books; and Dr. Charles Chauncy said, "In regard to literature, or an acquaintance with books of all kinds, I give the palm to Cotton Mather. No native of this country has read so much, or retained more of what he has read. He was the greatest redeemer of time I ever knew. There were scarcely any books written but he, somehow or other, had gotten the sight of them. His library was by far the largest

private library on this Continent. He knew more of the history of this country than any man in it; and could he have conveyed his knowledge with proportionate judgment, he would have given the best history of it." He was indeed a man of marvellous learning! He was systematic in everything he did. Over his study was written, "Be short"; and yet so charming did he make himself to all visitors that few found it possible to leave his presence very soon.

His son Samuel said of him, "In two or three minutes turning through a volume, he could tell whether it would add to his stock of ideas or not. If not, he quickly laid it aside."

Cotton Mather was not wanting in self-esteem. He had a high opinion of himself as a writer and as a good man; so that his best friends were forced to acknowledge that he possessed an ill-balanced judgment and was exceedingly conceited. He said once in speaking of his acquirements, "I am able with little study to write in seven languages. I feast myself with the sweets of all the sciences, which the more polite part of mankind only pretend to. I am entertained with all kinds of histories, ancient and modern. I am no stranger to the curiosities which by all sorts of learning are brought to the curious." Again, in speaking of his charitableness, he said, "I do not know of any person in the world who has done me an ill office but I have done him a good one in turn for it."

His forgiving spirit was never more fully shown than when the abusive letters poured in upon him for some interest he had taken in the political concerns of his country. He never hesitated to reprove iniquity, consequently he made many enemies, and their abusive letters he tied up in a packet and labeled, "Libels: Father, forgive them."

In the prime of life, he had advocated with much earnestness a particular opinion; but, when advanced in age, he discovered that his views had been wrong, and, with nobleness of spirit, he publicly acknowledged it.

Cotton Mather was better known across the sea than any other

American scholar of his time. He corresponded with fifty learned Europeans, and received distinctions from the Royal Society, and was made doctor of divinity at Glasgow,—honors not usually conferred upon a colonist.

He had some grave defects of character. He was too ambitious to excel in earthly preferments; he never hesitated to show his grief because he failed to be elected to preside over Harvard College, then the goal of Puritan ambition; he was self-opinionated and vain; he was superstitious and believed in witchcraft. We cannot wonder, however, at this when we remember that the belief in witches had been world-wide for hundreds of years before he was born, and that many prominent men of the day believed in them. There is no doubt that Mather was responsible for the shedding of much innocent blood by his persecution of those accused of witchcraft, and he afterward acknowledged that "he had gone too far."

He died February, 1728, and was buried in the Copp's Hill burying ground in the old part of Boston. An epitaph on his grandfather's tomb reads thus:

"Under this stone lies Richard Mather,
Who had a soul greater than his father,
And eke a grandson greater than either."

Cotton Mather's greatest work is his *Magnalia Christi Americana*, which is an ecclesiastical history of New England. His best known work, however, is his *Essays to do Good*.

He ever sought to instil into his children a strong belief in God's love for them, and endeavored to have their lives guided by principles of reason and honor. He would remind each daily, "Child, don't forget to go alone and pray." He never gave a blow except in case of obstinacy or something very wicked. His punishment was to express surprise that a child of his could do so base a thing, and a belief that he never again would be guilty of it. To be forbidden his presence was considered by his children the sorest punishment possible. As a reward for diligence he taught them something curious, and his threat was, "You

shall not be allowed to learn a thing if you don't do as I bid you."

He had seven rules for conversation, and the youths of the present day would do well to observe them:

1. That he would utter nothing useless, and would only say what would make him wiser and better.

2. That in all conversation he would endeavor to let fall some word by which his Master should be honored.

3. That if necessity forced him to speak evil of any one, he would try to balance it with good; at any rate he would never make the evil worse than it was.

4. That before speaking evil of any one he would consider whether he would say it, if the person himself were present.

5. That he would always endeavor to speak truthfully and charitably.

6. That not a day of his life should be spent without devoting some part of his revenue to pious uses.

7. That he would never quarrel. Life was too short to be spent in squabbles.

In his *Diary* were found such expressions as "a year of a forfeited life," "alas, for my untruthfulness," "a year sweeled away in sin and sloth," so that his life may be said to have been a perpetual censure of himself.

This piety, for which Cotton Mather was remarkable, seems all the more wonderful when we consider that public sentiment was being moulded by such men as Dryden, Wycherley and Congreve. Late researches have discovered much, however, which reflects unfavorably upon the reputation Mather had hitherto enjoyed. Bancroft brings to light many unpleasant traits of character, but we must believe him to have been a good man, though greatly misguided where witchcraft was concerned.

His other works are :

Wonders of the Invisible World,
Psalterium Americanum,
Memorable Providences Relating to Witch-
craft and Possessions,

Biblia Americana, or Sacred Scriptures of
the Old and New Testament, Illustrated.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *For whom was America supposed to have been called?*
2. *Who was Amerigo Vespucci?*
3. *Why should it have been called for him?*
4. *What theory has been lately advanced?*

ANSWER.—That it was called from the old Spanish name *Amaraca*, a name given by the Spaniards to their settlements in South America. This seems plausible, for it must have had some name before Amerigo made his map.

5. *Who were John and Sebastian Cabot?*
 6. *Who was Ponce de Leon?*
 7. *By whom was Mexico discovered?*
 8. *Who was Cortez?*
 9. *Describe De Soto and his conquest.*
 10. *What river did he discover? When?*
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JONATHAN EDWARDS.

EAST WINDSOR, CONN.

1703.

1758.

LATER COLONIAL WRITER.

"The most subtle reasoner that America has produced."—A. C. *Trascr.*

"The salamander of divines,
A deep, strong nature, pure and undefiled ;
Faith strong as his who stabbed his sleeping child."

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

"I do not think our age has produced a divine of equal genius or judgment."—*Dr. Erskine.*

"On the arena of metaphysics he stood the highest of all his contemporaries, and we know not what to admire most in him, whether the deep philosophy that issued from his pen, or the humble and child-like piety that issued from his pulpit."—*Dr. Chalmers.*

Jonathan Edwards, a distinguished divine of America, and an eminent metaphysician, was the only son of Rev. Timothy Edwards, and Esther Stoddard. He had ten sisters, a noble clan of godly women, who aided their righteous parents in the training which brought forth such ripe fruit in later years in the ministry of the distinguished brother. There is no limit to the influence for good exerted by association with truly pious women. Not only were his sisters his exemplars and companions, but they were also his instructors, aiding their father up to the time that he entered college.

Religious subjects greatly perplexed him, but he tells us himself that as early as his eighth or ninth year he had become fully satisfied as to "the sovereignty of God and his justice in eternally disposing of men according to his sovereign pleasure." He was only seven years old when he erected a booth in the swamps to which he and his playmates could retire for secret prayer. At six he began the study of Latin, which he soon mastered, and became proficient also in Hebrew and Greek. He was only thirteen when he entered Yale, and seventeen when he received his degree. He was fifteen when he read Locke's "Concerning the Human Understanding." He said that in reading this book he

experienced the same pleasure a miser feels, when he gathers handfuls of silver and gold from some newly found treasure.

Two years after graduation he studied for the ministry, and preached to the Presbyterians in New York. In 1824 he became tutor in Yale, and two years after accepted a call from his grandfather Stoddard's church in Northampton. He married that year Sarah Pierrepont of New Haven. He had met her several years before, and had been impressed by her piety. He wrote, "There is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that Great Being who made and rules the world; and there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight; so that she hardly cares for anything, except to meditate on Him—that she expects, after a while, to be received where He is, to be raised up out of the world, and caught up into heaven. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; she is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you should give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly, and seems always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her." Although only thirteen years of age, when Edwards wrote this about her, she must have continued to grow in those qualities of mind and heart, for we find them exemplified in her married life. She made her household busy in beautiful works and blessed charities. She had ten children, and many of her sons became distinguished; one a noted teacher, one a learned judge, one a well-known politician, one a distinguished inventor, and another the Governor of Connecticut,—and all noted for uprightness of character.

Edwards's fame as a preacher grew rapidly. He was not graceful, and used none of the arts of gesture to embellish his sermons. His voice was weak, and then, too, he was unattractive in person. He was tall, being over six feet, and very slender, with little that was prepossessing; it was then simply the innate goodness of the man which drew all to him.

It is related that when the Rev. George Whitefield, the eminent English divine, failed in an appointment, and Dr. Edwards was forced to make the address himself, the audience did not try to conceal their disappointment. Unabashed the substitute went on, and although his quiet tone of voice, and his gentle manner did not at first attract attention, after a little, one by one, those standing by the door drew nearer. One after another stood, then came forward, pressing toward the center, and finally the whole congregation rose to their feet, and before he ended sobs burst from the assembled throng.

Edwards was a saintly man, and his reputation is without a blemish. Though grave and reserved, he was never austere. He was always benevolent and pitied the poor. If sometimes stern and exacting as a father, he was never unkind. He had a thirst for knowledge and eagerly devoured books, but read his Bible more than any other book, for he knew that at last all knowledge must come from that. He had a habit of reading with pen in hand in order to take notes, and this habit never left him; even while walking he would jot down his thoughts.

He was pastor of the church at Northampton twenty-five years, and then was forced to resign. He discovered that some of the young people in his congregation were reading impure books. He expostulated with them; then wished to deal with them; but the members of the church would not sustain him. This roused a spirit of opposition, and when four years later the question came up about admitting to the communion those who did not profess conversion, or change of heart, Edwards was so vigorous in maintaining that such should be excluded that a general cry arose to dismiss him from the pastorate.

After his resignation he had many flattering offers, but he accepted the appointment as missionary to the Housatonic Indians, at Stockbridge, Mass. The salary was very small, and was paid by a London society; his wife and daughters had to aid him by the sale of their fancy work.

When Burr died, Edwards was elected to fill the vacancy as President of Princeton. Burr was his son-in-law, and so this eminent divine was the grandfather of the well-known Aaron Burr.

Smallpox was raging at the college and the authorities insisted that the new president be inoculated. His system was not in a condition to be treated, so that in thirty-four days from installment he died. This was in 1758, a year fatal to his family. His father had died two weeks before him, and his daughter two weeks after, then in six months his wife was taken.

In his writings Edwards paid little attention to style. It is especially on his character as a theologian and metaphysician that his fame rests. He was not a "dry cold thinker," but his highest strength lay in his pure thought and originality. We can in imagination see him now, and, as it were, hear the very sound of his voice as he preached on

THE ETERNITY OF HELL TORMENTS.

"Be entreated to consider attentively how great and awful a thing eternity is. Although you cannot comprehend it the more by considering, yet you may be made more sensible that it is not a thing to be disregarded. Do but consider what it is to suffer extreme torment forever and ever; to suffer it day and night, from one day to another, from one year to another, and so on, adding age to age, and thousands to thousands, in pain, in wailing and lamenting, groaning and shrieking, and gnashing your teeth; with your souls full of dreadful grief and amazement, with your bodies and every member full of racking torture, without any possibility of moving God to pity by your cries; without any possibility of hiding yourselves from him; without any possibility of directing your thoughts from your pain; without any possibility of obtaining any manner of mitigation, or help, or change for the better any way.

"Do but consider how dreadful despair will be in such torment. How dismal will it be, when you are under these racking torments, to know assuredly that you never, never shall be delivered from them; to have no hope; when you shall wish that you might but be turned into nothing, but shall have no hope for it; when you shall wish that you might but be turned into a toad or a serpent, but shall have no hope for it; when you would rejoice, if you might but have any relief, after you shall have endured these torments millions of ages, but shall have no hope for it; when after you have worn out the age of the sun, moon and stars, in your dolorous groans and lamentations, without any rest, day or night, without one minute's ease, yet you shall have no hope of ever being delivered."

His attachment to Calvinism was intense, and it was in defence of this that he produced his greatest work, *On the Freedom of the Will*. A German professor, when told that America had produced a woman, Miss Catherine Beecher, who had written an able refutation of *Edwards's On the Will*, exclaimed, "You have a woman, a woman, who can write a refutation of that? Then God forgive Columbus for discovering America." Hamilton said that book furnished to him the most convincing proof that man was a reasoning animal.

Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards were giants in their day, but Edwards was the greater. The clergy led the intellectual life, and these two men led the clergy. The renown of both spread to England in a day when English philosophers were too much absorbed to pay much attention to American ministers and their books.

Jonathan Edwards wrote :

Freedom of the Will,
Religious Affections.
History of Redemption (Unfinished),
Life of Brainerd,
Nature of Virtue,

Original Sin,
Thoughts on the Revival of Religion,
God's Last End in the Creation of the World,
Inquiry into the Qualifications for Free Communion in the Church.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who was Ponce de Leon?*
2. *What country was called Acadia?*
3. *What nation claimed it?*
4. *By whom and when was the St. Lawrence discovered?*
5. *Who were the Huguenots?*
6. *Who discovered Lake Champlain?*
7. *When and by whom was St. Augustine settled? Who was Menendez?*
8. *Who was Raleigh? What State did he name? For whom?*
9. *When and by whom was Cape Cod discovered?*
10. *Who made the first voyage around the world?*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BOSTON, MASS.

1706.

1790.

WRITER OF THE REVOLUTION.

"He wrested the thunderbolt from heaven, and the sceptre from the tyrants."—*Turgot*.

"Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius."—*Mirabeau*.

"Franklin was the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century."—*George Bancroft*.

From the death of Mather and Edwards to the time Benjamin Franklin began to write, we find few names among men of letters deserving notice. In this period men were too busy to write. The lapse of time gives us a fine opportunity to note the growth in intelligence and freedom. We left Mather, through superstitious beliefs, accusing the witches and goblins of raising the winds and of blowing down the meeting-houses; we find Franklin, by wise investigations, drawing the lightning from the clouds with his kite and string.

In some respects Mather and Franklin resembled each other; each was a characteristic writer of his own time.

Benjamin Franklin's grandparents for generations back had been village blacksmiths, and it is interesting to trace a combination of circumstances which turned our hero's mind into other channels. Josiah Franklin married twice, and had sons sufficient to supply all the neighboring villages with blacksmiths; so the children of his second wife had to seek other employment, and Benjamin, being the youngest of ten boys, was necessarily cut out of his grandfather's trade.

His parents moved to America in 1685. Benjamin was born in Boston, January 17, 1706, and the bright little fellow at an early age was put to cutting wicks and moulding candles in a soap and candle manufactory. He was too intelligent to be satisfied long with this employment. He knew his father was not

able to send him to school, and, being very desirous of an education, he determined to run away. His father suspected this determination, so apprenticed him to an older brother who was a printer, with the understanding that he was to remain until he was twenty-one, and should receive a journeyman's wages during the last year.

The only consolation this arrangement brought to the unhappy boy was the access it gave him to better books. Over and over again did he sit up all night reading a book that he knew must be returned to its place by morning. Mr. Matthew Adams noticed the boy's eagerness for learning, and invited him to his library, and kindly lent him any books he wished.

Then it was he began to write poetry, and when it was printed he went about the streets selling the ballads. His father discouraged him by telling him "verse-makers are generally beggars." "So," he tells us in his *Autobiography*, "I escaped being a poet, probably a very bad one." A volume of the "Spectator" fell into his hands; it was just what pleased him, and it became his ambition to imitate it. He took hints from Addison's sketches, laid them aside for a day or two, then tried to fill out the outline. He turned the prose into poetry and waited awhile and turned it back again. He soon became convinced that he would make "a tolerable English writer." This work was chiefly done after office hours at night, or, sad to say, on Sundays, when he should have been at church. From Addison's style he changed to that of Socrates, and "raved" over and imitated that.

His brother's slights and tyrannical conduct made him determine to forfeit his apprenticeship by running away to Philadelphia. He was only seventeen when he arrived in the city, without any clothing except what he had about his person. He was dusty and dirty from his trip, his pockets were stuffed with shirts and stockings, and he had no money save a Dutch dollar, a shilling and one penny. He gave the penny to the boatman, and spent three pence for bread, for traveling had made him very hungry. The shop girl gave him three large puffy rolls,

and, having no room in his pockets, he put one under each arm, while he strolled down Market street munching the third. A little girl, Deborah Read, standing on her father's doorstep watched him as he passed, wondering who the ridiculous fellow could be, little dreaming that in time he was to be her own husband. One of the rolls satisfied his hunger, so he gave the others to a poor woman and a starving child.

He secured work in a printing office, and by diligent application to business so impressed the governor of the colony that he sent him to England the next year to procure an outfit for the printing establishment, but, owing to some faithlessness on the part of the governor, he was forced to remain in London and seek employment there.

He became greatly disgusted with the amount of ale and beer the English printer would drink, so set himself to prove by tests of physical skill that he was the stronger, for the very reason that he drank no ale. He remained in London a year and then returned to Philadelphia and became the proprietor of the "Pennsylvania Gazette." Success followed him and he became influential with all classes of people, especially with young men inclined to studious habits.

He shortly married the little girl who had laughed at him for munching his bread. She was a widow, having been forced to marry a drunken vagabond while Franklin was in England. They settled in Philadelphia, his future home. His mother-in-law had objected to her daughter's marriage to Franklin at first, because he was a printer, and, as there were already *two* in America, she was afraid the third could not be supported.

Franklin's work as a public benefactor commenced about this time, and very much is due to De Foe's "Essays upon Projects," which Franklin had eagerly read. He established the first circulating library in this country; he organized the first police force, also the first fire companies in the colonies; he founded the University of Pennsylvania, and the Philosophical Society; he organized the State militia force; he had the streets of Phila-

delphia paved; he founded a hospital and began *Poor Richard's Almanac*. He was the moving spirit in everything done for the benefit of the city in which he lived.

He made his discovery then in electricity. This placed him in the front ranks as a natural philosopher. Every one knows the experiment with the kite made of a silk handkerchief, which he sent up during a thunderstorm. By tying a key to the hempen string, he received an electric shock when the lightning flashed, thus proving that electricity and lightning are identical. He soon after invented the lightning-rod, and his name became well known in every enlightened country on the globe.

Franklin had a happy talent for mingling play and work, just as in his writings he knew how to mingle humor and good sense. He made his knowledge of electricity amusing and entertaining to his friends by inventing curious toys. He had a figure of George III. so constructed that any one, daring to lift the crown from his head, would receive a severe shock. He once set fire to brandy by conveying an electric spark across a river. He killed the turkey for dinner by electricity. He delighted his friends by wonderful performances upon musical glasses which he invented and greatly improved.

He went to England and there met many distinguished men. He knew Hume who was writing his "History of England"; he met Robertson who was then writing his "History of Scotland"; he talked with Edmund Burke who was charming the nation with his eloquence; he discussed theology with Adam Smith, and met many others equally as noted. He tried to settle, satisfactorily, the question regarding the Stamp Act. He said the House of Commons and the House of Lords had nothing to do with the colonies, and it was a question that should be settled only by the king and the Colonial assemblies; for this he was insulted in the House of Lords and barely escaped personal outrage. He decided that it was best to return to

America, and, instead of becoming a peacemaker, he became a war-maker.

He was elected a member of the Constitutional Congress, and was soon made Postmaster-General. He was instrumental in introducing the Postal system, and it would seem appropriate that every stamp should speak to us of Franklin. He was one of a committee of five to draft the *Declaration of Independence*. Hancock was the first to sign it, and made this remark, "We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must hang together."

"Yes," replied Franklin, "we must hang together, or we will be pretty sure to hang separately."

He was sent over to France to secure from Louis XVI. the aid of the French nation. He effected the treaty and obtained twenty-six million francs to aid in carrying on the war. It was then that he set the fashions in dress for France, an honor accorded to no American before or since.

Franklin became one of the most distinguished men in the world. He was a member of every learned society in Europe; he was one of the managers of the Royal Society; one of the eight foreign members of the Royal Academy of Science in Paris; besides, he held numberless offices of trust in his own country. He published three editions of his scientific works in Paris, and one in London. Honors were heaped upon him, and it is a noteworthy fact, that, although he rendered incalculable services to his country as diplomatist and statesman, and to the world as a philosopher, still he never sought nor received any pecuniary advantages from any of these sources.

He died in his eighty-fourth year, retaining to the last his full powers of mind and constitutional cheerfulness. He was buried by the side of his wife, according to his dying request.

Franklin told this anecdote about himself: "When I was a child of seven years, my friends filled my pocket with coppers on a holiday. I went directly to a shop filled with toys, and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle, gave all I had for it.

When I went home much pleased with my whistle, my mother and sisters and cousins told me I had given four times what it was worth, and fell to enumerating all the wonderful things I could have bought for the same money. They laughed at me for my folly, and I cried with vexation; the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure. The impression remained on my mind, and if, at any time, I was tempted to buy an unnecessary or costly thing, I would say, '*Don't give too much for your whistle,*' and this saved me."

He frequently alluded to the good that Mather's "Essays to do Good" had upon his life, and to a lesson taught him once by that great man. He had called to see him, and when leaving the room was still talking. Mather called out, "Stoop! Stoop!" "I did not understand," said Franklin, "so hit my head against the beam. He was a man that never missed an opportunity to teach a lesson, so he said to me, 'You are young and have the world before you; stoop as you go, and you will miss many hard thumps.' I often think of this advice when I see people's pride mortified by carrying their heads too high."

It is said that when Franklin invented the harmonica he concealed it from his wife until it was perfected, then woke her up by playing it in the night, and she thought that it was the music of the angels.

Benjamin Franklin was dining with a small party of gentlemen when one of them said, "Here are three nationalities represented. I am French, my friend here is English, and Mr. Franklin is American. Let each propose a toast."

The Englishman rose, and in the tone of a Briton boldly said, "Here's to Great Britain, the *sun* that gives light to the nations of the earth." The Frenchman was rather taken aback at this, but he proposed: "Here's to France, the *moon* whose magic rays move the tides of the world." Franklin then rose, and with an air of quaint modesty said: "Here's to George Washington, the *Joshua* of America, who commanded both the sun and the moon to stand still—and they stood still."

SOME OF POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

God helps them that help themselves.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

There will be sleeping enough in the grave.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears.

It is the used key that is always bright.

But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

Plough deep while the sluggards sleep,
And you will have corn to sell and keep.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Never leave till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Constant dripping wears away the stone.

Three removes as bad as a fire.

If thou would have thy business done, go; if not, send.

He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as getting.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

A small leak would sink a great ship.

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

God gives all things to industry.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

Drive thy business, let not that drive thee.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.

The cat in gloves catches no mice.

Lost time is never found.

If time be of all things most precious, wasting time must be of all things most prodigal.

Franklin was well known by his—

Papers on Electricity,
Papers on Philosophical Subjects,
Essays on Religion and Moral Subjects,
Essays on Economy of Life,
Essays and Tracts,

Essays on General Politics,
Essays on Political Economy and Commerce,
Correspondence with Distinguished Men of
Letters,
Autobiography.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Name six early Spanish navigators.*
2. *Name those who sailed in the interests of France.*
3. *Name eleven who sailed in the interests of England.*
4. *When and where did the English first establish a lasting Colony?*
5. *By whom established?*
6. *Who was President of the first Colonial Congress?*
7. *Who was Captain John Smith? What was his theory about establishing a colony?*
8. *Who was Powhatan? Pocahontas? Rolfe?*
9. *When and where was the first representative assembly ever held in America?*
10. *What made peace between the Indians and the English?*

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

1732.

1799.

WRITER OF THE REVOLUTION.

"He was not tinsel, but gold; not a pebble, but a diamond; not a meteor, but a sun."

—*William Linn.*

"Whatever he took in hand, he applied himself to it with ease, and his papers which have been prepared show how he almost imperceptibly gained the power of writing correctly; always expressing himself with clearness and directness, often with felicity and grace."—*George Bancroft.*

"But for him the country could not have achieved her independence; but for him it could not have framed its Union; and now but for him it could not set the government in successful motion."—*Bancroft.*

To Mary Washington we owe the precepts and example that governed her son's life; to her we owe the restraining influence that kept him from entering upon a career which would have cut him off from that which made his name immortal. "We cannot estimate the debt owed by mankind to the mother of Washington." Few sons ever had a more lovely or more devoted mother, and no mother ever had a more dutiful or affectionate son.

Bereft of her husband when George was only eleven years of age, with younger children to care for, she discharged faithfully and firmly the responsibility that devolved upon her. She was the second wife of Augustine Washington, and George was her oldest child. Her maiden name was Mary Ball. She had been from youth a conscientious Christian, reading her Bible faithfully, and relying upon its guidance in all things, and greatly aided by the excellent maxims, moral and religious, which she found in Sir Matthew Hale's "Contemplations." These maxims she so impressed upon the minds and hearts of her children, that her son George kept the little volume she had daily used as the most cherished treasure of his library.

On the east side of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg,

Virginia, stood the little house where George Washington spent his childhood. This was not the place of his birth, however, for that primitive farm-house at Pope's Creek had been given to his half-brother, and had gradually fallen to decay, so that only the kitchen chimney now remains. But it was at Fredericksburg that he went to his first school, and "Hobby, the sexton," was his master. After his father died, he returned to Pope's Creek, and began his studies under Mr. Williams, a very much better teacher than "Hobby." Here he learned to read, to write, to "work sums" and puzzle out geometry and surveying. In one of his old schoolbooks were found some "Rules of Behavior in Company and Conversation," and we must not fail to mention one which seems to have been his guide through life—"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, Conscience;" and we care not whether the little hatchet story be true or not, he evidently acquired in youth a reputation for probity and honesty.

As a schoolboy he never neglected athletic sports and exercises; running, leaping, and wrestling were his favorite pastimes; no boy was ever known to beat him running. He was fond of playing soldier, and always asserted his authority as captain, ruling his little band with a rigid discipline; cornstalks were their muskets, and calabashes were their drums. He was a fearless rider, and no horse could throw him. His reputation for justice gained him invariably the position as umpire, and no one thought of reversing his decision. If a dispute arose, and one called out, "George Washington was there, and he says it is so," the question was considered settled. He was never known to get into any fight with his companions, for he said a "man ought not to conduct himself as an ill-conditioned dog."

When George was fourteen his brother procured for him the position as midshipman in the English Navy, and but for the earnest remonstrances of his mother he would have embarked. He could not go contrary to her wish, and in this, as in every act of his life, obedience to, and love for his mother, came first

after his duty to his God. Thus it was that he merited the encomium she loved to bestow, "George has always been a good boy." Her life was fortunately prolonged to see him fulfill every hope of her heart. He could not be inaugurated President of the United States until he had gone first to bid her farewell and receive her parting blessing.

At sixteen his school days ended. He never seemed to seek nor to desire a college education. He became a surveyor of lands, and finally obtained a commission from the President of William and Mary College as Public Surveyor of Culpepper county, Virginia. "It was while a stripling surveyor, with no companions but his unlettered associates, and no implements of science but his own compass and chain," that the elements which made up his character came out so clearly. He was forced to be his own cook; he had no spit but a forked stick, and no plate but a large chip; he was in the midst of skin-clad savages that could not speak a word of English; he rarely slept on a bed, being glad to get any resting place, whether it was a little hay or fodder; yet, through it all, he carried that bright and happy spirit which ever characterized him.

He was nineteen when he received his appointment as adjutant-general. When an officer in the army he insulted one of his companions, who slapped him in the face. Washington, it is said, used very strong and offensive language to the young man, and every one, especially the young officer himself, looked for a challenge to follow, but to his astonishment Washington appeared the next morning and made a full apology to him, and frankly acknowledged that he was much to blame. We can scarcely conceive how much moral courage this required in a day when the "honor of a gentleman" required a duel to inevitably follow an insult.

It is not our intention to follow him through all his military achievements, for history has entered minutely into all these details, giving him the honors conferred upon him for marked and signal services to a country he loved; and shewing how his

countrymen would have made him king had he encouraged them; and telling how they bestowed upon him the highest honors in their power to bestow, by making him president for two terms and desiring him for the third. It is our purpose in this sketch to deal only with his home life and literary character.

On his way to Williamsburg, in 1758, he chanced to stop at the house of a Virginia friend, Major William Chamberlayne. There was a charming widow, Mrs. Custis, who was a guest at the house, and whom Washington met that day for the first time. He was completely fascinated by her, and she seemed equally as attracted by the handsome and gallant young Colonel, whose praise was on every lip. The acquaintance was renewed from time to time, and finally she consented to become his wife. Her maiden name was Martha Dandridge, and she too was a Virginian.

"The wedding was one of the most brilliant ever seen in a church in Virginia. The bridegroom wore a suit of blue cloth, the coat being lined with red silk and ornamented with silver trimming; his waistcoat was embroidered with white satin, his knee-buckles were gold, and his hair was powdered. The bride was dressed in a white satin-quilted petticoat, a heavily corded white silk overdress, diamond buckles and pearl ornaments.

"The governor, many members of the legislature, British officers, and the neighboring gentry were present in full court dress. Washington's body-servant, Bishop, a tall negro, to whom he was much attached, and who had accompanied him through all his military campaigns, stood in the porch, clothed in the scarlet uniform of a soldier of the royal army in the time of George II. The bride and her three attendants drove back to the White House, her home on the Pamunkey River, in a coach drawn by six horses, led by liveried postilions, Colonel Washington and an escort of cavaliers riding by its side."

After his marriage, Washington resigned his commission and prepared to enjoy private life at his home, Mount Vernon, an estate left him by his brother Lawrence, and named after Admiral

Vernon. A few months afterwards he was summoned to Williamsburg and there publicly thanked for the services he had rendered his country. The young man was so embarrassed that he stammered and trembled too much to make his acknowledgments. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," the speaker said with infinite address, "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

He returned to his rural home and found abundant happiness in the society of his wife and her children, and abundant occupation in the management of his farms, and abundant recreation in hunting and fishing with his friends and relatives in the neighborhood. He made himself useful in the parochial church of which he and his wife were communicants; he was a good citizen, a true Christian, a devoted stepfather, a kind and just master, and respected and beloved by every one.

A touching incident is related of Washington by Bishop Meade, of Virginia. The smallpox broke out among his slaves. Word reached him from his plantation late at night. He started at once on horseback and rode until morning, only stopping at a church on his way to offer a prayer to God for the lives of the poor creatures entrusted to his care.

Mrs. Washington always looked older than her husband. She dressed simply after the Revolution, laying aside the dresses which became her wealth and station, and wearing garments made of cloth spun and woven by her own servants at Mount Vernon. Even when she presided at the President's mansion, she never dressed showily or extravagantly, but wore her beautiful gray hair tucked up under a very plain and becoming cap. At a ball given in her honor she wore a simple gown, with a white kerchief about her shoulders, as an example of economy to the women of the Revolution. She greatly disliked official life, and was so happy when her husband refused to be elected for the third term. She it was who instituted the levees which are still held at the White House. Her hours were from eight till nine on Friday evenings, and none were admitted unless in full

dress. She outlived her husband two years, and before her death destroyed all their correspondence, feeling that his confidence was too sacred to be shared with another.

Many Virginians believe that Washington, before he met Mrs. Custis, had been in love with a Miss Cary, and that he never married her because her family objected to a poor man. She afterwards became Mrs. Edward Ambler and was an enthusiastic supporter of the Revolution. She buckled on her son's sword and said, "Return to me with honor, or return no more."

Washington's name is introduced into American literature to grace it rather than to do honor to him. In the strict sense of the word he was not literary; he never exercised his mind in composition; he prepared no book to be handed down to posterity; yet he was always scrupulously attentive to the claims of literature. He was nearly all his life actively employed in his country's service, and oftener the pen was in his hand than the sword. His works fill twelve octavo volumes, so it does seem that in a chronicle of American literature some note should be made of these papers. The *Letters of Washington* early attracted attention, and several publications of these were made before his death. His *Farewell Address* is a remarkable piece of composition. When we reflect upon his public life, his nobility in the performance of all his duties and his fidelity to his home and its interests, we are really amazed that he wrote so much and so well.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *When did negro slavery begin in this country?*
2. *By whom brought? To whom were the slaves sold?*
3. *Who were the chief promoters of the slave trade?*
4. *Did it extend to other colonies?*
5. *Why was slavery abolished in New England? When did they begin to think it wrong to own slaves?*
6. *When was slavery abolished in Pennsylvania?*
7. *Did William Penn think slavery wrong?*
8. *When was slavery abolished in England?*
9. *What countries now own slaves?*
10. *When was slavery abolished in the United States?*

JOHN ADAMS.*

BRAINTREE, MASS.

1735.

1826.

WRITER OF THE REVOLUTION.

"If Adams had a political system to convey, it is to be regretted that he did not adopt a clearer and more methodical form of writing about it."—*Duyckinck*.

"As a writer of English, John Adams in many respects surpassed all his American contemporaries; his style was crisp, pungent, and vivacious."—*Cyclo. Am. Biography* (Appleton's).

John Adams, the subject of this sketch, was the eldest son of John Adams and Susanna Boylston. It was the custom of the Adams family to send the eldest son to college, and so it happened that John was graduated from Harvard. Previous to the year 1773 it had been customary to arrange the list of graduates, not by order of merit, as is done in our day, but by the social standing of the parents of the boy. In this we see a remnant of the monarchical form of government which existed in the early history of our country. By this rating John Adams stood fourteenth in a class of twenty-four.

His family were anxious for him to become a minister, but his religious views were very unsettled, and he seems to have had as little idea of true Christianity as Franklin or Jefferson; so he turned to law, although there was then a strong prejudice against lawyers in New England; for the old Puritans did not believe that a lawyer could be honest. He began to practice in Suffolk county, and soon after, probably about six years, married Abigail Smith of Weymouth. She was a remarkable woman, and was noted for literary attainments. She was the daughter of Rev. William Smith and Elizabeth Quincy; her social position was higher than her husband's, and she was endowed with rare and admirable qualities of head and heart. She bore an important part in the nation's early history, while sustaining its social fame. Her close observation,

*See illustration.

clear judgment, and discrimination enabled her to exercise an influence widely acknowledged. The charm of her conversation was the perfect sincerity apparent in all that she said. By her cheerful, affectionate disposition, her buoyant spirits, her tact, and practical knowledge of human nature, she sustained her husband in the severest trials of his life by disarming party spirit, calming discord, plucking out bitterness, and healing wounds of political animosity. She was well fitted to be the wife of one President and the mother of another. She always maintained a liberal hospitality, was faithful and warm in friendships, kind and benevolent to the poor, and a bright example of womanly and Christian virtues. She had one daughter and several sons; one son, John Quincy Adams, afterwards became the sixth President of the United States.

The children of John Adams were reared very differently from the young Custises in George Washington's home. They, as we have seen, were surrounded by all the luxuries of their day. They rode in fine coaches, dressed after the dainty foreign fashions, and ate the choicest that the country afforded; whereas the little Massachusetts children were reared with the severest Puritanism. They were taught, "Children should be seen, not heard."

Their grandfather and great-grandfathers before them had been ministers, and the children through two or three generations had been trained, not only in piety, but in the utmost frugality. There were four of these children—Abigail, who, strange to say, married a Smith, and thus obtained her mother's maiden name; John Quincy, who married Miss Johnson, the daughter of the American Consul, and became President Adams in 1825; and Thomas and Charles. Martha Jefferson and Abigail Adams were intimately associated in Paris; the former was there attending school, the latter had accompanied her father when he was sent as commissioner. The La Fayette children were their companions, and Abigail wrote to America about her presentation to Queen Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. We can

imagine what an event this must have been for the little maid reared during the Revolution, at a time when a pound of butter cost twelve dollars, and a yard of linen and a gallon of molasses sold for twenty. In those days, as it is beginning to be now, a girl was not educated, unless thoroughly trained in domestic work.

John Adams in his youth was self-reliant and self-denying; a combination which is apt to secure success in the world. His self-knowledge appears to have been accurate and unflinching. He had a wonderful amount of vanity,—a vanity which was a constant spur, however, to action.

About a year after his marriage he published the papers in the "Boston Gazette," *Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law*, which were protests against the ecclesiastical and political systems of Europe, and incited his countrymen to civil and religious liberty and to act independently of England. A few years before this, in 1761, when Otis had delivered his memorable argument against Writs of Assistance, Adams felt that then it was "the Child of Independence was born"; so when the Stamp Act was passed in 1765 he took a leading part, and argued that the Stamp Act was *ipso facto* null and void, since it was a measure of taxation which the people of the colony had no share in passing. No such measure could be held as binding in America, and Parliament had no right to tax the colonies. Then it was that his articles on the Canon and Feudal Law appeared.

It is not necessary to follow him through his political career, which really began when he was elected to the legislature in 1770. He was made a member of the first Continental Congress in 1774. It was at that time that he wrote his *Norvanglus* in answer to the articles "Massachusettensis" by Daniel Leonard.

It was John Adams who nominated George Washington for Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, which, however, he regretted afterwards, for he was incapable of appreciating Washington's military ability. It was Adams who, with Jefferson, was appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence,

his name being first. Jefferson wrote it, because Adams insisted he could do it better than he. The letter he wrote to his wife at this time has become household words in American ears. His letter to Benjamin Rush gives an incident of Mrs. Adams's patriotism: "When I went home to my family in May, 1770, from the town meeting in Boston, which was the first I had ever attended, and where I had been chosen in my absence, without any solicitation, one of their representatives, I said to my wife, 'I have accepted a seat in the House of Representatives, and thereby have consented to my own ruin, to your ruin, and to the ruin of our children. I give you this warning that you may prepare your mind for your fate.' She burst into tears, but instantly cried out in a transport of magnanimity, 'Well, I am willing in this cause to run all risks with you, and be ruined with you, if you are ruined.' These were times, my friend, in Boston, which tried women's souls as well as men's."

America's independence being established, Adams, in 1777, was sent as Minister to France to negotiate peace. He employed his pen to give the people of Holland correct ideas regarding American affairs. His *Twenty-six Letters upon Interesting Subjects* appeared at this time. He was rewarded by seeing the independence of the United States acknowledged by Holland, and this success was rapidly followed by a Dutch loan of two million dollars. He arranged the treaty of peace in 1783 at Paris, and in 1785 was appointed Minister to England. He was treated there with coldness, sometimes with rudeness, and as he saw that nothing could be done, begged to be recalled. During the three years of his stay, he wrote his *Defence of the American Constitution*, which called forth ridiculous charges against his monarchial and anti-republican sympathies.

On his return to the United States in 1788, he was elected Vice-President, and upon Washington's refusing the third term, was elected President in 1797. While Vice-President he published his *Discourses on Davila*.

In 1818 Adams's wife died. He never recovered from this

loss. He retired from public life and spent his last years in retirement on his farm at Quincy. He lived to be ninety-one and died on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. On that very morning some one asked him for a sentiment for the public celebration. The dying patriot exclaimed, "Independence for ever!" but the last words that he uttered were "Thomas Jefferson still lives." He did not know, that, by a remarkable coincidence, Thomas Jefferson had died a few hours earlier.

In personal appearance Adams was above medium height, of florid complexion, and inclined to be corpulent. He was always truthful and outspoken, often vehement and brusque. Vanity and loquacity, as he frequently admitted, were his chief foibles. Without being quarrelsome, he had none of the tact which avoids quarrels; but he harbored no malice, and his anger, though violent, was short-lived. Among American public men there has been none more upright and honorable. He lived to see his son President of the United States.

Adams's letters from Paris gave many interesting incidents connected with French life. He tells many anecdotes about old Dr. Franklin which we would never have otherwise heard. Voltaire and Franklin were at a dinner at the Academy of Sciences. A general cry arose that they must be introduced to each other. This was done, and the philosophers simply bowed; this was not enough; the cry continued, and they then shook hands; but the clamor became louder than before, then some one called out, "Il faut s'embrasser à la Française." (They must embrace after the French fashion.) The two old men immediately began hugging and kissing each other, and then the tumult subsided after the cry, "Qu'il était charmant de voir embrasser Solon et Sophocles!" (How charming it was to see Solon and Sophocles embrace!)

Again he writes: "To tell you the truth, I admire the ladies here. Don't be jealous. They are handsome and very well educated. Their accomplishments are exceedingly brilliant, and

their knowledge of letters and arts exceeds that of the English ladies, I believe. Tell Mrs. Warren I shall write her a letter, as she desired, and let her know some of my reflections upon this country. My venerable colleague, Dr. Franklin, enjoys a privilege here that is much to be envied. Being seventy years of age, the ladies not only allow him to embrace them as often as he pleases, but they are perpetually embracing him. I told him yesterday I would write this to America."

Adams thus explains the story of his greatness, and it carries with it a lesson from which youths may profit. "When I was a boy I had to study the Latin grammar, but it was dull and I hated it. My father was anxious to have me go to college, therefore I studied it as long as I could, to please him. Finally, when I could bear it no longer, I went to him and asked for other employment. 'Well, John,' said he, 'if Latin grammar doesn't suit you, you may try ditching; perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and dig.' This seemed a delightful change to me, and to the meadow I went, but I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first day was the longest I ever spent. That night I compared Latin and ditching, but said nothing about it. I dug the next forenoon, and at dinner wanted to return to Latin, but was too humiliated to confess it. Finally toil conquered pride, and that night I went to my father, one of the severest trials of my life, and told him that if he did not care I would resume the Latin grammar. He was very glad of it, and if I have gained any distinction it is owing to my two days' labor in that abominable ditch."

His works are:

Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal
Law,
Norvanglus; a History of the Dispute
with America,

Discourse on Davila; a Series of Papers
on Political History,
Diary; published by his grandson, Chas.
Francis Adams,

Defence of the Constitution of Government of United States of America.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *How did the colonists obtain wives?*
 2. *How much was paid for a wife?*
 3. *What event happened in 1622 to cause the Indian hostilities to break out afresh?*
 4. *When did Virginia become a royal province?*
 5. *When was it severed from the crown?*
 6. *How did the kings rule Virginia?*
 7. *What form of religion was adopted?*
 8. *What was the first college founded in the United States? When and where?*
 9. *What was Bacon's Rebellion?*
 10. *What became of Jamestown?*
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PATRICK HENRY.

STUDLEY, HANOVER COUNTY, VA.

1736.

1799.

WRITER OF THE REVOLUTION.

George Washington.

John Adams.

WORKS.

Speeches and State Papers.

"He was Shakespeare and Garrick combined."—*John Randolph.*

"He appeared to me to speak as Homer wrote."—*Thomas Jefferson.*

"For Virginia he was Otis and Adams in one—both orator and political manager. Not many of his burning speeches have come down to us, but we well know what he was: one of the first orators of the eighteenth century."—*Charles F. Richardson.*

We need not despair concerning the dull boy at school, for every now and then there comes to the front one of these notoriously dull boys, who makes himself known in statecraft or literature. If force of circumstances developed the genius of Patrick Henry, why may not that same force of circumstances develop the stupid boy of to-day who is only waiting for an opportunity for development? If the wise teacher and the parent will find the bent of the child's mind, no doubt much can be done with the dull boy at school and at home.

Patrick Henry was sixteen before anyone discovered for what purpose he had been created. His father gave him the advantages of a classical education, but they all seemed lost upon him. It was not until he was a clerk in his brother's store that an incident revealed the inherent qualities of his mind. An old teacher, "who happened in," was one day narrating some stirring events in Greek and Roman history. Instantly the boy became fired with a desire to know more; probably it was his kinsman's love for history that lurked in his veins, for he was the great nephew of Robertson the historian. He ventured to borrow from the narrator a history of Rome, afterwards one of Greece, and

his habitual indolence was little by little overcome. He could not know enough of Livy, and read his life at least once every year.

When very young he had been placed at a country school near his father's home; at ten years of age he literally knew nothing, so his father determined to teach him, but finding him inert and stupid in everything except mathematics, he decided to put him in a store as a clerk. Patrick was happy only when hunting or fishing, for he loved outdoor sports and fretted against confinement. Not until the turning point of his life was reached was he fond of his books, and after that he literally devoured them. Cicero's orations inflamed him with a desire to become a lawyer, and he studied with great diligence, but this was not until he had tried farming and merchandise without success. He had married Miss Sarah Shelton when only eighteen, and, owing to the struggle to support a family, he was twenty-four before he was admitted to the bar. He felt all his life the lack of that preparation which only early application can give, so we have little from his pen to embellish American literature.

His manners were plain, his disposition very cheerful, and his habits remarkably temperate. His eloquence, entirely a gift of nature, was startling; it was equal to any occasion, and with the aid of a clear ringing voice and perfect articulation, it possessed the marvellous power of bringing his hearers to a quick decision. George Mason said of him, "He is by far the most powerful speaker that I ever heard. Every word he says not only engages, but commands the attention, and your passions are no longer your own when he addresses them. But eloquence is the smallest part of his merit. He is in my opinion the first man upon this continent as well in abilities as public virtues, and had he lived in Rome about the time of the first Punic War, when the Roman people had arrived at their meridian glory, and their virtues not tarnished, Patrick Henry's talents must have put him at the head of that glorious commonwealth."

He was elected a delegate to the first Continental Congress,

and he opened the deliberations by a speech which gave him the reputation of being the foremost orator on the continent. It was at this time he declared, "I am not a Virginian but an American." He was put upon a committee to prepare an address to the king, and his first draft was accepted, which speaks volumes when we remember his neglected opportunities.

He was perfectly natural when speaking, and some of his strongest feelings were indicated or communicated by a long pause, aided by an eloquent aspect, and some significant use of his fingers.

Many of his predictions read like prophecy, in the light of subsequent history. He predicted the results of the French Revolution, and distinctly foretold the abolition of slavery.

His biographer, William Wirt, gives this description of him : "He was nearly six feet high, spare and raw-boned, with a slight stoop to his shoulders ; his complexion was dark and sallow, without any appearance of blood in his cheeks ; his countenance was grave, thoughtful and penetrating, yet such was the power he had over its expression, that in an instant he could shake from it the sternness of winter and robe it in the brightest smiles of spring. But then his eyes—they were as varied in color as the changing hues of a chameleon ; they were said to have been blue, gray, green, hazel, brown, and black, but in truth they were a bluish gray—not large but deeply fixed in his head, overhung by dark and full eyebrows, and shaded by dark lashes that were long and black ; they were the finest feature in his face—at one time piercing and terrible as those of Mars, and then again soft and tender as Pity herself. His voice was firm, full of volume, and melodious. In mild persuasion it was as soft and gentle as a zephyr of spring, while in rousing his countrymen to arms, the winter storms that roar along the troubled Baltic are not more awfully sublime. It was at all times perfectly under his control. It never became cracked or hoarse, even in the longest speeches. His delivery was perfectly natural and well-timed ; slow enough to take along with him the dullest hearer, yet so

commanding that the quick had no desire to get the start of him. Thus he gave to every thought its full and appropriate force; and to every image all its radiance and beauty. He spoke for immortality, and therefore raised the pillars of his glory on the only solid foundation—the rock of nature.”

When Patrick Henry had urged Virginia to war, he uttered his celebrated comparison which was interrupted by cries of treason: “Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles I., his Cromwell; and George III.,”—(cries of “Treason! Treason!”)—he paused, and slowly glancing around the collected assembly said, “may profit by their example. If *this* be treason, make the most of it.”

In his famous speech in the Virginia Convention of 1775, he exclaimed: “There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston.” Then instantly added: “The war is inevitable, and let it come.” Sober, but not less effective, were such words as these: “I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer yourself not to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourself how this gracious reception comports with those war-like preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? These are the implements of war and subjection, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sirs, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission.”

The speech that gave him his reputation as an orator was his celebrated one against the parsons. Unfortunately no copy was preserved, and only the representations of those who heard it and were impressed by it have kept the memory of its

powerful effect. Wirt says: "I have tried hard to procure a sketch of this celebrated speech; but those of Mr. Henry's hearers who survive him, seem to have been bereft of their senses. They can only tell you that they were taken captive and followed whithersoever he led them, and that at his bidding the tears flowed from pity, or the cheeks flushed from indignation, and when it was over they felt as if they had awaked from an ecstastic dream, of which they were unable to recall or connect the particulars. It was such a speech as they believed had never fallen from the lips of man. And to this day the people of that county, when they wish to compliment a speaker, will say, "He is almost equal to Patrick when he plead against the parsons."

There was a controversy between the clergy and the legislature. The Church of England was the established church, and by an act of Assembly each minister was to have so many pounds of tobacco for pay, the price of tobacco being rated then at two pence per pound. In 1755 the crop was short and the price went up considerably, and the legislature passed an act for the clergy to be paid during the next ten months at the rate of two pence per pound. The clergy said nothing, but, when at the end of three years the same act was enforced, tobacco then selling for nearly eight pence per pound, the clergy became alarmed and assailed the act by a pamphlet expressing indignation, entitled, "The Two-Penny Act." The clergy carried their case to court, and everything seemed favorable to them; indeed, they felt sure of success. In this emergency the defendants applied to Patrick Henry. It is said that when he arrived in the court-yard he found a crowd collected that would have appalled a stouter heart, and among the clergymen was his own and favorite uncle, Patrick Henry. He went at once to him and begged that he would not remain to the trial, saying that he was afraid he might state some things hard for the clergy to hear. His uncle, after reproving him for being engaged on the wrong side of the question, and advising him not to say hard things of the clergy, as he would afterwards regret them, entered his carriage and drove

home. But what was the young man's discomfiture to find, on entering the courthouse, no less a person than his own father in the chair of the presiding magistrate. Mr. Lyons, the lawyer for the plaintiff, opened the case very briefly, and was followed by Patrick Henry. He had never spoken in public before and curiosity was on tiptoe to hear him. He rose very awkwardly and faltered in his exordium. The people hung their heads, the clergy exchanged sly exultant looks, and his poor father almost sank from his seat in confusion. This lasted, however, but a short time, and these feelings gave way to others of a very different character. "His attitude became erect and lofty; the spirit of his genius awakened all his features; his countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur; there was lightning in his eye which riveted the spectator; there was a charm, a magic in his voice, which struck upon the ear in a manner which language cannot describe. One who heard him on this occasion says, 'He made the very blood run cold and the hair to rise on end.'"

In all parts of the house the people could be seen on every bench, at every window, stooping forward in death-like silence to catch every word. The mockery of the clergy soon turned to alarm, their triumph to confusion and despair, and at one outburst of his rapid and overwhelming invective they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror.

His father was filled with such rapture, that, forgetting where he was and the position he held, he allowed the tears of ecstasy to stream down his cheeks. The jury were bewildered, and they had scarcely left the bar when they returned a verdict of *one penny damages*. A motion was made for a new trial, but the court overruled it by a unanimous vote. The people, in spite of cries of "Order! Order!" from the sheriff, seized their champion and carried him upon their shoulders through the yard in "electioneering triumph." What a pity that this speech could not have been handed down to us!

Patrick Henry was married twice. His second wife was Miss Dorothea Spotswood Dandridge. He lived the life of a devoted Christian and left behind him a spotless record.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

(*“ Library of American Literature.”*)

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain after these things may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who were the Puritans?*
2. *How did they differ from the Pilgrims?*
3. *Who were the Pilgrim Fathers?*
4. *By whom was Massachusetts settled?*
5. *In what ship did they sail?*
6. *Where did they land and when? Why so called?*
What is Plymouth Rock?
7. *What form of government did they adopt?*
8. *Who was their first president?*
9. *To what was the State finally united?*
10. *When and why was the government transferred from England to the Colony?*

PHILIP FRENEAU*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

1752.

1832.

WRITER OF THE REVOLUTION.

George Washington.

Andrew Jackson.

"The productions of his pen animated his countrymen in the darkest days of '76, and the effusions of his muse cheered the desponding soldier as he fought the battles of freedom."—*Monmouth Enquirer*.

"His poems will surely be revised and cherished among the historic and poetic literature of the land."—*Daykinck*.

Although ambition never soared to claim
The meed of polished verse, or classic fame,
And caustic critics honour, but condemn,
A strain of feeling, but style too tame.
Let the old Bard, whose patriot voice has fann'd
The fire of freedom that redeemed our land,
Live on the scroll with kindred names that swell
The page of history, where their honours dwell.

Philip Freneau's ancestors settled in Connecticut when they left France to escape the persecutions against the Huguenots. They were called De Fresneau when they first landed, but those members of the family who settled in New Jersey changed the name to Freneau. Only two members of the family survived, and both became specially noted; these were Philip and his brother Peter, a well-known editor, who died in Charleston, S. C., in 1813.

Quite a difference of opinion exists as to Philip Freneau's ability as a writer. If we take Richardson's estimate of him, we must believe him to have been greatly overrated. He says: "Philip Freneau is talked about, but is not read. His name is known, in a vague way, as the 'Poet of the Revolution,' and those unfamiliar with his voluminous verses are ready to believe that he was a patriot, a wit, and a successful lyrist. He wrote swiftly and carelessly on a multitude of subjects, usually without producing anything very witty, satirical or lyrical. In his time his patriotic and humorous poems were called brilliant; but to us they

* See illustration.

seem 'very valueless verses,' to borrow the epithet applied confidently by a living critic to the political work of a famous American author of later years. The average excellence of his verse is small; but occasionally one finds a line, a stanza, or even a whole poem marked by imagination or by poetic thought." He acknowledges some striking merits in *The Wild Honey-Suckle* and *The House of a Night, a Vision*. The last, he says, is to him the best poem written in America before 1800. "In thought and execution it is surprisingly original and strong, and to those who enjoy a literary find, I confidently commend it."

Duyckinck says of him: "I had, when very young, read the poetry of Freneau, and, as we instinctively become attached to the writers who first captivate our imaginations, it was with much zest that I formed a personal acquaintance with the Revolutionary bard. He was at that time about seventy-six years old, when he first introduced himself to me in my library. I gave him an earnest welcome. He was somewhat below the ordinary height; in person thin, yet muscular, with a firm step, though a little inclined to stoop; his countenance wore traces of care, yet lightened with intelligence as he spoke. His forehead was rather beyond the medium elevation, his eyes a dark gray, occupying a socket deeper than common; his hair once must have been beautiful, it was now thinned and of an iron gray. The story of many of his occasional poems was quite romantic. There was no difficulty in versification with him. I told him what Jeffrey, the Scotch Reviewer, said of his writings, that the time would come when his poetry, like that of Hudibras, would command a commentator like Gray. I need not add that the charm of my interview with the old bard was heightened by the rich funds of antiquarian lore possessed by the latter."

No authentic portrait exists of Freneau, for he persistently refused to give any artist a sitting. He never married, so that after his brother's death he was the only surviving member of his family. The house which he was occupying at the time of his death was standing as late as 1856, and even the old tavern

where he and his friends met was in existence at a later date. It had been repaired and converted into a private residence.

Freneau had a genius for newspapers, and at several periods of his life was either owner of, or contributor to leading periodicals of the day. The editor of the "New York Mercury" appreciated his contributions to its columns, if we may judge from the following anecdote: Hugh Gaines, after giving up the paper, kept a bookstore in Hanover Square. One day he overheard one customer salute another as Freneau: "Are you Philip Freneau?" asked the old royalist, lifting his eyes to the stranger's face. "Yes, sir, the same," was the reply. "Then, sir, you are a very clever fellow, and I must have the pleasure of shaking you by the hand. You have given me and my paper a wide and lasting reputation. We must take a glass of wine together."

Freneau graduated at the College of New Jersey in the same class with President Madison, who was his intimate friend. He was taken prisoner by the British during the Revolution, and was condemned to the barbarities of the prison-ship at New York, a treatment which he has immortalized in his *Cantos from a Prison-Ship*. He escaped, but we are not informed how or when. He was captain on a sailing vessel at some period in his life, and judging from many expressions in his poems he was familiar with nautical slang. His prose articles were signed Robert Slender, but when he decided to publish them he dropped the *nom de plume*. During the Revolution his pen was busy either in denouncing his foes, or encouraging his countrymen, and not unfrequently did he mingle with his higher themes the humorous incidents of the camp. In 1793 he became a great advocate of France, and annoyed Washington exceedingly by attacks upon his administration. He did not like him and wrote some satirical stanzas about him entitled, *To a Truly Great Man*. He disliked John Adams also and accused him of acting from policy in his advocacy of Washington.

Freneau's death was singular. He was returning from the

village two miles distant, and while attempting to cross a bog meadow was lost and mired; his lifeless body was found the next morning.

(VERSES ON JOHN ADAMS.)

TO A WOULD-BE GREAT MAN.

"Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus."—*Hor.*

Daddy Vice, Daddy Vicé,
One may see in a trice
The drift of your fine publication;
As sure as a gun,
The thing was just done,
To secure you—a pretty *high* station.

Defences you call
To knock down our wall,
And batter the *States* to the ground, sir;
So thick were your shot,
And so hellish fire-hot,
They've scarce a whole bone to be found, sir.

When you tell us of *kings*,
And such pretty things,
Good mercy! how brilliant your page is!
So bright in each line,
I vow now you'll shine
Like—a glow worm to all future ages.

When you handle your balance,
So fast are your talents,
Like Atlas your wonderful strength is;
You know every State
To a barley-corn weight,
For your steel-yard the continent length is.

On Davila's page,
Your discourses so sage
Democratical numskulls bepuzzle,
With arguments tough
As white leather or buff,
The republican *bull dogs* to muzzle.

'Tis labor in vain,
Your senses to strain
Our brains any longer to muddle;
Like Colossus you stride
O'er our noddles so wide,
We look up like *frogs in a puddle*.

Walter Scott admired Freneau greatly and so did Campbell, and both quoted from his *Indian Songs*. His poems are little read now, and are so rare that it is difficult to find sufficient

data to prepare a sketch with appropriate extracts; still in his day he was appreciated, and what he has written may yet be called for and find favor in popular editions.

His chief works besides his *Poems*:

Tracts and Essays,
Essays,
Tales and Poems,
Rising Glory of America,
The Village Merchant,

The Philosopher of the Forest,
Cantos from a Prison-Ship,
The Indian Burying-Ground,
May to April,
The House of Night, a Vision.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *In which colony was it that church members only were allowed to vote? Why?*
2. *When did religious persecution begin in this country?*
3. *Who was Roger Williams? Why did he leave Massachusetts? Where did he settle? Who was Mrs. Anne Hutchinson?*
4. *Why were Quakers banished from Massachusetts?*
5. *When were all the Colonies united? Under what name were they united?*
6. *How long did they remain united?*
7. *What was King Philip's War?*
8. *Who was Philip? Describe the Swamp Fight?*
9. *Tell all you know of Salem Witchcraft.*
10. *What noted American writer believed in witchcraft and was bitter in his persecution of it?*

THOMAS PAINE.

THETFORD, NORFOLK COUNTY, ENG.

1737.

1809.

WRITER OF THE REVOLUTION.

George Washington.

Thomas Jefferson.

"Here lies Tom Paine, who wrote in liberty's defence,"

But in his "Age of Reason" lost his "Common Sense."—*William Linn.*

"Paine had a great deal of wit and sagacity, but their exercise was confined to a very narrow field."—*Duyckinck.*

Thomas Paine's father was a Quaker, and a stay-maker of Thetford in Norfolk County, England, who brought his son up to work at the same trade. So "Tom Paine, the skeptic," as he is generally called, was only American by adoption.

When he became of age he moved to London, then to the Sandwich Islands, where he married, but on the death of his wife, who lived only a year (some say she did not die then, but that they parted by mutual consent) he returned to London.

He soon became so involved in debt that he determined to move to America and try what Fortune had in store for him there. He had written some prose and verse, and had even tried teaching and preaching. Benjamin Franklin, our Minister to England at that time, knew Paine by reputation and spoke encouragingly to him about going to America, and gave him letters of introduction to his friends. With this passport to the literary world, he rose so rapidly that in a short time he became editor of the "Pennsylvania Magazine." He soon wrote his first book, *Common Sense*, advocating our independence of the "Mother Country," and so clear and forcible were the arguments, yet so simple withal, that everyone comprehended them. Honors crowded upon him; the University of Pennsylvania conferred upon him the decree of M. A.; the Philosophical Society admitted him to membership; and the legislature of his State

voted him £500. The book was translated into the different languages of Europe, and to the present day is quoted by Republicans in European nations.

His *Crisis* appeared during the War for Independence, and Washington had the first number read to each regiment in service, in order to inspire his soldiers with greater zeal and to revive their despondent spirits. "These are the times that try men's souls" became the battle cry.

Paine held many posts of honor under the government, and while clerk of the Pennsylvania legislature he voted his entire salary for the relief of the destitute soldiers in the army. He succeeded in obtaining from France and Holland loans of large sums of money to carry on the war. The country appreciated his services and rewarded him; Congress gave him \$3,000; New York gave him a farm; and Pennsylvania honored him with a position of state.

At the close of the war he went to France, but did not make a favorable impression there on account of his filthy appearance. Elkanah Watson describes his arrival in Nantes: "About this time the notorious Tom Paine arrived in Nantes in the 'Alliance,' and took up his quarters at my boarding-house. He was coarse, uncouth, and loathsome, a disgusting egotist, rejoicing most in talking of himself and reading the effusions of his own mind. His arrival being announced, the mayor and some of the most distinguished citizens of Nantes called upon him to render their homage of respect. I officiated as interpreter, although humbled and mortified at his filthy appearance and awkward and unseemly address."

He lacked the restraints of family influence. His first wife died; his second separated from him; and the third, who was Madame Bonneville, about whom there was much scandal, did not improve his moral character.

He had no children, nor any relatives in America. He made few friends, because self-willed and arrogant, although he possessed an affectionate and generous disposition. His own ser-

vants hated him, and one of them attempted to take his life because of ill-treatment.

In spite of his faults, however, the sincerity of his devotion to the cause of liberty cannot be denied, nor can the magnitude of his service to the United States be diminished. Washington, Franklin, and other prominent men of the Revolution gave him credit for what came from his pen. Later writers have tried to detract from his fame on account of the harm that they think his *Age of Reason* has done to religion, but this was a weak attack upon the Scriptures, which even Paine regretted having published, for it weakened instead of strengthened his fame as a writer. The book, unworthy in itself, was brought into prominence by many divines answering the attack. Franklin, whose faith was not the strongest, urged Paine not to publish the book, saying, "It will bring odium and mischief to yourself, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind, spits in his own face."

Paine was never an atheist, but a deist. Born a Quaker, and roaming through the fields of dissent from the established faith, he always believed in the existence of a God, and had high and exalted ideals of Christian virtues. During the last years of his life he preached on Sunday afternoons in the grove at New Rochelle, and as far as they went these sermons were said to have been unobjectionable homilies.

The fault of his *Age of Reason* was that it attacked and questioned in a low, vulgar way the cherished religious beliefs. His friends argued that the book was written in prison, and consequently his faith in everything was embittered. Robespierre had him imprisoned for offering Louis XVI. a home in America.

An old man in New York once completely silenced Paine who was haranguing a party of young men on the mischief the introduction of the Bible had done. During a pause he said, "Mr. Paine, you have been in Scotland, and you know there is no more rigid set of people in the world in their attachment to the Bible, for it is their schoolbook; their churches are full of Bibles,

and when a young man leaves home his mother always puts a Bible on top of his clothes." Paine assented. "You have been to Spain, and the Bible is unknown there. A Spaniard will kill another for a dollar or less." Paine acknowledged that was so. "You have been in England, where not one man in fifty can read a Bible, and in Ireland, where the majority of the people have never seen one, yet it is a fact that cannot be controverted that there are more capital convictions in Spain, England and Ireland in six months than there are in Scotland in twelve years. If the Bible is the bad book you represent it to be, would not the people be worst in the country where it is most read?" After a pause, without saying a word, Paine picked up his candle and left the room. He prophesied eighteen years before his death that in five years there would not be a Bible in America. A study of the statistics of the American Bible Society will be interesting to show how far he fell short of being a true prophet.

While he was sick a servant girl entered his room to bring him his dinner. Paine asked her if she had ever read his *Age of Reason*. She replied that she had, but considered it the most dangerous book she had ever seen, for the more she read it the more her mind was estranged from all that was good and noble, and feeling how wicked a book it was, she had burned it at once. His reply to her was, "Would that all had been as wise as you."

The woman who came from France as his wife, was found weeping bitterly at his death-bed, and lamenting, "For this man I have given up family and friends, property, religion, honor,—everything, and now he tells me that the principles he taught me will not bear me out."

Among his last words were those to Mr. Randall, "I never disbelieved the Christian religion; my unbelief and skepticism were rather assumed than real. Should I ever recover from this illness it is my intention to publish a book disavowing the infidel doctrines contained in *Age of Reason*, and expressing my convictions of the truths of the Christian system."

It is stated upon good authority, although it has been frequently

denied, that while dying he called constantly upon the Lord to help him. "O Lord help me, God help me, Jesus Christ help me!" Like Voltaire, alas! he found his professed faith "good enough to live by, but not good enough to die by."

Paine wished to be buried in the Quaker burying-ground, but that sect would not permit it on account of his religious views. He was buried on his own farm at New Rochelle, and the only inscription on his tomb is "Thomas Paine, the Author of Common Sense." Ten years after his death Cobbett robbed the grave of his bones and had them carried to England.

His other works are:

The Crisis,
Letters,
Rights of Man,
The Study of God,

Liberty Tree (a poem),
Ode on the Death of General Wolfe,
Speeches,

Reflections on the Life and Death of Lord Clive.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What were the French and Indian Wars?*
2. *Who settled Connecticut?*
3. *What was the Charter Oak?*
4. *Who demanded the charter of Connecticut?*
5. *When was Yale College founded? How many years after William and Mary?*
6. *Who founded Rhode Island?*
7. *By whom was Providence named? Why?*
8. *What kind of a colony was Rhode Island?*
9. *Who published the first newspaper there?*
10. *By whom and for whom was New Hampshire named?*

Thomas Jefferson
THOMAS JEFFERSON.

SHADWELL, ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VA.

1743.

1826.

EARLY WRITER OF THE REVOLUTION. THIRD PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES.

WORKS.

Autobiography,
Parliamentary Manual,
Notes on the State of Virginia,

Declaration of Independence,
Hamilton and Adams,
State Papers.

"Thomas Jefferson, the first and greatest of American Democrats, in his lifetime as cordially hated by political enemies, as revered by political and personal friends, now stands before us as one of the roundest and fullest characters in American history."—*Richardson.*

Thomas Jefferson, the third son of a family of ten children, was born in Albemarle County, Virginia. His father, Peter Jefferson, was of Welsh extraction and married into the wealthy and influential family of the Randolphs.

He lived at the time of Thomas's birth in a plain but large farm house, traces of which still exist. Thomas inherited more of his father's than of his mother's qualities of mind and heart—an unusual fact, for sons are said to take by heredity the mother's gifts. At any rate, we find this son with a full measure of his father's bodily strength and stature, his father's inclination to liberal politics, his father's taste for literature and aptness for mathematics, but his mother's musical talent. The children of Peter Jefferson were all musical; the girls sang the songs of the time, and Thomas accompanied them upon the violin. He played wonderfully well, having practised assiduously from boyhood. He was fourteen when his father died, but before his death he had not neglected to provide for the education of his only son, for he left an injunction with his dying breath that Thomas should be educated at William and Mary College. His son

*See illustration.

always remembered this circumstance with gratitude, saying that if he had to choose between an education and the estate his father left, he would take the education unhesitatingly. He became noted at school for good scholarship, and faithful performance of every duty. He was very shy and remarkably ugly—a tall raw-boned, freckled-faced boy with sandy-hair, and large feet and hands; wrists very thick, and cheek-bones and chin very prominent. We can scarcely recognize in this picture the handsome man of maturer years. Jefferson always carried himself well—was healthy, erect, and agile. He was noted for being the strongest man of his day, for his father in his last hours, realizing the importance of physical training, had charged his mother not to allow him to neglect the exercise requisite for health and strength. This was an unnecessary charge, for the boy had already accustomed himself to all kinds of manly sports; he was a keen hunter, and could outswim any one in all that country, besides being skilled in every athletic accomplishment of the day.

William and Mary College was not as well equipped in teachers then as it has been in later years. There was one professor, however, who left his impress upon each pupil's character. This was Dr. Small, the professor of mathematics, and a dear lover of all the sciences. He possessed, in an unusual degree, the faculty of imparting what he knew. He was a man of very agreeable manners, with an enlightened mind,—indeed, an unusual teacher. Jefferson tells us in his *Autobiography* that he it was “who undoubtedly fixed the destinies” of his life. The teacher and pupil became greatly attached and took daily walks together.

Jefferson gained from Dr. Small his views on scientific subjects, some of which were not always the soundest. Erasmus Darwin the poet was the professor's intimate friend, and it was his son Charles Darwin that in later years advanced the theory of our descent from the ape.

Thomas Jefferson was allowed to have his horse while at college, and here is a notable exception where this privilege did not ruin the student. He became an expert rider, but he did

not allow this pleasure to interfere with his studious habits. His violin, a loved companion from boyhood, was little by little neglected. An incident which will show his attachment to it occurred at the burning of his father's house. When he reached the place and found it in ashes, he asked: "Are all the books destroyed?" and an old negro standing near quickly replied, "Yes, massa, dey is, but we's saved de fiddle." The tone of the negro's voice indicated that he felt sure that this news would atone for all other losses to his young master. He studied fifteen hours a day, consequently had little time for recreation. It shows how much the physical development of early years tended to keep him well and strong at this period of his life.

As soon as he was graduated, he entered upon the study of law, and at twenty-one years of age assumed the management of his father's estate, and gave much time to the improvement of his lands, so that he gained the reputation of being an attentive, zealous, and successful farmer. When he was twenty-four he was admitted to the bar, and owing to the influential family connections on his father's as well as his mother's side, he secured a large and lucrative practice at once. The first year he had sixty-eight cases in the general court of the province, and this number soon increased to five hundred.

Jefferson was not a fluent nor a forcible speaker, and he had a husky voice which was very detrimental to him as an orator. His power lay in his painstaking and attention to business. He entered public life at twenty-six, and made the resolution never while in public office to engage in any enterprise for the improvement of his fortune, nor to assume any character other than that of a farmer. This resolution he faithfully carried out, and it always enabled him to consider public questions free from self-interest.

Before he was thirty he had married the beautiful widow, Mrs. Martha Skelton. He took her to his new home at Monticello a few days after the ceremony. Her father, John Wayles, dying

the next year, left her forty thousand acres of land and one hundred and thirty-five slaves. This doubled Jefferson's estate, and enabled him to devote more time to the improvement of his land. It is said that he domesticated every tree and shrub, native and foreign, which could survive the Virginia cold.

Jefferson had many rivals in love as well as in law. The woman whom he honored by making his wife was very beautiful. She was only twenty years of age, above medium height, auburn-haired, and of a remarkably dignified carriage. She said that Jefferson's love for music and his skill as a violinist gave him precedence of his rivals. He retained a romantic devotion to her throughout his life, and refused many foreign appointments on account of her failing health. For four years before her death he was never beyond her call, and was insensible from grief many hours after she died. They had five children; two died in infancy; three, Martha, Mary, and Lucy grew to womanhood; Lucy never married, and the other two with their families cared for their father after their mother's death. Martha was pronounced by John Randolph to be "the sweetest creature in Virginia," and Mary, "the best-bred lady in the land."

In 1775 Jefferson was elected to Congress, and reached Philadelphia on the very day that Washington was made Commander-in-Chief of the Army. The news came that Virginia was in favor of declaring for independence, so a committee of five was appointed to draw up the Declaration, and Jefferson, being chairman, was asked to write the document. Congress debated it for three days, July 1st, 2d, and 3d, and Jefferson used to laugh and say that the warm weather and a swarm of flies made them adopt it as soon as they did. It was at his suggestion that "*E pluribus unum*" was accepted as a seal for the paper; it was he who drew up the bill for establishing courts of law in the State; he caused the capital to be removed to Richmond; it was he who advocated a system of public education in the State; he founded the University of Virginia; he greatly improved William and Mary College, he proposed our present system of currency, dollars and

cents, dimes and half dimes; he was three times Minister to France; was Vice-President under Adams; and at the death of Adams became President of the United States.

After forty-four years of public service, he retired to private life, so impoverished that he feared that he would be arrested for debt by his creditors, should he try to leave the capital.

He was eighty-three when he died, and was buried in his yard at Monticello. It is a singular coincidence that his death occurred on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and that John Adams, a former president, died a few hours later on the same day.

When it was discovered that Jefferson had left his daughter penniless, the legislatures of South Carolina and Virginia voted her ten thousand dollars, which gave her an ample support during the rest of her life. Her father's writings were ordered to be published by Congress. These consisted of treatises, essays, selections from his correspondence, official reports, messages, addresses, and his autobiography.

Jefferson held probably more offices under the government than any man before or since, unless it be John Quincy Adams. He was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses; he was sent to Congress; he was Governor of Virginia; he was three times Minister to France; he was Secretary of State; he was Vice-President, and President of the United States; he was a Democrat, the founder of Democracy, we may say, and maintained that "a government is best which governs least." The most important act of his administration was the "Purchase of Louisiana." It was bought from the French for about \$15,000,000. This purchase made him very popular in the West, and he was re-elected by an overwhelming majority.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

"In Congress, July 4, 1776."

THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

(Written by Thomas Jefferson. The following text, punctuation excepted, is from the Fac-Simile of the original Document.) Copied from "Library of American Literature."

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with one another, and to assume, among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature, and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights; that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That, to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,—That, whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such Principles, and organizing its Powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States.

* * * * *

(Then follows a statement of grievances.)

In every stage of these Oppressions, we have Petitioned for Redress, in the most humble terms: our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People.

Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind,—enemies in War,—in Peace, Friends.

We, Therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name and by the Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly Publish and Declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be totally dissolved; and that, as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And, for the support of the Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

John Hancock,	Benjamin Rush,	Richard Stockton,
Button Gwinnett,	Benj. Franklin,	Jno. Witherspoon,
Lyman Hall,	John Morton,	Fras. Hopkinson,
Geo. Walton,	George Clymer,	John Hart,
Wm. Hooper,	Jas. Smith,	Abra Clark,
Joseph Hewes,	Geo. Taylor,	Josiah Bartlett,
John Penn,	James Wilson,	Wm. Whipple,
Edward Rutledge,	Geo. Ross,	Matthew Thornton,
Thomas Heyward, Jr.,	Cæsar Rodney,	Sam. Adams,
Thomas Lynch, Jr.,	Geo. Read,	John Adams,
Arthur Middleton,	Thos. M. Kean,	Robert Treat Paine,
George Wythe,	Samuel Chase,	Elbridge Gerry,
Richard Henry Lee,	Wm. Paca,	Step. Hopkins,
Thomas Jefferson,	Thos. Stone,	William Ellery,
Benj. Harrison,	Charles Carroll, of Carrollton,	Roger Sherman,
Thos. Nelson, Jr.,	Wm. Floyd,	Sam'l Huntington,
Francis Lightfoot Lee,	Phil. Livingston,	Wm. Williams,
Carter Braxton,	Francis Lewis,	Oliver Wolcott.
Robert Morris,	Lewis Morris,	

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Name the thirteen original States.*
2. *Why was Maine not included?*
3. *Was Vermont ever a colony?*
4. *Who settled New York? What called? When changed, and why?*
5. *Who discovered the Hudson River?*
6. *What was the West India Company?*
7. *How much was paid for Manhattan Island?*
8. *Who advocated buying the land from the Indians?*
9. *What man in the colonies had most influence over the Indians?*
10. *Who were the most noted Indian chiefs?*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.*

NEVIS, WEST INDIES.

1757.

1804.

EARLY WRITER OF THE REVOLUTION.

Washington.

Jefferson.

WORKS.

Financial Conditions and Prospects of the United States.
Speeches and State Papers.

"He smote the rock of the national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit and it sprung upon its feet."—*Daniel Webster*.

"Over against Jefferson the Democrat, stood Hamilton the Federalist. He fought for the Constitution and won it, but made no secret of his longing for a stronger document and a more centralized government.

The writings of Hamilton, like those of nearly all politicians whose names are here under consideration, had no real literary motive. They were produced in the course of the life of a statesman, and all, whether written with greater or less care, were designed to further the ends of statecraft or of political management. Some are documents illustrating the making of history; others display the character or personality of the writers; but nothing from Hamilton's pen sought distinctly artistic results."

"In his day he was deemed a brilliant orator, an effective pleader in written words, and a constitutional statesman of highest rank."

He was born at Nevis, one of the West Indies in 1757, but there is some mystery connected with him which even his own son, in his account of his life, does not satisfactorily unravel.

He tells us himself that his father became bankrupt at an early day, and that he was thrown upon his mother's relatives to be

*See illustration.

supported. The precocity of the child was remarkable, due probably, to this early isolation and self-dependence. His education was limited and desultory, and was chiefly under the direction of Rev. Hugh Knox, a Presbyterian clergyman, who always took great interest in him. At an age when boys are playing marbles and like games, Hamilton was forming ambitious plans for the future. The capabilities of the little boy of thirteen in the counting-room of Mr. Cruger convinced his friends and relatives that some effort must be made to have him better educated. Accordingly the funds were raised and he was sent to Boston for that purpose. He afterwards went to a preparatory school in Elizabethtown, N. J., and then entered King College, New York, now Columbia College, and while at both places he was busy writing prose and poetry. The affairs with England were ripening fast, and one day at a political meeting in New York he became so enthused that he sprang upon the platform, little daunted by the cries "Collegian," "Collegian," and delivered a stirring and patriotic appeal in behalf of Colonial rights.

Events moved rapidly, and the war for which he was longing soon came. He was given a company of artillery by the New York Convention, and such skill did he show in organizing it that he was soon promoted to General Washington's staff, and then began that long and close intimacy between the two which had only one interruption. Hamilton took offence at a look of reproof which his commander gave him, and he resigned the position on his staff, nor could he ever be induced to accept it again, although their friendship continued unabated.

Hamilton married Miss Elizabeth Schuyler, and thus became connected with one of the wealthiest and most influential families of New York—a connection that proved of great advantage to him in political aspirations.

It was in 1780 he distinguished himself by his *Letters on Finance*. One of these letters particularly gained him renown. It was written to Robert Morris, the famous financier of the

Revolution, and in this letter he not only made valuable suggestions, but laid out a matured plan of national finance, which was read in Congress and adopted. He was a member of the Convention to ratify the Constitution. He was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and his State papers written while he held this office are regarded as of the highest character. He was offered the position of Chief Justice of the United States, but he declined.

He determined to defeat the ambitious personal schemes of Aaron Burr who differed from him in politics. Burr, knowing that Hamilton was not a man to be conciliated or outgeneralled, was greatly perplexed how to meet him. He was conscious that opposition to his political designs would be disastrous, so he watched an opportunity to impute some offence. A very trifling circumstance brought it about. A meddling person, a lady (friend ?), repeated to Burr that Hamilton had said at the house of a common friend that he had a "despicable opinion" of him. This was considered sufficient cause for a duel, and a correspondence followed, which Burr was so subtle in managing that Hamilton, from a false sense of honor, felt impelled to accept the challenge sent. He really was conscientiously opposed to dueling, and had so expressed himself three years before, when his own son had been killed in one. Strange to say, that son had fallen upon the very spot where he himself fell.

Burr and Hamilton met on the banks of the Hudson, opposite New York, very early on the morning of the 11th of July, 1804. Hamilton was wounded at the first fire. He had not intended to shoot at all, but in falling his pistol was accidentally discharged in the ground near him. He lingered until the next day and died. His death was regarded as a national calamity, and so intense was the feeling against Burr that he was driven into exile, an outcast and a conspirator.

Hamilton left eight children, four boys and four girls; his widow lived to be ninety-seven, and to the day of her death continued to wear the widow's mourning; thus proving through

fifty years her faithfulness to the memory of her loved and honored husband.

In personal appearance Hamilton was below medium height, slender, even delicate in frame, but full of life, carried himself erect, and had a quick nervous walk. He was unusually graceful in address, and made friends so readily that even his political enemies had to acknowledge his charm of manner irresistible. His complexion was clear and ruddy, his hair light, and his whole appearance decidedly Scotch. He was very proud of his Scotch extraction, and said in speaking of his mother's family, "My blood is as good as that of those who plume themselves upon their ancestry." He named his home "The Grange," after his grandfather's home at Ayr, Scotland.

There is no finer example of pathos in the English language than Hamilton's account of the treason of Arnold, and the death of Major André. The delicacy with which Arnold's wife is mentioned, and the reverence with which he writes about the last hours of the gallant André touch the hearts of all.

He planted around his door at "The Grange" thirteen trees to represent the thirteen original States. These trees are still standing, although the house has long since fallen into decay.

"He was the greatest writer of the revolutionary times, the ablest jurist and statesman of the early constitutional era, and a soldier to whom the sword of America might safely have been confided."

FINANCIAL CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

(Copied from Library of American Literature.)

LETTER TO ROBERT MORRIS.

SIR: I was among the first who were convinced that an administration, by single men, was essential to the proper management of the affairs of this country. I am persuaded, now, it is the only resource we have, to extricate ourselves from the distresses which threaten the subversion of our cause. It is palpable that the people have lost all confidence in our public councils; and it is a fact, of which I dare say you are as well apprised as myself, that our friends in Europe are in the same disposition. I have been in a situation that has enabled me to obtain a better idea of this than most others; and I venture to assert that the Court of France will never give half the succor to this country, while Congress hold the reins of administration in their own hands, which they would grant, if these were intrusted to individuals of established reputation, and conspicuous for probity, abilities, and fortune. * * *

If we compare the real ability of France for revenue with that of Great Britain; the economy and sagacity in the conduct of the finances of the former; the extravagance and dissipation which are overwhelming those of the latter; there will be found every reason to believe that the resources of France will outlast those of her adversary. Her fleet is not much inferior, independent of that of Spain and Holland. Combined with that of Spain it is greatly superior. If the Dutch enter into the war in earnest, and add their fleet, the superiority will be irresistible. Notwithstanding the injury they may sustain in the first instance, the Dutch will be still formidable; they are rich in credit, and have extensive means for maritime power.

Except the Emperor, who is hostile, and the Dane, who is neutral, all the rest of Europe are either friends to France or to our independence. * * *

A national debt, if it is not excessive, will be to us a national blessing. It will be a powerful cement of our union.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *How did New Jersey receive its name?*
2. *Where was the first settlement made?*
3. *Who was the leader among the Quakers in America?*
4. *Why was Pennsylvania settled?*
5. *What is the meaning of the word?*
6. *What is the meaning of Philadelphia?*
7. *Explain by whom and why the Mason and Dixon's line was made?*
8. *For what was it afterwards used?*
9. *By whom was Delaware settled?*
10. *Who settled Maryland?*

NOAH WEBSTER.

WEST HARTFORD, CONN.

1758.

1843.

LATE WRITER OF THE REVOLUTION.

Washington.

Tyler.

“ He made a Speller which has sown votes and muskets ; he made alone and unaided a Dictionary which has grown under the impulse he gave it, into a National Encyclopædia, possessing an irresistible momentum.”—*Horace E. Scudder.*

Formerly one argued himself unlearned not to have studied Webster's “Blue-back Spelling Book.” Noah Webster is the man who gave to the world this work of genius. Children of this day have not the acquaintance with its merits that their parents and grandparents had before them. It was the first spelling book of this country and long remained without a rival. With tape-tied back and wooden covers it circulated among the trade in orders by the box full, and reached a sale during the lifetime of the writer of millions of copies, and supported his family for twenty years, although the royalty he received upon it was only *one cent* a copy. His object in writing it was to simplify knowledge, and to arrange the words in ready form to catch the eye and linger in the memory ; afterwards he added lessons in definitions, and introduced homely fables and proverbs, illustrated by wood-cuts, very laughable to us in an age of beautiful lithographs and engravings. But the moral lessons thus taught were undoubtedly productive of good results. Who can estimate how many honest fellows have had their sense of duty strengthened by the moral of that fable, *The Boy that Stole the Apples!* We can see him now as represented in the wood-cut, astride the branch of a tree almost destitute of foliage, while the old farmer, probably intended for Webster's father, in his queer costume stands with one arm akimbo taking aim with the other at the saucy, naughty boy. Then there is the lesson of vanity of

human expectations and the folly of unnecessary grief as taught by the forlorn little *Country Maid and her Milk Pail*, showing so plainly that "chickens must not be counted before they are hatched, and milk must not be wept over after it is spilt." Besides these there were *The Boy that went to the woods to look for birds' nests, when he should have gone to school*, and the *Description of a Good Boy and of a Bad Boy*, and wonderful counsels, maxims, and proverbs calculated to make geniuses such as Clay, Webster, and Calhoun.

Happy was that child when the period of b-a ba, and b-e be was passed and he had arrived at the never-to-be-forgotten line b-a ba, k-e-r ker, baker; s-h-a sha, d-y dy, shady; but the acme of bliss was not reached until he had gotten to the words of four and five syllables, and could spell in-com-pre-hen-si-bil-i-ty, and pronounce it, going backwards with every syllable, accurately and distinctly.

The world owes a debt of gratitude to Noah Webster for this boon to mankind, and although the Blue-Back Speller is "out of fashion" and is now almost cast aside, we doubt seriously whether the "fashionables" with their phonetic methods will ever equal their forefathers in the art of spelling. Over sixty-two million copies of this Speller were sold during Webster's lifetime. His *Compendious Dictionary of the English Language*, upon which he expended nearly thirty years of his life, did not bring him half the fame.

It will be interesting then to know something of Webster's boyhood and youth, what home influences he had, and what circumstances directed his mind into literary channels.

Warwickshire, England, the very district where the great Shakespeare and George Eliot were born, produced the great-grandfather of Noah Webster, while his mother was a descendant of William Bradford of Plymouth Colony fame. We thus see what sturdy blood flowed in young Webster's veins. His father was a farmer, but valued very highly a thorough education, so sent his son to a clergyman in West Hartford to be prepared for

Yale. He entered the College in 1774, but the War of Independence interrupted his studies. He joined his father's company of militia, and it was not until 1778 that he was enabled to return to graduate.

At the close of the exercises on Commencement Day, his father handed him an eight dollar bill of continental currency, equal to about four dollars in gold, and told him that he must take care of himself for the future. Teaching seemed the only resource, so he determined to support himself by that while he was studying law. In 1781 he was admitted to the bar, but he was still compelled to teach to increase his meagre income. It was about this time that his *Grammatical Institutes of the English Language*, which included his Spelling Book, appeared, and later on his *Dissertations on the English Language*. While teaching he had discovered the need of these text-books and set to work to write them. Eight years later he married Miss Greenleaf of Boston, and his finances could not have been very flourishing even then, for his poet friend Turnbull writing to some one, said, "I understand Webster has brought home a pretty wife. I fear he will breakfast upon 'Institutes,' dine upon 'Dissertations' and go supperless to bed."

At the close of the war he devoted much time to writing articles for the government. Then appeared his *Sketches of American Polity*, in which he argued that a new system of government was necessary for the country, and it is believed that this was the first movement towards a National Constitution. He went South about this time, visited Washington at Mount Vernon, and delivered lectures in several cities upon the English language, and soon after this published his pamphlet, *The Leading Principles of the Federal Constitution*.

In 1812, in order to live more economically, he moved with his family to Amherst, Mass., and there was instrumental in founding Amherst College, and became the first president of the Board of Trustees. He drew around him a literary circle, and threw open his library to his neighbors. In 1822 he

moved back to New Haven, where he died in 1843, having attained the remarkable age of eighty-five.

The Websters were a long-lived race. Noah's father lived to be ninety-two, every brother was over eighty and every sister over seventy. The true cause probably was their plain mode of living. Noah Webster had always been a man of very simple habits, so that at his death his faculties were unimpaired. His eyes had always been weak, and at the age of fifty he began to wear glasses. He was a hard but a prudent student. He used his eyes but once by lamplight, and he said he had always regretted that. He rose an hour before sunrise to make use, as he expressed it, "of the light of that luminary." He *was never in a hurry*; he took regular but not violent exercise; he always made his own fires. He was a genial, frank man, perfectly systematic in managing his household affairs, and never went in debt. He read his Bible regularly and thoroughly, believed implicitly in its inspiration, and was a man of deep religious convictions and a conscientious member of the Congregational Church. He was tall and slender, perfectly erect, with a pleasant, attractive countenance.

He left one son and six daughters. His wife survived him four years. One daughter wrote a life of her father for an introduction to his *Dictionary*.

An anecdote is related of Webster which amused him, and which he liked to repeat. On one occasion he went to see his brother in Madison county. When he reached the village he met a boy going to school. "My son," said the learned doctor, "do you know where Mr. Webster lives?" "Yes, sir, and be you a relative of his?" asked the boy. Dr. Webster informed him that he was. "Well, you ain't his brother, is you?" he continued, and when told that he was said, "Well, it can't no way anyhow be that you're the man what made the spelling book?" "Yes, I am the man," said the amused Dr. Webster. "Come, now," persisted the boy, looking the doctor well over, "I know that's a fish story."

“Webster was a sturdy, upright man, with the courtesy of an old Federalist.” His views about the education of women may be criticized by many of to-day—some commending, others condemning. He lived to be eighty-five, and died at New Haven surrounded by children and grandchildren, “cheerful to the last, with the sense of a full life of Christian trust and expectation. His name abides, connected with the great work he initiated, and that monument will make his name imperishable.”

His remaining works are :

Dissertations on the English Language,
Sketches of American Polity,
Leading Principles of the Federal Constitution,
The Rights of Neutrals,
History of the United States,

Historical Notices of Banking Institutions and Insurance Companies,
Collection of Papers on Political and Literary Subjects,
History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases.

WOMAN'S EDUCATION.

(Copied from Library of American Literature.)

In all nations a good education is that which renders the ladies correct in their manners, respectable in their families, and agreeable in society. That education is always wrong, which raises a woman above the duties of her station.

In America, female education should have for its object what is useful. Young ladies should be taught to speak and write their own language with purity and elegance; an article in which they are often deficient. The French language is not necessary for ladies. In some cases it is convenient, but in general it may be considered as an article of luxury. As an accomplishment, it may be studied by those whose attention is not employed about more important concerns.

Some knowledge of arithmetic is necessary for every lady. Geography should never be neglected. Belles-lettres learning seems to correspond with the dispositions of most females. A taste for poetry and fine writing should be cultivated; for we expect the most delicate sentiments from the pen of that sex, which is possessed of the finest feelings.

A course of reading can hardly be prescribed for ladies. But it should be remarked, that this sex cannot be too well acquainted with the writers upon human life and manners. The *Spectator* should fill the first place in every lady's library. Other volumes of periodical papers, though inferior to the *Spectator*, should be read; and some of the best histories.

With respect to novels, so much admired by the young, and so generally condemned by the old, what shall I say? Perhaps it may be said, with truth, that some of them are useful many of them pernicious and most of them trifling. A hundred volumes of modern novels may be read without acquiring a new idea. Some of them contain entertaining stories, and where the descriptions are drawn from nature, and from characters and events in themselves innocent, the perusal of them may be harmless.

Were novels written with a view to exhibit only one side of human nature, to paint the social virtues, the world would condemn them as defective; but I should think them more perfect. Young people, especially females, should not see the vicious part of mankind. At best, novels may be considered as the toys of youth; the rattle-boxes of sixteen. The mechanic gets his pence for his toys, and the novel writer for his books, and it would be happy for society if the latter were in all cases as innocent playthings as the former.

The heads of young people of both sexes are often turned by reading descriptions of splendid living, of coaches, of plays and other amusements. Such descriptions excite a desire to enjoy the same pleasures. A fortune becomes the principle object of pursuit; fortunes are scarce in America and not easily acquired; disappointment succeeds, and the youth who begins life with expecting to enjoy a coach, closes the prospect with a small living, procured by labor and economy.

In the large towns of America, music, drawing and dancing constitute a part of female education. They, however, hold a subordinate rank; for my fair friends will pardon me, when I declare that no man ever marries a woman for her performance on a harpsichord, or her figure in a minuet. However ambitious a woman may be to command admiration abroad, her real merit is known only at home. Admiration is useless when it is not supported by domestic worth. But real honor and permanent esteem are always secured by those who preside over their own families with dignity.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What led to the settlement of Maryland?*
2. *For whom named?*
3. *What was the "Toleration Act"?*
4. *How many Lord Baltimores were there?*
5. *What was Maryland's first capital?*
6. *When removed to Annapolis?*
7. *In what colony were schools and public libraries first established by law?*
8. *Was Maryland a slave holding colony?*
9. *When did tobacco form the currency of a colony?*
10. *Who was George Calvert?*

Donner special power
"Columbiad"
Julia Barlow
JOEL BARLOW.

READING, CONN.

1755.

Barlow.

1812.

COLONIAL, REVOLUTIONARY AND NATIONAL ERAS.

There is a group of writers belonging to the Colonial, Revolutionary and National periods which deserves more than a passing notice.

Joel Barlow is one of these. He is known as the author of the *Columbiad*. This epic poem appeared in 1808, and treats of the brilliant events in American history, beginning with the circumstances that caused Columbus to desire to come on his voyage of discovery. The *Vision of Columbus*, which is really the gem of the *Columbiad*, is a series of visions presented by Hesper, the genius of the Western Continent, to Columbus while he is in prison at Valladolid. The poem was reprinted in Paris and London and really received more praise abroad than it did at home. The "Monthly Magazine" of London tried to prove that it was surpassed only by the "Iliad," the "Æneid" and "Paradise Lost." The first attack made upon it in America was that it contained deistical principles, and at once the author was declared to be an infidel, but as Barlow in his early youth had been a minister of the Gospel, it seems unnatural that he should doubt the creed in later life. The impression probably arose from the cross being placed by him in the *Vision of Columbus* among the symbols of prejudice, but it is supposed that he simply meant by this to represent current superstition. If there were any skeptical thoughts in any of his writings they came from his association with men of unsound views while he lived in Paris. He was very fond of France and remained there seventeen years. He had been sent as Minister there during

Monroe's administration. He grew rich rapidly, and bought the beautiful hotel of the Count Clermont de Tonnerre where he lived in a fashionable and costly manner, and it was at this time, while indulging in all the gayeties incident to Parisian life, that the accusation was made that he had "lost his character" and become a "bitter reviler of Christianity." The Presbyterians had adopted his *Psalm Book* when it appeared—and a most excellent psalm book it was too, but after these attacks were made upon his doubts concerning Christianity it was gradually discarded.

Barlow's *Hasty Pudding* was written while he was in Chamberry, having been sent into Savoy after the Revolution to incite the inhabitants of Piedmont to throw off their allegiance to Napoleon, whom he called "the man of Turin who called himself their king." This is undoubtedly his most popular poem. He died at a Jewish home in Poland of inflammation of the lungs, induced by fatigue and exposure in that cold climate during a very inclement season. His last poem, dictated from his bed, was an outburst of resentment against Napoleon for disappointed hopes.

As an author he belonged to the first class in America during his time.

Another writer, JAMES KIRKE PAULDING, is known especially for his production *Salmagundi* written in conjunction with Washington Irving. An elder brother of Irving had married Paulding's sister. He was born in Pawling, N. Y., 1779. The little village named for one of his remote ancestors shows that the name, originally Dutch, was spelled like his native town, but was afterwards changed. His *John Bull and Brother Jonathan* appeared in one volume.

Paulding held many honorable positions in his native State, and he was given a prominent position in naval affairs by Madison in 1814 and afterwards appointed by Van Buren Secretary of the Navy, and this position he held until the close of the administration.

His parody on Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was called *The Lay of a Scotch Fiddle*. In 1836 he published his *Slavery in the United States*, in which he defended that institution on social, economical, and physiological principles. Besides his other works he published three or four novels *Konigsmarke*, *Merry Tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham*, *Westward, Ho!* and *The Dutchman's Fireside*, and wrote in conjunction with his son William Irving Paulding a volume of *American Comedies*. He died in Hyde Park, London, in 1860.

COLONIAL WRITINGS.

REVOLUTIONARY SONGS AND BALLADS.

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.

My book and heart
Must never part.

Young Obadiah
David, Josiah
All were pious.

Peter denied
His Lord, and cried.

Young Timothy
Learnt sin to fly.

Xerxes did die,
And so must I.

Zacheus he
Did climb the tree
Our Lord to see.

YANKEE DOODLE.

It is supposed the song Yankee Doodle came from Holland. It was a song used by the laborers in harvest time when they were allowed as much buttermilk as they could drink and one-tenth of the grain. They sing it thus:

"Yanker didel, doodel down
Didel dudel lanter,
Yanke viver, voover vown,
Botermilk und Tanther."

The tune was carried over to England in the time of Charles I., and used as a nursery rhyme.

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Nothing in it, nothing in it,
But the binding round it."

Then Dr. Shackburg introduced the tune into our country in 1755 to make sport of the provincial troops.

"Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Macaroni."

The "Yankee's Return from Camp" is found in a collection of ballads made by Isaiah Thomas in 1813, but as it was sung at Bunker Hill must be as old as 1775.

" Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day
I wish it could be savéd.

The lasses they eat every day
Would keep an house a winter;
They have as much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As Siah's under pinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so, I shrink'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason;
And every time they touched it off,
They scamper'd like the nation.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon it with little clubs
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentle folks about him,
They say he's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion,
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine, ah,
I wanted pockily to get
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I hooked it off
Nor stopped as I remember,
Nor turned about, till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

FROM BAY PSALM BOOK.

The rivers on of Babelon,
There when wee did sit downe,
Yea, even then we mourned when
Wee remembered Sion.

Our harp wee did hang it amid,
Upon the willow tree,
Because there they that us away
Led in captivitee,

Requir'd of us a song, and thus
Askt mirth as waste who laid,
Sing us among a Sion's song,
Unto us then they said.

The Lord's song sing, can wee, being
In stranger's land? then let
Lose her skill my right hand if I
Jerusalem forget.

Let cleave my tongue my pallate on
If mind thee doe not I,
If chiefe joyes o'er I prize not more
Jerusalem my joy.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs, bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
 O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
 'Tis the star-spangled bannner, O, long may it wave,
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
 That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever when freedom shall stand,
 Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the power that has made and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust"—
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

Frederick Co., Md., 1779-1843.

Lines spoken by Ephraim Farrar at a school exhibition when only seven years old.
 They were written by his teacher, *David Everett*—1769-1813.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
 To speak in public on the stage;
 And if I chance to fall below
 Demosthenes or Cicero,
 Don't view me with a critic's eye
 But pass my imperfections by.
 Large streams from little fountains flow;
 Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
 And though I now am small and young,
 Of judgment weak and feeble tongue,
 Yet all great learnèd men like me,
 Once learned to read their A, B, C.
 And why may not Columbia's soil
 Bear men as great as Britain's isle?
 Exceed what Greece and Rome has done?

Or any land beneath the sun ?
 Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great
 As any other sister State ?
 Or where's the town, go far and near,
 That does not find a rival here ?
 Or where's the boy but three feet high,
 Who's made improvement more than I ?
 These thoughts inspire my youthful mind,
 To be the greatest of mankind;
 Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood,
 But only great as I am good

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Joseph Hopkinson, 1770-1842.

Hail Columbia ! happy land !
 Hail ye heroes ! heaven born band !
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone
 Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
 Let independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost ;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.
 Firm—united—let us be
 Rallying round our Liberty ;
 As a band of brothers joined
 Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots ! rise once more ;
 Defend your rights, defend your shore ;
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine wheresacred lies
 Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
 While offering peace sincere and just,
 In Heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.
 Firm—united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of fame !
 Let Washington's great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Ring through the world with loud applause ;
 Let every clime to Freedom dear
 Listen with joyful ear.
 With equal skill, and God-like power,
 He governed in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war ; or guides, with ease,
 The happier times of honest peace.
 Firm—united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country, stands,
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 But arm'd in virtue firm and true,
 His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
 When hope was singing in dismay,
 And gloom obscured Columbia's day.
 His steady mind from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty.
 Firm—united, etc.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

Clement C. Moore, 1779-1863.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
 In hopes that *St. Nicholas* soon would be there ;
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
 While visions of sugar-plums, danced in their heads ;
 And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter nap,
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
 I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,
 The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
 Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
 When what to my wondering eyes should appear
 But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
 With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
 I knew in a moment it must be *St. Nick*.
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
 And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name ;
 "Now, *Dasher !* now *Dancer !* now *Prancer, and Vixen,*
 On, *Comet !* on *Cupid, on Donder, and Blitzen !*
 To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall !
 Now dash away ! dash away ! dash away all !"
 As dry leaves that before a wild hurricane fly,
 When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
 So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
 With a sleigh full of toys, and *St. Nicholas* too,
 And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
 The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
 As I drew in my head and was turning around,
 Down the chimney *St. Nicholas* came with a bound,
 He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot,
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack,
 His eyes—how they twinkled ! his dimples how merry !
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry !
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow ;

The stump of his pipe, he held tight in his teeth
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
 He had a broad face and a little round belly,
 Which shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
 He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
 And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself,
 A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
 He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
 He filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod up the chimney he rose,
 He sprang to his sleigh, to the team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
 But I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight,
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

MONTHLY REVIEW.

1. What was the first book published on American soil? *1640 - "The Bay Psalm Book"*
2. Who was fattened for a sacrifice? *John Smith*
3. What American writer lived and wrote when Shakespeare and Bacon did? *John Smith*
4. Whom did Pocahontas marry? *John Rolfe*
5. Who was called the "Tenth Muse"? *A. D. Bradstreet*
6. How is American literature divided? *12*
7. Name a writer of Early Colonial Literature, and his works. *John Smith - 20*
8. Who was writing in America when Milton was composing his "Paradise Lost"? *A. D. Bradstreet*
9. Name a writer of later Colonial Literature and his works. *Mather - 10*
10. Who was stung by a poisonous fish? *John Smith*
11. Whose library was burned and the literary career ended by that event? *A. D. Bradstreet*
12. Name two writers of the Revolutionary Period. *John Adams - Hamilton*
13. Who asked the well-known question, "Who reads an American book"? *John Smith*
14. What historian claimed what was due others? *John Smith*
15. Who was said to be greater than his father and grandfather, both of whom were very noted men? *Mather*
16. How did a stammering writer cure himself? *by pronouncing his own name*
17. What literary woman did not neglect her children and household cares? *A. D. Bradstreet*
18. What minister kept a list of his church members before him when he prayed? *Mather*
19. What lad talked Latin? *Cotton Mather*
20. What American writer was only two years and eight months on American soil? *John Smith*
21. Who attributed all that was good in him to "Essays to do Good"? *John Smith*
22. Who wrote these Essays? *Cotton Mather*
23. Who was the first American poet? *Bradstreet*
24. What did Cotton Mather write on a bundle of abusive letters? *Libels*
25. Who believed in witches? *Cotton Mather*
26. What author read with a pen in his hand? *Edwards*
27. What good man was ambitious, self-opinionated and vain? *Mather*
28. How did Cotton Mather punish his children? *Here - 10*
29. Of whom and by whom was it said, "If Virgil could hear her poems he would throw his into the flames"? *John Gordon said of Mrs. Bradstreet*
30. Who was the only son in a family of eleven children? *Edwards*
31. Who wanted to deal with his church members for reading wicked books? *Edwards*

32. Who had seven rules for a guide in conversation? *Malibet*
33. Who wrote "On the Freedom of the Will"? *Edwards*
34. Who was the daughter of a governor, and wife of a governor? *Mrs. Paine*
35. Who was called one of America's greatest divines? *Edwards*
36. Which of Jonathan Edwards's children became noted?
37. Who wrote when Dryden and Wycherley did? *Malibet*
38. Who went as a missionary to the Indians? *Edwards*
39. Who established the first circulating library in America? *Franklin*
40. Who was the first president of the United States?
41. Who wrote "Age of Reason"? *Paine*
42. What author was said to have been filthy in appearance? *Paine*
43. Who introduced the postal system? *Franklin*
44. Who was a deist? *Paine*
45. Who established the first fire company in America? *Franklin*
46. Who undertook to overthrow the Scriptures by low and vile attacks? *Paine*
47. Who was Mary Ball? *Washington's mother*
48. Who invented lightning rods? *Franklin*
49. What two presidents died the same day?
50. What was Martha Washington's maiden name?
51. Who discovered lightning and electricity to be identical?
52. Describe the meeting between Washington and Mrs. Custis.
53. Who said, "George has always been a good boy"?
54. Who was called the "orator of nature"? *Paine*
55. Who said, "George is right, he is always right"?
56. Why do we place Washington's name in American literature?
57. What great orator was so timid at first he could scarcely speak?
58. Who was lost in a bog?
59. When was the "Child of Independence" born?
60. Who nominated Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the army?
61. Who was Susannah Boylston?
62. Whose wife kept him out of many difficulties?
63. What two old men were made to kiss each other?
64. Who thought that he preferred ditching to Latin?
65. What author was condemned to the barbarities of a prison-ship?
66. Who annoyed Washington by attacks upon his administration?
67. Who wrote Yankee Doodle? Star-Spangled Banner? Hail Columbia?
68. Who was noted for his strength?
69. What father and son fell in a duel?
70. Where was Tom Paine buried?
71. Who was the great financier of the Revolution?
72. Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?
73. Who first signed it?
74. What was the origin of our currency?
75. Who wrote the first Spelling Book?
76. Who fought a duel against principle?
77. Who was notoriously ugly, but overcame it by good carriage?
78. Who was the noted farmer and lawyer?
79. Whose widow wore mourning fifty years?
80. Who said he would rather have an education than wealth?
81. What caused Hamilton and Burr's duel?
82. Who was Dr. Small?
83. Who had "the model teacher"?
84. Whose writings were published by order of Congress?
85. Who was Elizabeth Schuyler?
86. Who married the widow with 40,000 acres of land and 135 slaves?

87. Who was a noted athlete? *Jefferson*
 88. Whose papers on finance are so noted? *Madison*
 89. Who could outswim all his companions? *Jefferson*
 90. Who kept a horse while at college and was yet a good student? *Jefferson*

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. Who presides over the Senate during the impeachment of the President? *Chief Justice*
2. Who were the "Fire of Clubs"? *page 199*
3. How was the first American flag made? By whom?
4. Who said, "I shall never burn my fingers with an American Stamp Act"? *William Pitt*
5. Who said, "I will leave the taxation of America to some who will have more courage than I have"? *Calhoun*
6. Whose last words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty"? *Calhoun*
7. How were the colonies governed between 1777 and 1783?
8. Whose dying words were, "The South, the poor South! God knows what will become of her"? *Calhoun*
9. Who was the first American musical composer?
10. What is the oldest book in the world? Where is it?

Sumner
Longfellow

CHAPTER II.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.*

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

1782.

1850.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

Washington.

Z. Taylor.

WORKS.

Speeches, Reports, and Public Writings.

"His aspirations were high, and honorable, and noble."—*Daniel Webster*.

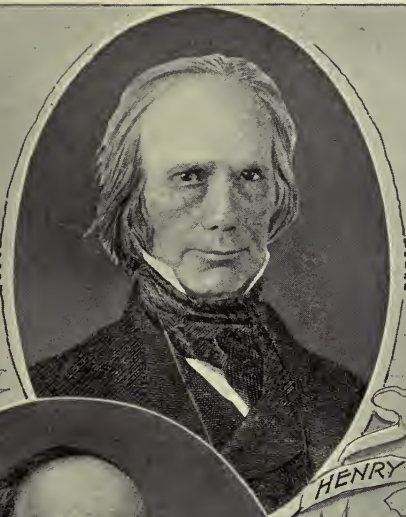
"He possessed an elevated genius of the highest order."—*Henry Clay*.

"Calhoun, Clay, Webster! Clay the great leader, Webster the great orator, Calhoun the great thinker."—*Everett*.

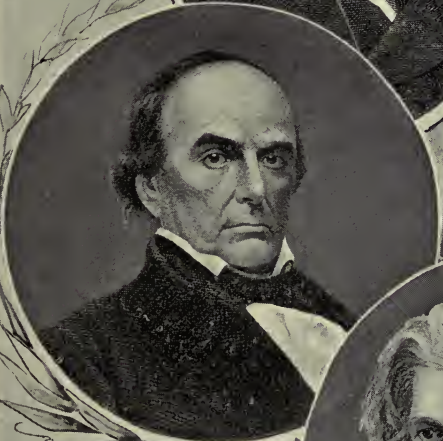
"Calhoun, Webster, and Clay formed the triumvirate of the Senate of 1833; they represented the three sections, South, East, and West; Calhoun engaged the attention of philosophers, Webster the ear of the lawyers, and Clay the sympathies of the people."

"By heredity, John Caldwell Calhoun was entitled to manhood from his race, to vigorous convictions in faith, and to patriotic devotion to liberty and right;" for his father, Patrick Calhoun, distinguished for undaunted courage and perseverance, was by his resolute and active character enabled to render important services during the war for independence; while his mother, Martha Caldwell, a thoroughly religious woman, had early instilled into her boy those principles of faith which developed a love for the Bible and a devotion to duty. Besides his father was quite a literary man, studious and thoughtful in habits, a Presbyterian by profession, who adhered rigidly to the Calvinistic doctrines of his fathers. He taught his son to love history and metaphysics, and so eager was the youth to learn, that he greatly impaired his health and at one time was forced to give up his studies.

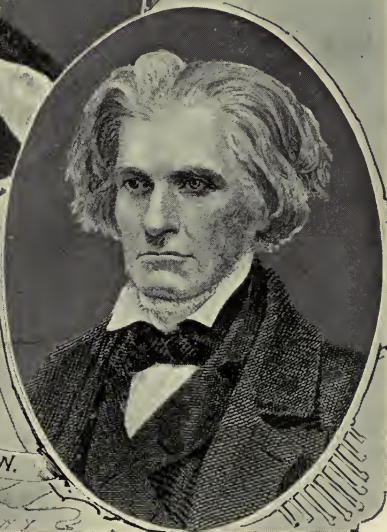
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63
103



HENRY CLAY.



DANIEL WEBSTER.



JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Wm. G. & Co. N. Y.

He keenly felt the loss of this father, who died when the boy was only thirteen years of age. He continued his studies, and at the same time assisted his widowed mother in the management of her farm. His sister married Rev. Dr. Waddell, a Presbyterian clergyman, and he it was who undertook to prepare the promising boy for Yale. He received the honors of his class, and President Dwight prophesied that he would reach the greatest eminence in life, and would in all probability fill the presidential chair of the United States, a prophecy which came very near being fulfilled, as he was Vice-President during Adams's and Jackson's administrations.

At eighteen years of age he returned to his native town, Abbeville, S. C., to practice law, and when thirty was elected to the legislature. Few men were better trained for this career. Simple and sincere in his tastes, habits, and manners, strict and pure in his morals, incorruptible in his integrity, severe and logical in his style, analytical in his studies, he began, continued, and ended his life in the manifestations of those qualities which fitted him socially as well as politically to fill all the offices in the nation's trust with which he was honored.

He was elected to a seat in the United States Senate, where his genius and eloquence made his name familiar in every part of the Union. He strongly advocated State's Rights, and crossed swords in debate with that great Massachusetts orator, Daniel Webster, who was never able to answer his last speech on this subject. Their famous speeches, made at that time, are now read with interest. The active part Calhoun took against the tariff question gave him the name of the "Great Nullifier." He was, conscientiously, an advocate for slavery, and argued that the question was one to be settled by those personally interested and who would be affected by its abolition. He beheld the cloud gathering over the South on account of the growing bitterness at the North. His prophetic eye saw the danger and his voice proclaimed it. His *Address to the People of the South*, as a prediction of the results of abolition, seems startling to us now. Just

one month before Calhoun died a friend asked him if nothing could be done to save the Union. "Will not the Missouri Compromise do it?" He replied, his eyes flashing with intensity of feeling that can never be forgotten, "With my constitutional objections I could not vote for it, but I would acquiesce in it to save this Union."

"In his private life as husband, father, friend, neighbor, and citizen, he was pure, upright, sincere, honest, and beyond reproach. He was simple and unpretending in manners, rigid and strict in his morals, temperate and discreet in his habits, genial, earnest, and fascinating in conversation, and magnanimous in his public and private relations. He was beloved by his family and friends, honored and almost idolized by his State, and died, as he had lived, respected and revered for his genius and his honorable life, by the contemporaries of all parties. He was stainless in private and public life, as a man, a patriot, and a philosopher, and his name is a noble heritage to his country and to mankind."

It was urged by his enemies that he labored to destroy the Union that he might be the Chief of a Southern Confederacy, since he had not succeeded in becoming the President of the Union; but this was so absurd that his friends did not even try to refute it, for that same spirit which made him willing even to acquiesce in the Missouri Compromise to save the Union ever characterized every action. It is true he did advocate the election of two Presidents, one by the free and the other by the slave States, but the consent of both would have been requisite for the passing of any law.

In 1811 he married Miss Floride Calhoun, the daughter of a kinsman, John Ewing Calhoun, a former United States Senator from South Carolina, who brought him a considerable fortune. He had ten children; three daughters died in infancy and five sons and two daughters survived him. He was a true type of the Southern gentleman. His home at Fort Hill was open to all, and the family seldom took a meal alone. He argued that cheerfulness aided digestion, so he took the lead in

promoting table conversation and gayety. There was a charm in manner and words not often found, and he particularly delighted in intercourse with young men. The hours between dinner and bedtime were devoted to his own family and spent in conversation, music, etc. He always rose early and devoted the morning hours to writing. After a light breakfast he rode, or more frequently walked about his plantation, superintending, to the minutest detail, everything about the place. His slaves were devoted to him, and he did all in his power to add to their happiness and comfort, and a rigid sense of justice regulated his conduct toward them.

He loved his home and was always impatient to return to it, and remained there just as long as it was possible for him to stay away from his public duties. His peculiar charm was utter forgetfulness of self, and deference to the feelings and wishes of others, which made him famed far and wide for his courtly manners.

The old home, Fort Hill, near Pendleton, S. C., was bequeathed to the State by his son-in-law, Mr. Clemson, and is now kept in a state of preservation to be shown to visitors. There one may see the old family furniture and portraits, besides many valuable articles, which are highly prized as they were once the property of General Washington. The South is justly proud of Calhoun the gentleman, Calhoun the statesman, and Calhoun the thinker.

PRESERVATION OF THE UNION.

(Speech on the Slavery Question, United States Senate, 1850.)

I have, senators, believed from the first that the agitation of the subject of slavery would, if not prevented by some timely and effective measure, end in disunion. Entertaining this opinion I have, on all proper occasions, endeavored to call the attention of both the two great parties which divide the country to adopt some measure to prevent so great a disaster, but without success. The agitation has been permitted to proceed, with almost no attempt to resist it, until it has reached a point when it can no longer be disguised or denied that the Union is in danger. You have thus had forced upon you the greatest and the gravest question that can come under your consideration, how can the Union be preserved? * * *

The first question presented for consideration then is, what is it that has endangered the Union?

To this question there can be but one answer, that the immediate cause is the almost

universal discontent which pervades all the States composing the Southern section of the Union. This widely extended discontent is not of recent origin. It commenced with the agitation of the slavery question, and has been increasing ever since. The next question, going one step further back, is, what has caused this widely diffused and almost universal discontent? * * *

There is a question of vital importance to the Southern section, in reference to which the views and feelings of the two sections are as opposite and hostile as they can possibly be.

I refer to the relation between the two races in the Southern section which constitutes a vital portion of her social organization. Every portion of the North entertains views and feelings more or less hostile to it. Those most opposed and hostile regard it as a sin, and consider themselves under the most sacred obligation to use every effort to destroy it. Indeed, to the extent that they conceive they have power, they regard themselves as implicated in the sin, and responsible for not suppressing it by the use of all and every means. On the contrary, the Southern section regards the relation as one which cannot be destroyed without subjecting the two races to the greatest calamity, and the section to poverty, desolation and wretchedness; and accordingly they feel bound, by every consideration of interest and safety, to defend it. * * *

How, then, can the Union be saved? To this I answer there is but one way by which it can be, and that is—by adopting such measures as will satisfy the States belonging to the Southern section that they can remain in the Union consistently with their honor and their safety. * * *

The Union cannot be saved by eulogies, however splendid or numerous. The cry of "Union, Union—the glorious Union," can no more prevent disunion than the cry of "Health, health—glorious health!" on the part of the physician, can save a patient lying dangerously ill. So long as the Union, instead of being regarded as a protector, is regarded in the opposite character by not much less than a majority of the States, it will be in vain to attempt to conciliate them by pronouncing eulogies on it. Besides, this cry of Union comes commonly from those whom we cannot believe to be sincere. It usually comes from our assailants. But we cannot believe them sincere; for if they loved the Union, they would necessarily be devoted to the Constitution. It made the Union—and to destroy the Constitution would be to destroy the Union. Have they abstained from violating the Constitution? Let the many acts passed by the Northern States for the delivering up of fugitive slaves answer. I cite not this as the only instance, for there are many others, but because the violation in this particular is too notorious and palpable to be denied.

Nor can the Union be saved by invoking the name of the illustrious Southerner whose mortal remains repose on the western bank of the Potomac. He was one of us—a slaveholder and a planter. We have studied his history, and find nothing in it to justify submission to wrong. On the contrary, his great fame rests on the solid foundation that, while he was careful to avoid doing wrong to others, he was prompt and decided in repelling wrong. I trust that, in this respect, we profited by his example.

How, then, can the Union be saved? There is but one way, and that is by a full and final settlement on the principle of justice, of all the questions at issue between the two sections. The South asks for justice, simple justice, and less she ought not to take. She has no compromise to offer, but the Constitution; and no concession or surrender to make. She has already surrendered so much she has little left to surrender. * * *

I have now, senators, done my duty in expressing my opinions fully, freely and candidly on this solemn occasion. Having faithfully done my duty to the best of my ability, both to the Union and my section, throughout this agitation, I shall have the consolation, let what will come, that I am free from all responsibility.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who made the first attempt to colonize North Carolina?*
2. *What was the "Grand Model"?*
3. *For whom was Carolina named?*
4. *When was it divided?*
5. *Who settled Georgia? Why so named?*
6. *What regulation was made by the Trustees?*
7. *Who was James Oglethorpe?*
8. *What law in England bore heavily upon debtors?*
9. *What colony was the last founded?*
10. *What two noted preachers came to Georgia with the early settlers?*

HENRY CLAY.*

HANOVER COUNTY, VA.

1777.

1852.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

Washington.

Fillmore.

WORKS.

Speeches and State Papers.

"Of the great triumvirate of the Senate, Calhoun, Webster and Clay, respectively representing the South, East, and West, the last was the great master of feeling."—*Duyckinck*.

Henry Clay, the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," was born in Hanover County, Virginia, in 1777. He obtained this name when a little boy by running errands for his mother to and from the mill. "The Slashes," a low swampy district in the country, was the home of his father, the Rev. John Clay, a Baptist minister, who, dying when Henry was only four years old, did little towards the formation of his character or the direction of his tastes. His mother married shortly afterward Captain Henry Watkins who proved a kind step-father to him, and exerted himself to secure a good English education for the boy. He sent him to the log schoolhouse of Peter Deacon, where he remained until he was fourteen years of age, spending his spare moments as a clerk in a country shop. When the family moved to Kentucky, Henry was sent to Richmond, Va., to be placed in a small retail store, but was soon promoted to a position in the office of Peter Tinsley, who was clerk of the High Court of Chancery. It was here that the boy attracted the attention of Chancellor Wythe, who appointed him his amanuensis, and directed his course of reading. He became a leading member of a debating society, and formed the friendship of many distinguished Virginians who proved life-long friends to him. In 1796 he studied law under the Attorney-General of Virginia,

* See illustration.

and on being admitted to the bar moved to Lexington, Ky., to practice. His interest in his debating societies continued, and thereby he attracted the attention of the lawyers, while his captivating manners and striking eloquence gained him many admirers and friends. His political career began almost as soon as he arrived in Lexington. Several of his speeches delivered in mass-meetings astonished his hearers by their beauty and force.

In 1799 he married Miss Lucretia Hart, a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a prominent citizen of Kentucky. A few years later he went to the legislature and gained still wider fame as a debater. He introduced a resolution that all the members of the legislature should wear clothes that were home-manufactured, which was the first encouragement given to home industry. Humphrey Marshall quarrelled with him about this; a challenge was given and accepted, a duel was fought, and both parties were slightly wounded.

He was sent to the United States Senate to fill out an unexpired term, and there made another speech in favor of home industries. He advocated the raising of all necessary things, so that in time of war the country could be independent of any nation. He also advocated the calling out of volunteers to serve on land, and the maintaining of an efficient navy. Finally in 1812 war with Great Britain was declared, and Clay spoke at a large number of the popular meetings to fire the national spirit. His speeches electrified the country, and finally he was made a member of a commission to negotiate peace with Great Britain. He was known as the "Pacifcator" or peace-maker. Clay had wonderful personal address, and his bitterest enemies, when brought face to face with him, were completely changed. There is no doubt that his courteous manners won for him many a fight.

He went to Paris, and on his return he refused the mission to Russia offered by the government. It was while in Paris that he met Madame de Staël, then the reigning queen of society, and by far the most brilliant literary woman in France.

His next public measure was to support the South American States in a war of independence against Spain. Then he maintained the Missouri Compromise, and his opposition to slavery brought him into such prominent notice that he was three times candidate for the presidency, but failed every time to secure a sufficient number of votes to elect him. Clay threw his influence for Adams against Jackson. This cast an imputation of dishonesty upon Clay's character, as it was alleged that Adams had bought him over to his side by a promise of office under him. It did happen, unfortunately, that as soon as Adams was inaugurated Clay was made Secretary of State. The proceeding was termed "a combination of the Puritan (Adams) and the blackleg (Clay)." Clay felt that his honor demanded that he should challenge the man who thus insulted him; so Randolph and he fought the memorable bloodless duel, which is thus described :

"The sun was just setting behind the blue hills of Randolph's own Virginia. Here were two of the most extraordinary men our country had produced about to meet in mortal combat. On taking their position Mr. Randolph's pistol went off before the word, with the muzzle down. Clay's friend called out he would instantly leave the ground if that happened again. On the word being given Clay fired without effect. Mr. Randolph discharged his pistol in the air. Instantly Mr. Clay approached Mr. Randolph with an emotion I can never forget : 'I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched ; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds'."

His "Omnibus Bill" is said to have postponed the Civil War for ten years. This bill included the "Five Bleeding Wounds."

In 1851 Clay's health began to fail, and he visited New Orleans and Havana, hoping to regain his strength, but in vain. He gradually sank under the influence of a wasting disease, and died in Washington City at the age of seventy-five. He left a widow and three sons.

He died as he had lived, with simplicity and dignity. There were traits both feminine and manly in his composition. He

united the gentlest affections of woman with the pride of the haughtiest manhood. He once said in a letter to some children of a friend what it would be well for the youth of the land ever to remember :

“During a long life I have observed that those are most happy who love, honor and obey their parents ; who avoid idleness and dissipation (and employ their time in constant labor, both of body and mind), and who perform with regular and scrupulous attention all their duties to our Maker, and his only Son, our blessed Saviour. May you live long, and prove a blessing to your father and mother, ornaments to society, and acceptable to God. Such is the hope of your father’s friend, and although unknown to you, your friend.”

He tells us himself to what he owed his success: “I owe my success in life to a single fact, namely that at an early age I commenced and continued for some years the practice of daily reading and speaking the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were sometimes made in a corn-field ; at others in a forest ; and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my only auditors. It is to this I am indebted for the impulses that have shaped and moulded my entire destiny.”

John C. Breckinridge said, “If I were to write Clay’s epitaph, I would inscribe as the highest eulogy on the stone which shall mark his resting place, ‘Here lies a man who was in the public service for fifty years, and never attempted to deceive his countrymen.’” This was the man who when told that the Missouri Compromise would defeat him for the presidency said, “I would rather be right than President.”

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What was the "Proprietary Government"?*
2. *What was the Royal Government?*
3. *Describe the Charter Government.*
4. *Describe the Voluntary Association.*
5. *What were the changes of government in Georgia?*
6. *Of what nationalities were the thirteen original colonies?*
7. *What was the "Starving Time"?*
8. *What were the "Navigation Acts"?*
9. *When was the calendar changed?*
10. *What motive was strongest in causing immigration to America?*



DANIEL WEBSTER.*

SALISBURY, N. H.

1782.

1852.

WRITER OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

Washington.

Fillmore.

Daniel Webster was, as a boy, the sickliest and most delicate of his father's children, and his parents had serious doubts if he would ever reach the age of manhood, therefore he was allowed an unusual amount of time for play. Much of this leisure he spent in fishing and hunting or in roaming about the woods.

When he was a schoolboy his teacher thought it proper to give Daniel a scolding for spending too much of his time upon the hills and along the streams, hunting and fishing—a failing which he never overcame, for he was often heard to say that he “would rather fish than to eat.” On this particular occasion he was assigned one hundred lines of Virgil to commit to memory. He spent the entire night over his books. When the recitation hour arrived, he recited his one hundred lines with approbation. “But I have a few more lines that I can recite,” said the boy Daniel. “Well, let us have them,” said the tutor; and forthwith the boy reeled off another hundred. “Very remarkable; you are, indeed, a smart boy!” “But I have another hundred,” said Daniel, “and five hundred of them, if you please.”

While Daniel was mentally energetic, he was physically very lazy, and never liked any kind of manual labor. His father once sent him from school to go to the old homestead and assist in haying a few days. He went and started in, working until about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He complained to his mother that his hands were blistered and he did not like the work. His kind mother excused her favorite son, and about an hour after dinner (his father being away) young Daniel harnessed

* See illustration.

the family horse, put two of his sisters into the wagon, and drove off after huckleberries. This ended his farming days, and back to school went the future statesman.

His thirst for knowledge, as a child, was insatiable. He says in his autobiography that he cannot remember when or by whom he was taught to read, because he never could recollect the time when he could not read the Bible.

His father seemed to have had no higher object in the world than to educate his children to the full extent of his very limited ability. No means were within his reach, generally speaking, but the small town schools, and in these schools nothing was taught but reading and writing. He was sent daily three miles to school and when his parents removed to a more distant district, his father procured board for him in a neighboring family, so that he could still be in the same school.

His mother, Miss Abigail Eastman, who was the second wife of Ebenezer Webster, manifested a far greater interest in Daniel's education than in that of his brother Ezekiel, whom she thought to be Daniel's inferior intellectually. However, Daniel did not relish this partiality, for he was devoted to his brother "Zeke," and always believed and said, that he was in every respect his superior.

An amusing incident is told of these two brothers. They were once given directions by their father to perform some kind of farm labor during his absence from home, but on his return at night, he found the labor unperformed, and frowning, he said: "What have you been doing, Ezekiel?" "Nothing, sir," was the reply. "Well, Daniel, what have *you* been doing?" "Helping Zeke, sir."

Another anecdote of Webster's boyhood is that his teacher one day, feeling the necessity of whipping him, told him to hold out his hand for the promised chastisement. Upon seeing how very dirty it was, he hesitated, saying, "Daniel, if you can show me a dirtier hand than that in the school I will not whip you."

Instantly the boy presented his other hand, and so escaped the punishment.

A very small circulating library had been bought in the town; and in this the young student revelled. Among the first books he obtained from the shelves was Addison's *Spectator*, which inspired his love for reading. Like all great orators and statesmen he was fond of poetry. The Bible and Shakespeare were great favorites with him. He liked to talk of the books of the Old Testament, and dwelt with unaffected pleasure upon Isaiah, the Psalms and he especially admired the book of Job. The latter, he said, taken as a mere work of literary genius, was one of the most wonderful productions of any age or any language. As an epic poem he deemed it far superior to either the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, being a purely intellectual narrative, depending upon the power of the dialogue, and not upon the interest of the story to produce its effect. By far the greater part of Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns he could repeat "by heart" at ten or twelve years of age, and he said, "I am sure that no other sacred poetry will ever appear to me so affecting and devout."

He was sent to Exeter Academy, at the age of fourteen, where he made rapid progress in his studies, but was so overcome by shyness that he found it impossible to stand up and "speak pieces" before his schoolmates. This antipathy to public declamation was almost uncontrollable; yet, despite this timidity, some of his natural gifts as an orator had already begun to show themselves. His great lustrous eyes and rich voice, with its musical intonation, had already exerted a fascination upon those who came within their range, and it was a frequent remark, when a teamster pulled up his horse at the schoolhouse door, "Let's go in and hear a psalm from Dan Webster."

At an early age he could repeat from beginning to end Pope's "Essay on Man." He had so few books that to read them once or twice was nothing, he almost learned them "by heart."

At fifteen years of age his father carried him to the Rev. Samuel Wood, in Boscowen, and placed him under the tuition of that most

benevolent and most excellent man. It was but a half dozen miles from his home, and on the way there his father first intimated his intention of sending him to college. The very idea thrilled his whole frame, and as he tells us in his autobiography:

“I remember that I was quite overcome and my head grew dizzy. The thing appeared to me so high, and the expense and sacrifice it was to cost my father so great, I could only press his hands and shed tears. Excellent, excellent parent! I cannot think of him even now without turning child again.” How much tenderness and filial gratitude are conveyed in those lines!

Under Mr. Wood he studied Virgil and Cicero with great pleasure. At Boscowen he had found another circulating library and he read many of its volumes. Among them was “Don Quixote,” and he says, “I began to read it, and it is literally true that I never closed my eyes till I had finished it; nor did I lay it down for five minutes, so great was the power of that extraordinary book on my imagination.”

After six months with his tutor he had learned enough to fill the meagre requirements of those days for admission to Dartmouth, where he was duly graduated in 1801 at the age of nineteen. At college he was considered by tutors and fellow-students the most remarkable man there, and the position of superiority thus early gained was easily maintained by him through life and wherever he was placed. He conquered or outgrew his boyish shyness so as to take pleasure in public speaking, and his eloquence soon attracted so much notice that the townspeople of Hanover selected this undergraduate to deliver the Fourth of July oration, which proved to be a masterly effort.

Webster was admitted to the bar soon after his graduation, and the regard for his father made him begin practice in Boscowen near his early home, but after his father's death he removed to Portsmouth, the largest town in the State. Here he took a leading place at the bar, having but one rival.

A story is told of Daniel Webster in regard to his first case. This was when he was only ten years old. Ezekiel his brother

caught a woodchuck in his trap and wanted to kill it for the harm it had done to the garden. Daniel, who was tender-hearted, begged for the life of the poor animal. Mr. Webster the father said he would be the judge and let them try the case. "Ezekiel," he said, "shall be the lawyer against the woodchuck, and, Daniel, you shall be the lawyer for him."

Ezekiel pleaded his cause so well that Daniel felt sure he would lose his case; but seeing the poor trembling woodchuck, he said, looking the judge full in the face with his keen, black eyes, "Ezekiel has spoken well, but he forgets some things"; and after enumerating the thefts of which the woodchuck was guilty, and the harm that he sometimes did, he said, "You can't say, however, that he has broken any laws as men do; he has only done what it is his nature to do. How in the world, then, can you blame him? Look now at the poor, trembling, frightened creature, look and answer me this: How dare you, or anyone, take away that life which you can never give back again?" The speaker paused. Tears were in his own eyes, and tears rolled down his father's cheeks. Forgetting that he was judge; forgetting all—save the plea for mercy which he had just heard, he called out in a loud voice, "You, Zeke! you rascal, let that woodchuck go!"

Daniel Webster fell in love with a charming young lady, Miss Grace Fletcher, the daughter of a New Hampshire clergyman, and was married to her when he was twenty-six years old, and while he was yet a poor lawyer. His "popping the question" was most delicately done.

Miss Grace had been winding a skein of yarn while he held it for her on his long arms. The skein had become tangled, and through the untwisting, the heads of the lovers came very close together. As the knot became untied, Mr. Webster said, "Miss Grace, we have succeeded in untying this knot; can we not now tie another which will remain tied as long as we live?" Miss Grace blushed, and a kiss, it is said, sealed the bargain. The two lived happily for eighteen years, when Mrs.

Webster died in New York, on her way to Washington, where her husband was a member of Congress. She was ill three weeks, during which time her faithful husband nursed her tenderly and never left her bedside.

Webster two years later was married to a New York lady, Miss Caroline le Roy. She is described as being very tall, queenly, and graceful, possessing a sweet face, lit up by bright, brown, intelligent eyes. She presided over his establishment in Washington and accompanied him to Europe, where she was presented at court and dined with the Queen. She always addressed her husband as "Mr. Webster," and his favorite term for her was "Lady Caroline."

Webster has left no descendants. He had only two sons; one of them, Edward, lost his life in the Mexican War, and his surviving child, Fletcher Webster, colonel of a Massachusetts regiment, was killed at Bull Run.

After practising law for several years in Portsmouth he entered Congress at the age of thirty-one. Three years later he removed to Boston and gave up political life, with the expectation of a greater increase of his law practice. This was realized in an income of not less than twenty thousand dollars a year. In three years his reputation as a lawyer became national.

Webster's reputation as an orator began with his address at Plymouth in 1820 on the two-hundredth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims. His speech at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, and one year later, another on the simultaneous death of Adams and Jefferson, completed a trio of historical addresses unsurpassed in splendor.

In his second speech on Foote's resolution, better known to history as the "Reply to Hayne," the people came from different parts of the country to Washington to hear it. The crowd not only filled the galleries and invaded the floor of the Senate chamber, but occupied all the lobbies and entries within hearing and even beyond. It is said, for genuine oratorical power, the "Reply to Hayne" is probably the greatest speech that has been

delivered since the oration of Demosthenes on the Crown. The comparison is natural, as there are points in the American orator that forcibly remind one of the Athenian.

Mr. Webster never indulged in mere rhetorical flights; his sentences, simple in structure and weighted with meaning, went straight to the mark, and his arguments were so skillfully framed that while his most learned and critical hearers were impressed with a sense of their conclusiveness, no man of ordinary intelligence could fail to understand them.

It is related that David Crockett heard Mr. Webster speak at Washington, and afterwards meeting him in the Capitol, said: "Is this Mr. Webster?" "Yes, sir." "The great Mr. Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts?" "I am Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts," the orator replied. "I heard that you were a great man, but I don't believe it, for I understood every word of your speech."

At the age of forty-one, he was returned to Congress as a representative from Massachusetts, and four years later was sent to the Senate, where he remained until his death, with the exception of the time served in the Cabinet during Tyler's administration.

It was in his "Imaginary Speech of John Adams" that the well-known expression, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote," occurs. A leader so distinguished had a fair right to think of the presidency, but it was always just beyond his reach.

Webster lived in a time when America produced her greatest orators and statesmen—Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Andrew Jackson, John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, and John Randolph.

Although Webster lived the allotted number of years, three score and ten, his death was not from natural causes. He was thrown from a carriage, and lingered only a short time after the accident. His whole private life was full of toleration of the faults of others; he possessed a keen sense of humor; he never

injured any one; he loved his friends and neighbors, and better than all he died a Christian.

Thus ended the life of the "Chatham of the New World."

LAMAR RUTHERFORD.

His works are:

Autobiography,
Poem (Death of His Son Charles),
The Shaft on Bunker Hill,
Apostrophe to the Veterans of 1775,
Imaginary Speech of John Adams,

Murder Will Out,
Hamil'on, the Financier,
Reply to Hayne,
Peaceable Secession an Impossibility,
Speeches and Letters.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *When and where was the first printing press established in America?*
2. *What was the first American newspaper?*
3. *Give an approximate estimate of the population of the colonies during the Colonial period.*
4. *When did France begin to make settlements in America?*
5. *What was the principal cause of the French and Indian wars?*
6. *How did these wars affect the debt of Great Britain?*
7. *How did they affect the colonies?*
8. *To what did this taxation eventually lead?*
9. *Who was ruling England at the time of these wars?*
10. *Who was ruling in France?*

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WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

1783.

1859.

EARLY WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Washington.

Buchanan.

"Irving's writings are my delight."—*Byron*.

"The first ambassador sent by the new world of letters to the old."—*Thackeray*.

"Our veteran Chief of Letters—the amiable and gifted *Irving*, in whom the creative vigor blossomed into art."—*Alfred Welch*.

"Few, very few, can show a long succession of volumes so pure, so graceful, and so varied, as Mr. Irving."—*Mary Russell Milford*.

"Irving was the true beginner of American fiction; he taught the Americans to paint the prospect from their own door, if they would win any success worth having. Thus far only Irving, Cooper, Poe and Hawthorne emerge in significance from the multiplying procession, and Irving leads the list in point of time."—*Richardson*.

Somewhat over a century ago, soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, in the city of New York, Washington Irving was born. It was an eventful period in the history of this country, and the birth of this man was a momentous one. New York was at this time a town of only twenty-three thousand inhabitants. General Washington and his troops were temporarily quartered there; the Declaration of Independence had been signed; the British had been driven from American soil; the ensign of war had been furled and in its stead the banner of peace waved triumphantly over a free land. "Washington's work is ended," said Irving's mother, "and the child shall be named for him." The father was a Scotchman, with lineage traced from William De Irwyn, the secretary of Robert Bruce. With a native fondness for his old home and associations, he engaged a Scotch nurse for the babe. She was very proud of her charge, and one sunny afternoon, as she was taking the little fellow out for an airing, she spied our first President, who was

*See illustration.

then in New York. Catching the popular enthusiasm, she followed the hero into a shop and presented the lad to him.

"Please your honor," said she, all aglow, "here's a bairn named after you." The President turned and smiling took the chubby babe in his arms, then placing his hand upon the boy's head, kissed him and gave him his blessing, little dreaming he was patronizing his future biographer.

It is astonishing how early genius asserts itself in some children. At six years of age it is stated that young Irving played the role of the Prince of Numidia in Addison's tragedy of "Cato." He had thoroughly memorized his part, but just before going upon the stage, child-like had filled his mouth with cake, so that the words stuck in his throat. The audience laughed, and had he been less a genius he would have retired in a flood of tears; but not in the least degree discomfited by the awkward predicament in which he found himself, he took his chubby little fingers and with them scraped out the sticky pastry; this done he went nobly on with the part of the Young Prince of Numidia. When he was twelve years of age he became greatly interested in such stories as "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Robinson Crusoe." The former so attracted his youthful imagination that he determined to fit himself for the life of a sailor. Accordingly he began the rigid practice of sleeping on hard floors, and eating salt fish and pork in preparation for such a life. The little fellow soon found that his constitution was too frail for hardships like these, and he willingly abandoned all idea of becoming a sailor. Just at this period of his life he developed a great taste for the theatre, and he would run away from home and go to the plays whenever an opportunity offered. This was a great grief to his father, who was a strict Scotch Presbyterian, and had endeavored to instil into his children all his ideas of morality and the tenets of his church. There were times when the old man thought his son hopelessly ruined. Young Irving stayed away from home a great portion of his time, and often when his father thought that he was bent

upon mischief, he was exploring the city and island, gathering that material which he afterwards used so well. The people there were essentially Dutch, and in these visits to their homes he learned much of their manners and customs.

It is said that Washington Irving never went to school after he was sixteen years of age, but his education practically began at that time. He entered the office of Mr. Hoffman and really became a very fine student. It was during this time that he met and loved Matilda Hoffman, the beautiful young daughter of his preceptor, who was a lovely person, and in his eyes the paragon of womanhood. The love for this beautiful girl filled his life. He was too poor to marry, and had many arguments with himself about the propriety of marrying without an income. While waiting to better his fortune, Matilda sickened and died. His sorrow was life-long, and it was a sorrow he held most sacred; he never mentioned her name unless it was to Emily Foster, whom he loved only as a sister and friend. He kept by him throughout his life Matilda's Bible and Prayer-Book. They were put under his pillow during the first days of his anguish. In a little note-book found after his death were written these words, "She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful." Truly not an unhappy fate to live in the memory of such a man! He could never bear to hear her name mentioned, and the slightest allusion to her would bring intense grief. One evening, thirty years after her death, at the house of her father, Mr. Hoffman, one of his little grandchildren pulled accidentally from the cabinet a faded piece of embroidery. "Washington," said Mr. Hoffman, "this is poor Matilda's work." The effect was electric. He had been in the merriest mood, but instantly he became grave and silent, and in a few moments left the house. He was writing the *History of New York* when she was taken ill, and it was a long time before he could force himself to finish the work. "I brought it to a close," he said, "as well as I could and published it, but the

time and the circumstances rendered me unable to look upon it with any satisfaction."

Not until he was nineteen did he develop a taste for literary work. We find him at this time contributing spicy satires on the theatres to the "Morning Chronicle," a paper of no mean pretensions. He used several *nom de plumes*: first, Jonathan Oldstyle, then Diedrich Knickerbocker, Geoffrey Crayon, and Launcelot Longstaff, Esq.

When he was twenty years old his lungs became seriously affected, and it was thought that a trip abroad would be the surest means of restoration. Accordingly he made his plans to go to Europe. So very feeble was he on board the vessel that a sailor was heard to say, "There's a chap here who will go overboard before we land." Happily for the American people the old tar proved a false prophet, for the salt sea air, and the ocean breeze caused him to improve rapidly, and before the vessel reached its destination he had regained his health and strength.

Under the blue skies of Italy, encircled by her balmy breezes, he met the famous Southerner, Washington Alston. He and the painter became fast friends. So enthusiastic did Irving become in the work of the artist that he determined to follow his profession, but it needed only a three days' trial to convince him that he had no talent.

His travels in Europe were extensive and everywhere he went he gathered material for his life-work, for he had a settled determination now to make literature his profession. With a well-stored mind he returned to his native home and began making rapid contributions to *Salmagundi*, a paper, he said, designed "to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the time, and castigate the age." His wit was pointed, but not cutting, his chief design being to put the whole world in a good humor. Everybody loved him; he was so genial in manner, so affectionate in disposition, that one could not help loving him. His personal magnetism was remarkable, and his ways with little chil-

dren very attractive. He would entertain them by the hour with fanciful stories of ghosts and goblins. While ambassador to Spain he wrote charming letters to his nieces, telling them of the little Spanish queen and her sister, and how he was always "conjuring up nothings to say to these little girls, which he said was "the whipped syllabub of diplomacy"; then he wrote of the wicked old queen-mother Christina, who had "such charming manners, but was always up to mischief," and his little nieces never tired of hearing what the little princesses wore, and how they looked and what they said and did. They doted on this good, dear uncle who was so kind, so simple, so loving and so tender, and who was always "longing to return to his little flock at Sunnyside."

It was in Spain he became afflicted with the gout, and "suffered many things at the hands of many physicians," so that he chronicles his recovery with a characteristic exclamation of gratitude, "God bless those surgeons and dentists! May their good deeds be returned upon them a thousandfold! May they have the felicity in the next world to have successful operations performed upon them to all eternity."

His stories were read in England as well as in America. The "Edinburgh Review" had questioned with a good deal of sarcasm, "Who would read an American book?" but when Washington Irving began to write, Englishmen as well as Americans devoured every line that he wrote. Unlike most authors he never experienced that bitter truth that "slow rises worth by poverty depressed," for from the very start his writings were remunerative. It is said that he realized in all two hundred and five thousand dollars from his various writings. What a contrast to the ill success of Milton and De Foe!

His popularity is greater in England, if possible, than in America, and it is not surprising that he is often mistaken for an Englishman. An interesting and amusing story is told of his meeting with Mrs. Siddons. Soon after the *Sketch Book* appeared he was presented to this "Queen of Tragedy." Irving

being young and modest, when she approached him in her tragic manner and grandest stage voice with, "You have made me weep", could find no words in reply, so shrank away in silence. But when in after years he met her again and she greeted him with the same words, "You have made me weep," he was able to answer in a becoming manner. It is said that while in an art gallery in Europe, Irving overheard a young lady as she stood in front of a bust of General Washington ask, "Mother, who was Washington?" "Why, my dear, don't you know? He wrote the *Sketch Book*." Joe Jefferson, in his rendering of *Rip Van Winkle*, has immortalized Irving and his *Sketch Book*.

Walter Scott was very fond of Irving, and interested himself greatly in recommending his writings to Murray the publisher. In a letter to a friend we find a compliment from him to Irving. "When you see Thomas Campbell tell him with my love that I have him to thank for making me known to Mr. Irving, who is one of the best and most pleasant acquaintances that I have made for many a day."

Washington Irving never wrote in a morose and sombre style. He was undoubtedly our first and best humorist. Before, the literature was of the sentimental and "tearful sort." "Weeping poetesses filled columns with their tears; young bards were inditing odes to melancholy and showing how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong. There was no laughter in the land." Irving began to write in a different vein and his good example has been followed by such later day writers as Dr. Holmes, Charles Dudley Warner, N. P. Willis, Bret Harte and Mark Twain.

George IV. honored him by awarding him a gold medal for historic excellence. His *Life of Columbus*, especially the abridgment for schools, was by far his most profitable book.

After sojourning in foreign countries for many years, and having no place that he could really call home, he bought the Van Tassel cottage, immortalized in the *Sleepy Hollow* legend where

Ichabod Crane had once imagined himself, and which figures also in his *Wolfert's Roost*. This by the aid of an architect was transformed into a beautiful home and christened "Sunnyside." A slip of Melrose ivy was planted and soon overran the house; then there were shaded little nooks and wooded retreats and a very pretty garden. His sister Catherine and her daughter, and his brother Ebenezer and his daughters lived with him. Here he dispensed a charming hospitality, and no one who visited him ever forgot the pleasure.

"In 1835 the clock of time strikes seventy," but it finds him hale and hearty, although he knows the shadows are lengthening, and he gets ready and marks out his quiet resting place in the neighboring churchyard. At seventy-two his favorite horse, "Gentleman Dick," a very spirited animal, throws him. He said in writing to a friend, "My horse became very rhetorical: he tried to shut me up like a telescope." He recovered from the fall, but a fatal cough followed. He kept his humor to the last. His answer, to one who asked how he felt, was, "Getting ready to go, shutting up doors and windows," and to his favorite niece Sarah, who came in to smooth his pillow, he said, "I am rather fatigued with my night's rest, which sounds like the old woman who thanked God for her bad health." Then as she was leaving the room he asked, "When will it end?"

She turned to look at him, little dreaming that the end was so near, and saw that he had fallen forward with his hand pressed upon his heart, and in a moment he was dead.

From his own Sunnyside to the valley of Sleepy Hollow which he had immortalized, his body was carried to its last resting place. Dear Washington Irving, your name and fame shall be cherished as long as the English language is spoken and read! We are proud to claim you as a countryman of ours, and when the epitaph of the truly great shall be written, we know of no more fitting one to be inscribed on your tomb than this: "A man cheerful in disposition, noble in intellect and pure in character. A man who could make you laugh and weep; a grand

man, with a grand character who has left the world happier and better for having lived and served in it."

WORKS.

Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York,
Tales of a Traveller,
Conquest of Granada,
Voyages of the Companions of Columbus,
Life of Oliver Goldsmith,
A Life of Margaret Davidson,
Crayon Papers,
Spanish Voyages,
Newstead Abbey,
Moorish Chronicles,
Astoria,

Sketch Book,
Bracebridge Hall,
Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus,
Alhambra,
Mahomet and his Successors,
Life of Washington,
Salmagundi,
Abbotsford,
Wolfert's Roost,
Bonneville,
Tour of the Prairies.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. Give causes and leading events of King William's War. What treaty ended it?
2. Queen Anne's War. What treaty ended it?
3. King George's War. What treaty ended it?
4. What treaty ended the "French and Indian Wars"?
5. What of King Philip's War?
6. Why was Washington sent against the French in 1754?
7. What caused the Revolutionary War?
8. What was the Stamp Act? When repealed?
9. Who were the Sons of Liberty? Why organized?
10. Who were the Daughters of Liberty? Why organized?



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.*

BURLINGTON, N. J.

1789.

1851.

WRITER OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

Washington.

Zachary Taylor.

"The empire of the sea has been conceded to him by acclamation."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"He wrote for mankind at large, hence he has earned a fame wider than any (American) author of modern times."—*Bryant*.

"While the love of country continues to prevail, his memory will exist in the hearts of the people. So truly patriotic and American throughout, they (his works) should find a place in every American's library."—*Daniel Webster*.

It is doubtful whether the young people of America to-day, especially the boys, know half so much of Fenimore Cooper, the author of *Pathfinder* and *Deerslayer*, as they do of "Leather-Stocking," the character he so graphically portrayed. It will be interesting then for them to learn something about the events which led him to become a writer.

Just after the Revolutionary War, William Cooper laid out a town on the Otsego Lake which was named for him Cooperstown. He erected a dwelling there and moved his family from Burlington, N. J. James Fenimore Cooper was then just one year old, and was not born at Ostego Hall, "the most stately and spacious private residence then in New York," as represented by some of his biographers. As Indians came frequently from the forests that bordered the lake to Cooperstown, sometimes for barter, and sometimes with hostile intent, his childhood was spent in constant fear of Indian raids. Frequent talks with these Indian chieftains suggested to him no doubt the characters which live in his books. One can readily conceive how such surroundings would stimulate a naturally active imagination. The wilderness then was his earliest and most powerful teacher.

Later on he was sent to a school taught by an "irreconcila-

* See illustration.

ble monarchist," and we can see how much influence this tutor had upon young Cooper in the formative period of his life. He was a very able instructor, rare in those days, and well prepared his pupil to enter the freshman class at Yale when only fourteen, he being the youngest pupil save one in the College. Indeed so thorough was his preparation for college that he tells us himself he did nothing but play the first year. His fondness for out-of-door life led him to roam over the hills around New Haven, which, while it developed a love of nature, did not improve his standing with the college authorities. Finally his defiance of rules became so great that he was expelled. A heated controversy took place between the authorities and his father, who listened only to his son's version of the difficulty. Cooper was never restored, and while his classmates were receiving their degrees at Yale he was sailing in the ship "Sterling" between New York and London.

Although the captain knew of the sailor's social position, not one advantage was given him, and sometimes he suffered from unaccustomed hardships. When he arrived in London, however, he determined to make the best of his time, and visited all the places of interest opened to sailors. On his return he was appointed midshipman, in which capacity he served for three years, first on the "Vesuvius" and then on the "Wasp." While cruising he met Miss De Lancey, of Tory origin, to whom he was married; so again the same principles instilled by his English tutor were brought to bear upon him by the influence of his wife and her family. The union, however, was a very happy one, and to please his wife he gave up his taste for the sea and settled down to devote himself to the improvement and cultivation of his estate. Six children were born to them; only one, Susan Fenimore, survived, and she became in after years her father's amanuensis, and an authoress of some note. Fenimore was not in James Cooper's name at first. His grandmother Fenimore, fearing that her name would become extinct on account of there being no male heirs, had an act of legisla-

ture passed giving to all her daughter's descendants the name of Fenimore-Cooper. The hyphen was gradually disused, so that few understand the origin of the name.

Literature was far from Cooper's mind until an accident made him conscious of his power. One day reading aloud to his wife a late fashionable novel, he exclaimed in disgust: "I believe I could write a better one myself." His wife bantered him to try, and this brought forth his *Precaution*, a picture of fashionable life in England. Necessarily it was a failure, for he attempted to write of things about which he was wholly ignorant; but the genius of the man appeared in spite of this, and his friends urged, "If you write so well of things about which you know absolutely nothing, how well you could do with a familiar theme."

Thus urged he undertook *The Spy*. Cooper was prodigal enough with his pen when once he fairly began to work. It would have been better had he written less. He has been called the "American Scott," not that he imitated the "Wizard of the North" in his style, but that, like him, he gave a romantic portrayal of human nature as revealed in chivalrous adventure. The scenes and characters chosen by the two writers could hardly be more unlike. It was only when Cooper misjudged his proper field and powers that he produced those books which damaged his reputation.

Cooper recognized that if any of his works would outlive him the *Leather-Stocking Tales* would. His hero, in whom he blended all that was gentlest in civilized man with the better nature of the savage, formed a character that was noble and generous. "Leather-Stocking" is one of the most striking and most original creations of fiction. He killed him in *The Prairie*, but finding how greatly he was beloved, "resurrected him" in *The Pathfinder*. His *Pilot* was written in great haste, as Scott's *Pirate* had appeared and had been severely criticised, because its author showed such ignorance of the sea, and Cooper thought he excelled him in this knowledge.

It has been said that Cooper has no style, but if he be not the master of the story-teller's style, as shown in his thrilling adventures on sea and land, then who can claim this honor? Who has better depicted to us the storms and calms of ocean, the fortunes of sailors, the North American Indian in all his majesty and treachery, than Fenimore Cooper? He has many faults of style, it is true, but the examples of heroism, honor, and truth that he has given in his glorious fictions, his illustrations of sympathy between man and man, his frank and generous men, his gentle and noble women, will live through centuries to come, and can only perish with our language.

His books have been translated into many languages, but the French seem to be most appreciative of their merits. An incident is related of a French translator's misconception of a word found in one of his books, possibly *The Spy*. Cooper said, in speaking of some character, "He tied his horse to a *locust*," meaning, of course, one of our trees of that name so abundant in American forests. The translator, puzzled when he found in the dictionary that *locust* meant a species of grasshopper, had his ingenuity put to the test to explain the situation. He wrote, "He tied his horse to a *grasshopper*," and then as a foot-note, added the explanation, that grasshoppers grow to such an enormous size in the West they are frequently stuffed and used for hitching-posts!

Cooper organized the "Bread and Cheese Club" of New York, which had an original method of judging of the suitability for membership. A banquet was prepared, and the person proposed for membership invited. If the members left no cheese upon their plates he was unanimously elected; if they did, he was rejected, which was a unique method of balloting. This club met at Bixby's. Bixby had been a book-seller, but becoming interested in authors leased a hotel as a resort for literary people. This was a favorite stopping place in New York for Cooper, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Bayard Taylor, and many others.

Cooper had a hard time contending with Thurlow Weed, the editor of the "Tribune." Suit after suit, for which he was made to pay, was brought against Weed for libel, and yet he could afford to be witty at the author's expense. It is said upon one occasion, while the judge was charging the jury, Weed became so absorbed in reading *The Deerslayer*, which had just been published, that he was totally unconscious of what was going on until the jury brought in the verdict of "guilty." He then laughingly said that "Cooper's character had been judicially determined, and it was worth exactly \$400." This remark cost him another lawsuit. After paying out several thousand dollars, he became convinced it did not pay to laugh, so retracted all that he had ever said against Cooper. He had found that he was dealing not with a politician, but with a man perfectly indifferent to popular clamor.

His works are:

Precaution,	} Leather-Stocking Tales.
The Spy,	
The Pioneers,	
The Last of the Mohicans,	
The Prairie,	
The Pathfinder,	
The Deerslayer,	
The Pilot,	
Lionel Lincoln,	
The Red Rover,	
Notions of the Americans,	
The Wept of Wish-ton-wish,	
The Water Witch,	
The Bravo,	
Letter to General Lafayette,	
The Heidenmauer,	
The Headsman,	
A Letter to His Countrymen,	
The Monikins,	
Sketches of Switzerland,	
A Residence in France,	
Gleanings in Europe,	
Gleanings in Italy,	
Tales of the Pacific,	
The Oak Openings,	
The Ways of the Hour,	

Miles Wallingford,
 Jack Tier,
 The Sea Lions,
 The Travelling Bachelor,
 The American Democrat, or Hints on the
 Social and Civic Relations of the U. S. A.
 Ned Myers,
 The Chronicles of Cooperstown,
 Homeward Bound,
 Wyandotte,
 Home as Found,
 History of the Navy of the U. S.,
 Mercedes of Castile,
 The Two Admirals,
 The Wing-and-Wing,
 Richard Dale,
 The Battle of Lake Eric,
 Afloat and Ashore,
 Proceedings of the Naval Court-Martial,
 Satanstoe,
 Tale of the Colony,
 The Chainbearer,
 Lives of Distinguished American Naval
 Officers,
 The Redskins,
 The Crater.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *How many colonies were represented in the first Colonial Congress?*
2. *What great men in England sympathized with the American Colonies in their resistance to the Stamp Act?*
3. *After the repeal why did the colonies still feel enmity towards England?*
4. *What was the "Boston Tea Party"?*
5. *When and where was the first battle of the Revolution? Which side was victorious?*
6. *Name noted leaders on the British Side.*
7. *Name noted leaders on the American side.*
8. *When and where was the first Continental Congress?*
9. *Describe the Battle of Bunker Hill.*
10. *Why called Bunker Hill?*

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

1789.

1847.

WRITER OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

John Adams.

James K. Polk.

By rights Ireland should be credited with the genius of Richard Henry Wilde, for he was a native of Dublin and his parents were Irish born, but America proud of what he has accomplished, and anxious to claim him as a son, having nourished him from the age of eight, is loath to resign her claim to any nation.

His father, Richard Wilde, was a Dublin hardware merchant, a patriotic man, who during the troublous times of 1797 was forced to leave kindred and friends and come to America. He left his unsettled business in the hands of a partner and took passage to Baltimore, bringing with him his wife and children to whom he was spared only five years after landing on the shores of Maryland—too short a time to become well established in business, so that his death left his loved ones in almost destitute circumstances.

Richard Henry, the eldest son, then a boy entering his teens, decided to go to Augusta, Ga., where he had been offered a position as clerk in a dry-goods store. This was owned by Captain John Cormick who had become interested in the fatherless boy. When fairly established in his work, Richard persuaded his mother to come South. He thought by opening a small general store the family could be supported. Besides his mother, there were his three sisters and a brother James. Mrs. Wilde followed her son's advice, and although the business was at first conducted on a very limited scale, it was sufficient to maintain in a frugal manner the entire family. Richard attended to the business of the store in the day and studied every night. His mother

belonged to the Newitts, very strong Royalists, so that her brother who had established large flour mills on the Hudson, several years before she came over to this country, as soon as the Americans declared their independence, sold out everything and returned to Ireland. When Mrs. Wilde felt able to take the trip she went back to Ireland, her old home, to endeavor to recover the property that her husband had left, but his partner had been unsuccessful and there was nothing gained.

It was to his mother that Wilde was indebted for his early education and for his poetical talent. The family long preserved the verses that she had written. Seven years after he moved to Augusta Richard Henry, in whose breast the fire of genius burned, felt that he must make some greater effort to rise in the world. He had lost no time during all these years in reading and studying to repair the deficiencies of an early education, so that by the time he was eighteen he felt that he was ready to begin the study of law. He found a true friend in Joseph Hutchinson, Esq., who not only loaned him books from his own law library, but aided him with his counsel and instruction and allowed him to study in his office. At the end of two years he was ready to stand his examination. For fear of failing and mortifying his mother, he went to an adjoining county to be examined. The judges were enthusiastic in their praises of the young student, and he had no trouble in being admitted to practice law in any of the courts of Georgia.

The heavy strain placed upon brain and nerve caused his health to fail, but nowise daunted he pushed on and up until he acquired for himself a reputation not only for ability but for remarkable dignity and probity. At that time lawyers were restricted in their practice by certain laws passed by the General Assembly which relieved debtors and allowed contracts to be easily broken. Wilde determined to have such laws repealed, and his efforts in this direction were publicly recognized. He was given several offices of trust by the people—first, Attorney-General of the State, then, member of the National House of

Representatives, and afterwards he was sent to Congress and remained a member of the Lower House until 1835. He became a candidate for the Speaker of the House, but was defeated.

He was very attractive in personal appearance, being six feet one inch in height, well proportioned and graceful, a fine specimen of physical and intellectual manhood. His brow was very wide, his eyes bright and expressive, his hair black and generally worn long. His disposition was naturally cheerful; he was brimful of anecdote, quick at repartee, and eloquent in speech. His company was eagerly sought after in social circles, where he shone as brilliantly as in legislative halls and courts of appeal.

After his health failed he was very careful not to burn the midnight oil. His intellectual efforts were accomplished while the sun was shining. He laid aside all business cares as soon as he left the office and spent his evenings in social pleasures. He was accustomed to rise early and take a walk before breakfast, feeling that this would best fit him for the duties of the day. He was not a "popular politician," as the phrase goes, for he would not pander to fancies at the expense of honest convictions. He allied himself in 1834 with those opposed to the administration of President Jackson, because he firmly believed that the Force Bill would produce a civil war. He felt sure that such a position would cause his defeat, yet he abided by his convictions. He was defeated at the next election, so he spent the two years following in travelling through Europe. The literature and art of Italy particularly attracted him, and he passed one year in Florence for study and research. The very air of Florence is conducive to art, poetry, and music, so one can well see how she has produced so many noted artists, sculptors and musicians. Wilde surrendered himself to the study of painting, statuary, monuments, traditions, and history of this famous city. The life of Torquato Tasso particularly attracted him, and it was while there that he collected the material for the two volumes he afterwards wrote concerning the mysterious life of this noted Italian poet. The publication of this work added greatly to the literary fame

of Mr. Wilde, which up to this time rested upon his speeches, essays, and fugitive poems. While in Italy he recovered a portrait of Dante, and but for him we would not possess a likeness of this genius. Giotto had painted the poet on the walls of the Chapel of Bargello, but people unappreciative, or ignorant had allowed the walls to be whitewashed, and so the portrait was covered. Wilde discovered in some way that this had been done, and gained permission to recover it. He had the whitewash carefully removed from two sides of the wall and had begun to be discouraged, when on the third side it was discovered, and thus the laurel-crowned head was brought to light. He wrote a *Life of Dante*; his son, who lived until 1890, intended to have this published, but as it was not done before his death we fear it will never be done.

On his return from Europe Wilde settled in New Orleans, La., and became associated with Mr. William Micon. He had married before leaving Augusta, and left his oldest son buried in the garden of their home at Summerville. It was on account of this little grave that he made the request to be taken there and laid by his boy's side. A monument placed by the loving father's hand marked his son's grave, but none the distinguished statesman and poet, until a few years since the "Hayne Circle," composed of the literary people of Augusta, determined that the grave should no longer remain unhonored, so had his body moved to Oakland Cemetery with all due honors, and a lot prepared and his grave marked with a marble slab on which his name is carved. The lot is carefully kept, and they hope soon to erect there a handsome monument to his memory, which should be done. Colonel Charles C. Jones, of Augusta, was the first to awaken interest in his memory but there is little need of marble to keep alive the *memory* of such a poet; he will live as long as the English tongue shall live. It is not Wilde the lawyer, the advocate, the statesman, the poet, nor the man of letters that will live, but Wilde the author of

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose,
 That opens to the morning sky;
 But ere the shades of evening close
 Is scattered on the ground to die.

But on the rose's humble bed
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,
 As if she wept such waste to see;
 But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
 Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
 Restless and soon to fade away.

Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree shall mourn its shade,
 The winds bewail the leafless tree;
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print which feet
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat
 All trace will vanish from the sand.

Yet still as grieving to efface,
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
 But none alas, shall mourn for me!

We have in literature many instances where one poem made the poet. If Wilde had not written another line these six verses would have immortalized him. Byron upon reading them sat down and wrote a letter to Wilde congratulating him upon being the author of the "finest poem of the century."

The circumstances leading to its composition are interesting. His brother James, then living in Florida, during a visit to his mother described in such glowing terms the orange groves, the transparent lakes, the St. John's River, the swamps with their wonders, interspersing these narrations with stories and anecdotes relating to himself and his companions, making himself the hero always, until Richard Henry laughingly said, "James, I shall write an epic and immortalize your exploits." Accordingly the poem was begun and he intended to read the verses at the next family gathering—which gathering never took place for James was killed in a duel just a short time afterwards. *The Lament*

of the *Captive* beginning with the lines, *My Life is Like the Summer Rose*, was never finished. He read the poem to a few friends only and his immediate family, never intending to have it published, but Hon. John Forsyth pleaded so for a copy to send to a lady in Philadelphia that the request was granted, provided the lines should never be published. Neither the friend nor the lady betrayed the trust, but the musical composer to whom they were entrusted to set them to music did.

The verses became widely popular, and not until accusation of plagiarism was brought against the author did Wilde acknowledge them. Mr. Anthony Barclay for his own amusement had translated the verses into Greek. Some one saw the translation, mistook it for Alcaic Greek, and wrote an article to the "North American Review," charging the author with having plagiarized from a Greek Ode by Alcæus. The silly story was believed by many, especially as Barclay had changed *Tampa* a desolate sea beach on the Florida coast to *Tempe* a lovely vale of Greece. It was not until Barclay, under the auspices of the Georgia Historical Society at Savannah, wrote his "Authentic Account of Wilde's Alleged Plagiarism" that the imposition was exposed. O'Kelly and the Countess Purgstall both claimed the poem, but could not satisfactorily substantiate their claim.

Colonel Jones, in writing of Wilde's former grave, said: "In a remote and cedar-shadowed spot in the beautiful village of Summerville, near Augusta, Ga., rest the ashes of Richard Henry Wilde. Few among the living know even where he is buried. The place is voiceless, and Mother Earth gives no token of the precious dust committed to her keeping. Standing amid the loneliness of this forgotten spot, with what peculiar pathos does that plaintive song, which with prophetic lips he sang in the long ago, fall upon the attentive ear."

Many argued that the body should never be moved, but the property falling into other hands than that of the family, and the spot becoming so neglected, the "Hayne Circle" felt it was not a fit burial place for such honored dead.

His other works are :

Researches Concerning Torquato Tasso,
Life of Dante (unfinished),

Hesperia (published since his death),
Essay on Petrarch.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *When and where did the second Continental Congress meet?*
2. *What three measures were adopted?*
3. *Who were the Royalists?*
4. *What was the Mecklenburg Declaration?*
5. *When was the Declaration of Independence adopted?*
6. *By whom written? Who first signed it?*
7. *When was Boston evacuated by the British?*
8. *How many colonies united in the Declaration of Independence?*
9. *Who were the Whigs? Tories?*
10. *Name the five battles of '76.*

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

1795.

1820.

WRITER OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

John Quincy Adams.

Monroe.

Joseph Rodman Drake was the only son in a family of four children; Louisa, Millicent and Caroline were the three sisters—all poets; but the son possessed more than usual poetic talent. They were early bereft of their parents, and were forced to bear the pains and privations incident to poverty.

When only fourteen, Joseph Rodman published a volume of his poems, but finding bread and butter must of necessity come faster than by poetry, he began to merchandise. Having such a distaste for this life he abandoned it for the study of medicine. It was about this time that he met Halleck. The circumstance bringing about their friendship, which was so true and lasting, was this. De Kay and Drake retiring to the Battery one day during a shower were joined by Halleck. A beautiful bow spanned the heavens while they were talking, and Halleck whimsically remarked that it would be heaven for him just then to ride on that rainbow and read Campbell. The idea struck Drake, and he seized Halleck's hand and immediately they became friends. Three years afterwards he asked Halleck to be groomsman, for the young physician had won the hand and heart of Miss Sarah Eckford, a daughter of the rich shipbuilder. This connection placed him in affluent circumstances. De Kay had married another daughter of Henry Eckford, and the two couples visited Europe together. Drake wrote many letters to his poet friend—amusing epistles they were; and when his little daughter was born, nothing would do but she must be christened Halleck.

Disease had already laid its threatening hand upon the poet's

frail body. Upon his return from Europe he travelled South and spent a winter in New Orleans, but this did not benefit him. He returned to New York and died of consumption the following autumn. As he lay on his dying bed none could so soothe his aching head or smooth his pillow as Fitz his faithful friend. He had written the poem upon which his reputation rested some years before his marriage. The *Culprit Fay* arose from a conversation with Cooper the novelist and Halleck the poet, both of whom contended that the Scottish streams were better adapted for the uses of poetry, on account of their romantic associations, than our own rivers. Drake took the opposite side, and to make his position good, in three days produced *Culprit Fay*, the scene being laid in the Highlands of the Hudson. It is a "Midsummer-Night's Dream," but the poet had watched the manifold existence of field and wave or he could never have described it, though a thousand Shakespeares had written.

The Culprit falls in love with an earthly maid and to pay penance he is forced to seize a drop from the "vapory arch in the moonlight of the leaping sturgeon," and "to light his flame-wood lamp with the last spark of a falling star." The Fay embarks in a purple muscle shell, meets the sturgeon and catches the evanescent lustre; then he mounts a fire-fly in quest of the star. The star bursts, the flame is relighted and he returns to Crow Nest.

He put his acorn helmet on ;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down.
The corselet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest ;
His cloak of a thousand mingled dyes
Was formed of the wings of butterflies ;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green ;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed ;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue ;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens, and follow far——
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

Drake wrote with great facility on the spur of the moment, and cared little for his poems after they were written, giving them to any friend who asked for them. His best verses were written while the family and friends were laughing and talking around him. His first rhymes were a conundrum, which he wrote when he was scarcely five. When he was seven we find him imitating scenes from Don Quixote, and at an early age he would listen for hours to the stories of the Revolution. Once when telling an old lady about a ballad that he had read, and she said, "That's a tough story," he, having thrown himself into the recital and in imagination having become a real participator, replied, "Ah! but we had it *tough* enough that day, ma'am."

Drake has been described as the handsomest man in New York, and the two pictures left of him show him to have been a fine specimen of manly beauty. His voice was full-toned and musical; he was a good reader, and sang with taste, though rarely. He had that native politeness which prompted him to pick up the crutch of an old servant, or walk beside the horse of a timid lady. His early death, at the age of twenty-five, left a short time for any earthly work, but even in this short space of time he accomplished much, and leaves a suggestion of what might have followed had he been spared. He and Halleck were literary partners in contributions to the "Evening Post." The writers of these good-natured verses became known as "The Croakers." Halleck afterwards collected these pieces and published them with his works, indicating the authorship by D. or H., for he said "we each had a finger in the pie."

On his friend's death Halleck wrote those tender and touching lines beginning:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my early years."

He is buried in a quiet, rural spot at Hunt's Point, Westchester county, in the neighborhood of New York, where he had passed some of his boyish years with a relative, and where the memory of his gentle manners and winning ways still lingers.

A monument contains a simple inscription of his name and age, with a couplet from Halleck:

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

His remaining works are:

The Mocking Bird,
The Past and Present,
The American Flag,

Short Poems,
Leon,
Croaker Papers (written with Halleck).

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army? Washington*
2. *Compare the British and American armies as regards discipline, conditions, etc.*
3. *Who were the Hessians?*
4. *Who said, "I regret that I have only one life to give to my country"?*
5. *Who was sent to France to solicit aid?*
6. *When were the Articles of Confederation adopted?*
7. *When were the stars and stripes adopted?*
8. *When did France acknowledge the independence of the United States?*
9. *Who was Benedict Arnold?*
10. *Who was implicated in his treason? What was the fate of these men?*

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

GUILFORD, CONN.

1790.

1867.

WRITER OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

Adams.

Johnson.

Fitz-Greene Halleck came of the Pilgrim stock which landed in New England in 1640. By his brightness as a child he attracted the attention of an old Connecticut lady, who declared that he was "the smartest and sweetest looking lad" she ever saw, and so gentle in manners that no one could help loving him. His schoolmates said Fitz-Greene rhymed because he could not help rhyming, and it does appear that this was true, and that at a very early age he indulged the hope that one day he would gain literary and poetical distinction, for in his schoolbooks were found many youthful productions marked, "The poetical works of Fitz-Greene Halleck." He changed the spelling of the family name from Hallock when at the age of fourteen he entered the store of a kinsman to keep the books of the establishment. In 1811 he moved to New York to enter the counting-house of Jacob Barker. There in 1813 he met Drake, and immediately the young men became devoted friends.

Halleck never married, but remained with his sister Maria all his life, working only for her, studying her interest first. Even the attachment between Charles and Mary Lamb did not equal that which existed between Halleck and his sister. Death only separated them, and now they are united and sleep side by side in the Alderbrook Cemetery with the ivy he brought from Abbotsford growing over their graves.

Maria Halleck possessed those rare conversational powers which characterized her brother, whom she resembled in dispo-

sition as well as in personal attractions. John Jacob Astor, the millionaire, at his death left him an annuity. He had been in his office for years, and had won his love and respect.

Halleck has been greatly honored by his countrymen. He was the first American poet to whom a public monument was ever erected in this country, and the first to have a full bronze statue in the New World. This was placed in Central Park, New York, and unveiled May, 1877.

In personal appearance he was very striking,—his manners very winning, so that all classes were drawn to him. His wit, while keen and pointed, was never ill-natured. His poetical writings rank with the best American literature. Their tone is that of the man of the world handling a pen caustic and tender by turns. His *Marco Bozzaris* is probably the best known of his poems after his *Eulogy on Drake*. His social nature delighted in gay and cordial friendship; he was bubbling over with anecdote and whimsical conceits. He possessed an unusual power of narrative and was very fond of argument, frequently carrying his ingenuity to the very verge of paradox. Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Bayard Taylor took part in the ceremonies at the unveiling of his statue.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote :

“He sleeps! he cannot die!
 As evening's long drawn sigh,
 Lifting the rose leaves on his peaceful mound,
 Spreads all their sweets around,
 So laden with his song the breezes blow.
 From where the rustling sedge
 Frets out rude ocean's edge,
 To the smooth sea beyond the peaks of snow,
 His soul the air enshrined, and leaves but dust below.”

His other works are :

To Fanny,
 Burns,
 Connecticut,

Alnwick Castle,
 Marco Bozzaris,
 Young America.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What battle virtually closed the Revolutionary War?*
2. *What demonstrations did the Americans make?*
3. *Was this the first Thanksgiving Day? If not, when was the first?*
4. *What was the Treaty of Paris?*
5. *When did Washington resign?*
6. *What form of government did the United States have at the close of the war?*
7. *What was one of the main defects of the Confederation?*
8. *When was the Convention held to draft a new Constitution?*
9. *What opposition was made to it?*
10. *Into what two parties did this divide the people?*

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

1792.

1852.

WRITER OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

George Washington.

Millard Fillmore.

WORKS.

Brutus,
Therese, or the Orphan of
Geneva,

Virginius,
Clari, or the Maid of Milan,
Charles the Second.

"Who, that in distant lands has chanced to roam,
Ne'er thrilled with pleasure at the name of home?"—J. T. W.

John Howard Payne, the author of the famous lyric, *Home, Sweet Home*, was born in the city of New York, on the 9th day of June, 1792.

His ancestral lineage is highly respectable. His father was a noted educator of youth. His grandfather was a member of the Provincial Assembly of Massachusetts, when legislative honors were less shadowy than at present. He was, also, related to Judge Robert Treat Payne, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; and to Dr. John Osborne of Connecticut, the author of the "Whaling Song," a nautical ballad worthy of the genius of Charles Dibdin; and which fired the heroism of the mariners of New Bedford and Nantucket in battling with the monsters of the deep. It is clear that the subject of our sketch could not appropriate the splenetic lines of Burns:

"My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

Payne's father assiduously cultivated the minds of his children and some of them were remarkably precocious. A sister of the young poet, herself only fourteen years of age, after eight days study, amazed the classical professors of Harvard College by

* See illustration.

her extraordinary acquirements in the Latin tongue. Nor were her English compositions less remarkable for felicity of language and beauty of imagery. Competent critics pronounced her unpublished productions "among the most favorable specimens of female genius that had appeared in America." Her more famous, if not more gifted, brother made his literary *début*, like Benjamin Franklin, by contributing to a paper in the publication of which he was engaged as a printer boy. Like Franklin, he had an early and clear perception of the power of the press in creating and controlling public opinion,—the "Queen of the World." In one particular the young poet surpassed the young philosopher. Franklin had passed his sixteenth year before he became the editor of the "New England Courant." Payne was engaged in editing the "Thespian Mirror" at thirteen years of age. The marvelous ability displayed by the juvenile editor induced Mr. Seaman, a wealthy and benevolent citizen of New York, to proffer him a course at Union College. The offer was gratefully accepted, and a poetical journal of his voyage up the Hudson reveals the impression produced on an imaginative youth by that noble stream, whose picturesque shores have been rendered familiar to all readers of fiction by Irving's exquisite legends of "Sleepy Hollow," "Rip Van Winkle" and "Wolfert's Roost."

Before the young student's curriculum was completed, the bankruptcy and failing health of his father forced him to leave the academic halls in which he hoped to carry off the highest honors of his class, and devote himself to some profession by which he could maintain his father and the younger members of his family. An irresistible instinct impelled him to try the stage. His elocutionary performances as a schoolboy had evinced such histrionic talent, that theatrical managers importuned his father to allow them to produce the gifted boy on the boards as the "young American Roscius." These requests had been refused on the ground that he was but a child. But on his return from Union College to New York he made his appearance on the stage in the Park Theatre, and in the language of the green

room, "took the town by storm." After meteoric visits to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston and New Orleans, he was persuaded by George Frederick Cooke to try his fortunes on the London stage, the stage on which Garrick had recently won a world-wide fame and accumulated a fortune of one hundred and forty thousand pounds. But rarely does dramatic genius, even of the highest order, reap such golden harvests.

The miraculous powers of Shakespeare raised him to no higher position than that of subaltern actor in his own and Ben Jonson's plays, and to a small estate at Stratford. Thomas Otway, the author of "The Orphans," the most pathetic tragedy that was ever produced on the English stage, was choked by a crust which, from excessive hunger, he too ravenously swallowed. Dryden, whose dramas were as popular as they were impure, describes his old age as worn out with study and oppressed with poverty, without other support than the constancy and the patience of a Christian. Goldsmith, the author of "She Stoops to Conquer," the most popular comedy of the century, lived in pecuniary straits and died two thousand pounds in debt.

John Howard Payne's career in the British metropolis was but a reproduction of the "golden dreams and leaden realities" of the great majority of the dramatic celebrities who had preceded him. As an actor he drew crowded houses, but his popularity excited envy and generated detraction. His tragedy of *Brutus* met with a success "unexampled for years," but it was attacked by a swarm of critics belonging to a class whom Dean Swift compared to "rats that nibble the finest cheese, and wasps that swarm around the fairest fruits." Nevertheless he formed the acquaintance and enjoyed the society of such distinguished characters as Charles Lamb, Tom Moore, Sir Walter Scott, and his own illustrious countryman, Washington Irving.

From London he went to Paris, where he met a congenial spirit in François Joseph Talma, a tragedian who was the glory of the French stage. Of the plays composed by Payne while sojourning in London and Paris many were successful, particu-

larly *Therese, or the Orphan of Geneva*, and *Charles the Second*, which was greatly prized by Kean. But an opera prepared for Covent Garden, entitled *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*, gave him his world-wide and imperishable fame, for it contained *Home, Sweet Home*.^{*} The publishers of the song are reputed to have made two thousand guineas within two years. It is certain one hundred thousand copies were sold in 1832. It enriched all who had any connection with it except the poet himself, who had sold the priceless poem for thirty pounds, and it gained for Ellen Tree, who first sang *Home, Sweet Home*, a wealthy husband. In 1832, after an absence of twenty-one years, John Howard Payne returned to his native land. His fame had preceded him, and secured for him an ovation only inferior to the welcome accorded to Washington Irving.

Shortly after his return to the United States he published the prospectus of a magazine of literature, science and art. It was designed to subserve the mental culture and moral improvement of his countrymen, to inspire them with sentiments of patriotism and philanthropy, love of liberty and law. The title of the proposed periodical was suggestive as it was poetical. He christened it "Jam Jehan Nima," the name of a goblet belonging to one of the ancient kings of Persia, into which, according to the legend, whoever looked was privileged to behold a picture of the universe. Unfortunately this *magnum opus* never advanced beyond its brilliant prospectus, in consequence of a deficiency in the list of its subscribers.

About this period the efforts of the General Government to remove the Cherokees from Georgia to lands beyond the Mississippi was a subject of discussion in the public prints. By many

^{*} Miss F. L. Mitchell, author of "Georgia Land and People," tells us the origin of *Home, Sweet Home*. Payne was wandering through the muddy streets of London one night, penniless and half-starved, when he was attracted by the bright light in one of the stately mansions there. Through the open shutters he saw a picture of home comfort which touched his heart. At a piano sat a young girl playing a Sicilian air,—an air unknown to him, but so tender and touching that it thrilled his whole being, and brought to his mind thoughts of his mother and his boyhood days. Not daring to trust himself longer there, he walked down the street neither knowing nor caring where he went. During his sojourn in London he was too poor to pay for lodgings, so rented for a shilling a board upon which to sleep. To this his only home he went and by morning the music had been shaped into words. He composed the song that has made his name immortal. He set the words to the Sicilian air. When his *Clari, or The Maid of Milan* was played in London, he was too poor to pay for a seat so stood during its performance.

humane people the scheme was regarded as irreconcilable with a Christian policy, as well as with existing treaties. To form a correct opinion on this subject Mr. Payne resolved to visit Georgia, enter the Indian Territory, and make himself familiar with the manners and customs of the Creeks and Cherokees, and ascertain their sentiments with regard to the proposed expatriation. To accomplish this design he brought letters of introduction to General Edward Harden, who was thoroughly acquainted with the tribes of Creeks and Cherokees, and withal a gentleman of historic family and such high social standing that to him was accorded the honor of entertaining Marquis de Lafayette when the "Nation's Guest" visited Savannah in 1824. General Harden had recently removed his family from Savannah to Athens, Ga., and there John Howard Payne first met Miss Mary Harden, a young lady who was such a paragon of youthful beauty and grace that he at once and forever fell deeply in love with her—a devotion doubtless intensified by her mental accomplishments. Of her lovely girlhood there is no authentic likeness. There is a charming picture of her in full blown womanly maturity. Those who saw her in her declining years must have been reminded of the words of the old Greek poet,

"The very autumn of a form once fine
Retains its beauties."

The enraptured lover, however, did not wholly forget his aboriginal mission. Through the friendly offices of General Harden, he obtained an interview with John Ross, the most noted chief of the Cherokees, and was invited by that potentate to sojourn among his people. The invitation was accepted, and our author would, doubtless, have given us as interesting an account of the history, traditions, languages and customs of the Georgia Indians, as the volumes of Dr. Schoolcraft on the Iroquois, Algonquin and other tribes of the North and West.

Unfortunately his researches were nipped in the bud by the suspicious stupidity of Curry, the Indian agent. This official, "dressed in a little brief authority" by the State Government,

was pleased to conceive that the presence of this remarkable stranger among the Indians boded no good to the peaceful relations existing between them and the whites, and he ordered his arrest.

As soon as General Harden heard of the outrage he hastened to Milledgeville, the State Capital, and obtained from the Governor an order for his release. But the indignity to which Payne had been subjected so deeply wounded his proud and sensitive spirit that he avowed, in a letter to General Harden, "Georgia I never will again enter without a formal, public invitation." But there was a beautiful magnet in Georgia, possessing great attractive power, and not long after his release he found his way back again to Athens.

An incident that occurred during this visit, related by Miss Mary Harden herself, will prove interesting to ordinary mortals as showing that lovers of the most ethereal temperament sometimes present themselves in phases that are more prosaic than poetical. One morning the young lady was surprised to see her admirer enter with a face as pale and lugubrious as though in the words of Byron he felt himself,

"A shrivell'd scroll, a scattered leaf
Scar'd by the autumn blast of grief."

"Miss Mary," he pathetically inquired, "do you know what gruel is?"

"Indeed I do. Why, what is the matter?"

"Oh! those horrid biscuit at the tavern seem compounded of saleratus, lard and half-baked flour. Could you have me a dish of gruel prepared?"

"Certainly I can," she answered, and hastened from the parlor to the kitchen to lay the case before Aunt Minda, the family cook.

"Lor'! Miss Mary," exclaimed the ebony priestess of the pots and pans, "Yer know yer ma not gwine ter like that. I never know'd gruel carried inter her parlor ter comp'ny. Yer got no pride, chile. Go long in ther house an' giv' yer fren fruit cake an' pineapple cheese."

"But, Aunt Minda, Mr. Payne has dyspepsia, and wants only gruel."

So the gruel was prepared and Rob Roy, the house boy, was summoned to serve it. But Rob was as much flustered as Aunt Minda by such a compromise of family dignity. He would have proudly and promptly presented cake and wine, but gruel in his opinion would besmirch the family escutcheon forever. His wounded feelings were mollified, however, when he saw the steaming beverage quaffed like nectar.

"Rob," said Mr. Payne, "is there any more gruel where this came from?"

"Lor'! sir," replied Rob, "there is *bushels*."

"Bring me another bowl, then?"

Of the *dramatis personæ* in this simple tale Rob Roy alone survives, an old, decrepit man, whose memory loves to grope among the faded shadows of the past. "Mr. Payne," said he to the writer of this sketch, "was the finest gentleman ever I seen. When he came to see my young miss, and I waited on him, he always gave me a dollar."

How long John Howard Payne lingered at Athens does not appear. When he did leave, however, it is certain, from his written avowals, that he could not say of Miss Harden what honest Master Slender said of Mistress Anne Page, "There was no great love between us in the beginning, and it pleased heaven to diminish it on further acquaintance." In a letter from New York, dated March 22, 1836, to General Harden he said:

"For your daughter's flattering request about 'Sweet Home' do me the favor to offer her my best thanks. I will write it out for her in my best schoolday hand whenever I find an opportunity of sending it post free. No one deserves a 'Sweet Home' better than she does, and no one would be surer to make any home, however sweet, still more so by her goodness and genius. But if I send a contribution for *her* album she must make a sketch for mine. I belong to a section of the Republic where

we are not in the habit of doing things without large profits. In some places, to be sure, her request would be more than compensation but in New York we look for percentage by hundreds and thousands. I have caught the infection, and must treat with her in the spirit of New York speculation."

On his return from Georgia to New York he became a frequent contributor to the "Democratic Review." For these political articles he received no greater reward than the consulate to Tunis, where he spent the remainder of his life, with the exception of one brief visit to this country.

No American poet ever received a more enviable compliment than one paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind on this his last visit to his native land. The "Swedish Nightingale," after charming the old world, came to America. In the great National Hall of Washington City, an audience assembled to greet her, by far the most distinguished that had ever been seen in the capital of the Republic. Nothing was wanting that office, fame, wealth, culture, taste and beauty could impart in giving dignity and grandeur to the occasion. The matchless songstress entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies, "Casta Diva," the "Flute Song," the "Bird Song," and the "Greeting to America." But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The vocalist suddenly turned her face to that part of the auditorium where John Howard Payne was sitting, and sung *Home, Sweet Home*, with such exchanting pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Webster himself lost all self-control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with transporting rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric.

Less than two years were to expire before the homeless author of *Sweet Home*, in a far distant land, left all earthly scenes and songs, let us hope, for sweeter harmonies and an eternal home on high. He was buried in St. George's Cemetery at Tunis, and thirty years thereafter his remains were removed to

the land of his nativity, and with august national ceremonies laid to rest in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington City. A shaft of white marble, crowned with the bust of the poet, marks his final resting place. On the front of the shaft is inscribed:

"JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF HOME, SWEET HOME."

Born June 9th, 1792. Died April 10th, 1852.

On the opposite side of the shaft are these lines:

"Sure when thy gentle spirit fled,
To realms above the azure dome,
With outstretched arms God's angels said
Welcome to Heaven's home, sweet home."

LAURA SPEER.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Still, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow it there,
Which, go through the world, you'll not meet elsewhere.

Home, home,
Sweet home!

There's no place like home—
There's no place like home."

"An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain,
Ah! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing sweetly, that came to my call—
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, home,
Sweet home!

There's no place like home—
There's no place like home."

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Why was the war called "Revolutionary"?*
2. *What was the "Boston Port Bill"?*
3. *Who introduced the resolution that the States should be independent?*
4. *How did the Battle of Lexington begin?*
5. *Who was "Old Put"?*
6. *Who composed the committee that drew up the Declaration?*
7. *How many colonies voted for the Rebellion?*
8. *What and where is the old "Liberty Bell"?*
9. *When was the Battle of Saratoga?*
10. *Where did Congress meet while the British held Philadelphia?*

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.*

SALEM, MASS. *Montgomery*

1796.

1859.

WRITER OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

John Adams.

Buchanan.

WORKS.

History of Ferdinand and Isabella,
History of the Conquest of Mexico,
History of the Conquest of Peru,
Biographical and Critical Miscellanies,

The History of the Reign of Philip II., King of Spain,
History of the Reign of Charles V.,
The Life of Charles V. after His Abdication,
Memoir of Charles Brockden Brown.

"All who knew him will say he was greater and better than his writings."—*George Bancroft*.

"A comet which has suddenly blazed out upon the world in full splendor."—*Daniel Webster*.

"As long as American literature is read we shall honor the brave and noble man who could triumph over almost insurmountable difficulties, and win the love and admiration of the world."—*Sarah K. Bolton*.

No pleasanter sketch of America's noted historian, William Hickling Prescott, can be written than the one found in "Famous American Authors" by Sarah K. Bolton. The sketch is too long to copy in full, but from it we gain most of the information used.

Prescott was born in Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796, the second of seven children, four of whom died in infancy. The father was a prominent and wealthy lawyer, proud of his handsome boy, between whom and himself there grew a companionship and confidence that death itself could not destroy.

The mother was a woman of great energy, benevolence and unflinching spirits. She loved her son ardently, and was never afraid to show her fondness for him to others. Her punishment

* See illustration.



for him was to make him read Dr. Channing's "Sermons for Children," and upon one occasion after having been made to read one, she noticed that his lips quivered and his voice choked as he said: "Mother, if I am ever bad again make me read this sermon." When this mother died at eighty-five, the son wept bitterly, saying he owed everything to her love and energy, and could not be too grateful.

As a boy he was eager to read, but not "overfond" of study. He did not like mathematics, committing to memory all he learned without understanding a word, so was excused from reciting it, as it seemed a waste of time and strength. His English, Greek, and Latin studies were a delight to him, and in these he made rapid progress.

Life seemed full of joyousness, for he had everything to promise success—social position, wealth, fine address, and noble qualities—but an unlooked for calamity clouded the bright horizon. In his junior year, as he was passing out of the hall where the students dined, in a rude frolic, in which he took no part, a class-mate threw a hard piece of bread, undoubtedly at random, and it struck the open eye of Prescott. He fell to the floor, and it was for weeks that he suffered from the shock. He was finally able to renew his college work; although his eye was unchanged in outward appearance, yet the sight had gone forever. In four or five months the right eye became inflamed from acute rheumatism, and he was threatened with total blindness. This was a terrible blow to his ambition, but he bore it courageously and cheerfully. How little the careless youth who threw the bread thought of the misery he was to cause a heroic soul through life!

His grandfather, Thomas Hickling, was at this time Consul at St. Michael, in the Azores, and his parents thought that a voyage would benefit him, so sent him there on a visit. He was forced to remain in his darkened cabin for the twenty days of the passage, and most of this time he sang aloud to keep up hope in his heart.

He remained with his grandfather six months, and then he de-

cided to go to London to consult the best medical authority. John Quincy Adams was Minister to England at this time, and proved a great friend to him. He interested him in places of note about the metropolis—accompanying him to Eton, Windsor, and Hampton Court, and showing him the Elgin Marbles and the cartoons of Raphael. Later on he visited Paris, Florence and Rome. Of Rome he wrote: "It is the place that lingers longest, I suppose, in everybody's recollection,—at least, it is the brightest of all I saw in Europe."

Upon his return rheumatism again attacked his eye. His sister, three years younger than himself, read to him for six or eight hours every day, history, poetry, and all kinds of literature, of which he never tired. To her he confided his secret of sending, anonymously, his manuscript to the "North American Review." This manuscript was returned, and to this sister he carried it again to confide his disappointment. "I was a fool," he said, "to send it."

He was greatly loved by all, and his social nature drew around him many young people. About this time he met and loved Miss Susan Amory. She was the daughter of a successful merchant, who fully returned his affection, and throughout his life was his comfort and true helpmeet.

Prescott was gentle in nature, tall, well-formed, manly in bearing, with light brown hair, that never turned gray, with a clear complexion, and a ruddy flush on his cheeks that kept him always looking young; but the charm of his face was his smile, which was absolutely contagious to all who looked upon him. This smile grew sweeter as he grew older, and lingered about his lips even in death's cold embrace.

His grandfathers had fought on opposite sides during the Revolutionary War, so the grandson kept the two swords crossed over the books in his library to show as an heirloom to his children and his children's children.

Prescott had always been ambitious to be a lawyer, but of course his threatened blindness unfitted him for that work, so he

turned to literature. What a brave heart it must have taken to enter this broad field!

Knowing that his college course was imperfect he determined to master Blair's Rhetoric and Murray's English Grammar, and the preface to Johnson's Dictionary. After this he studied the style of the best English writers, and devoted one hour each day to the Latin classics. He gave one full year to French literature, then a year to the study of the Italian language, reading the literature from Dante to Alfieri; then he determined to turn his attention to Spanish history and literature, and began in 1826 his *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, which ranked him among the best historians of the world.

"Johnson says, in his "Life of Milton," that no man can compile a history who is blind; but Prescott wrote, "If my ears are spared to me I shall disprove that assertion, and my history, whatever else is wanting, shall not be lacking in accuracy and research." The writing of this very letter almost totally destroyed the nerve of his only eye. He advertised for a Spanish reader, but none could be found. Prescott could not be daunted. He employed a secretary, taught him to pronounce Spanish, and then started him to reading aloud. This bungling work only lasted a few months, however, for a graduate of Harvard, a young man skilled not only in Spanish but other languages, applied and was accepted. The work then became easier. Whenever anything was striking, Prescott would say, "Mark that by two parallel lines on the margin."

He ordered a noctograph, a machine for guiding the pen of a blind man. The impression was made with an ivory pencil upon paper placed beneath the brass rods. Over and over again he would write a page, and then find that, through his forgetfulness, the paper below was as blank as himself.

His secretary read five hours each day, and this the historian would store in his wonderful memory. In the midst of his work, when about three hundred pages had been finished, his eldest child died—a lovely little girl of four and a half years.

His grief was intense, and twenty years after he said, "I can never suffer again as I then did. It was my first heavy sorrow, and I cannot feel twice so bitterly." He stopped his work and turned his attention to reading evidences of the Christian religion. When his mind became settled upon this point, he continued his *Ferdinand and Isabella*.

After ten years' patient labor the work was ended. He distrusted its success and thought he would not publish it. His friends encouraged him, but it was his father who made him decide by saying, "A man who writes a book which he is afraid to publish is a coward." He at once put it in press and the publishers gave him one thousand dollars for it. Only five hundred copies were printed and to his utter astonishment the whole number was sold at once in Boston. He found himself famous. "A success so brilliant had never before been reached in so short a time by any work of equal size and gravity on this side of the Atlantic." The book was dedicated to his father—"The guide of my youth, my best friend in riper years."

When told by his physician that if he used his eye even the thirty-five minutes a day, as was his custom, his sight must finally go, he said he could not consent to sacrifice the dearest work of his life, and that in less time than that it would be impossible to discharge his duties to mankind. How few people almost blind, with wealth at command, would feel that they owed any duties to mankind.

Yet Prescott did not like to work. He needed constant spurring to keep up his interest. He gave a bond to his secretary to pay him a thousand dollars if he failed to write a certain number of pages in a specified time. If he had given up to his feelings he would have left neither books nor immortal fame for posterity.

His next work was his *Conquest of Mexico*, which sold rapidly. Then followed his *Conquest of Peru*, but before this was fairly begun his father died, a fearful loss, as his grief testifies: "He has always been a part of myself, to whom I have confided every

matter of any moment; on whose superior judgment I have relied in all affairs of the least consequence; and in whose breast I have been sure to find ready sympathy in every joy and sorrow. And now that he has gone, it must be my duty to so live on earth as to be united with him again and forever."

"I have good bairns, as good as fall to the lot of most men; a wife whom a quarter of a century of love has made my *better* half, but the sweet fountain of intellectual wisdom, of which I have drunk from boyhood, is sealed to me forever."

Many honors were showered upon him during the next year, and he keenly regretted that his father could not share them with him. In 1845 he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. His note in his journal of this date reads: "May the dear companion who has accompanied me thus far be permitted to go with me to the close, 'till we sleep together at the foot' as tranquilly as we have lived." We can well understand why Prescott is regarded as high authority on all historical subjects when we know what pains he took and what vast reading was done to verify his statements. In regard to his *Philip II.* alone, he had three hundred and seventy volumes of reference books added to his library.

Genius is not always as generous as Prescott's. When Motley, then a rising young historian, fearing to cover the same ground upon which Prescott was treading, went to the blind man and frankly told him his dilemma, without a particle of rivalry the older historian encouraged the younger to go on, and offered him not only the use of his library, but any aid in his power.

Suffering much from rheumatism and dyspepsia he was induced to travel in Europe. He found himself the center of attraction there. He was presented at court, dined with Peel, met and talked with Macaulay, Gladstone, and the Duke of Argyll. He remained only four months and returned home to begin his last work permitted him on earth, his *Charles V.* Walking home one day he had a stroke of apoplexy. He was only able to say: "My poor wife, I am sorry that this has come upon you so

soon." He in part recovered from this, but died from the second stroke January 27, 1859.

He had made two requests, which were fully carried out. One was to cut the jugular vein, lest he should be buried alive; and the other to allow him to be laid for a little time among the books he loved and midst which he had worked so long and happily.

"Dead he lay among his books."

"Prescott's personal friends are found wherever literature is known, and the love for him is coextensive with the world of letters, not only where the Anglo-Saxon language is spoken, but coextensive with the civilized languages of the world."

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who had charge of the American forces in the South in 1779? Who the British?*
2. *Who was Count Pulaski?*
3. *When and where was the Battle of Cowpens?*
4. *What battle closed the war?*
5. *To whom did Cornwallis surrender?*
6. *When and where was the Treaty of Peace signed?*
7. *Name the Commissioners that signed it.*
8. *What noted foreigners aided America?*
9. *Describe the National Flag.*
10. *When was it adopted?*

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

1814.

Monroe.

1877.

Grant.

WORKS.

Morton's Hope,
The Rise of the Dutch Republic,
The Causes of the American
Civil War (Essays),

"Merry Mount,"
The History of the United Neth-
erlands,
The Life and Death of John
Barneveld.

"He has told the story of a stirring period in the history of the world with full attention to the character of the actors, and strict fidelity to the numerous vivid details of the action. The merits of Motley as an historian are undeniably great."—*O. W. Holmes.*

John Lothrop Motley was a delicate boy, fond of swimming and skating, but liked better to read than to play. His father was a man of wit and literary tastes, and his mother was a superior woman mentally. She tells us that her son possessed a sensitive, excitable nature, but had a high sense of honor and was always scrupulously truthful. At thirteen he entered Harvard and ranked well in his class at first, but soon began to devote so much time to general literature that his college studies were somewhat neglected. He was an insatiable reader, and particularly fond of poetry and novels. He made himself agreeable to all who met him. He was noted for brilliancy in conversation, great personal beauty, and his generous and impulsive nature. After graduation at Harvard he studied at the Universities of Berlin and Göttingen. It was while at the latter place that he met Bismarck, between whom and himself such a warm attachment existed in later years. Bismarck said that he was first attracted to him by his magnificent eyes, and that Motley was never known to enter a drawing-room without riveting the attention of every lady present.

In 1837 he married Miss Mary Benjamin, a lady of rare per-

sonal charms and beauty of character. Two years after marriage he began to write and soon published his historical novel *Morton's Hope*. This was not very successful, and his friends began to urge him to devote himself to history, as they knew from articles he had furnished the magazines that he showed more than usual talent in this direction. He published his *Merry Mount*, which was an advance on his first effort, and then it was he recognized that his friends were right, and he devoted himself to history, to leave, as he expressed it, "the invertebrate story-telling and deal with subjects that had backbones of their own."

It was about this time that he lost his tried and true friend, Joseph Lewis Stackpole, a loss from which he never recovered. He had been more than a brother to him; being of a calmer temperament he had always exercised the very best influence over him. He was killed in a railroad accident in 1847. Soon after this Motley was elected a member of the legislature. He was made Chairman of the Committee on Education, and wrote a report which he considered unanswerable, but which a young country teacher, since well known in politics, completely demolished. His friends tried to persuade him that his failure came from no lack of ability on his part, but simply because he was on the unpopular side, but his mortification was great, and his political career consequently brief.

In the meantime he had been collecting material for his history of Holland, but Stackpole had told him that Prescott was writing the same, so he went directly to Prescott and told him of his intentions and of his apprehensions, and asked if it would be an interference with his plans. We have heard how the grand old historian received his young rival, for rival he threatened truly to be. Prescott recognized his ability as a writer and knew he would have a formidable competitor in a field in which, up to this time, he had worked alone.

For ten years Motley labored over his history *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, spending some time in Europe making investigations. When it was finished he had difficulty in procur-

ing a publisher. Murray declined to attempt it, which it is said he afterwards greatly regretted, so that the author was forced to publish it at his own expense. It was received with enthusiasm in Europe and America, and Froude, the great historian, has said it is as "complete as industry and genius can make it, and one which will take its place among the finest histories in this or any language." Prescott, Irving, Bancroft, and Everett, all joined in a chorus of praise in this country. Guizot translated it, or rather superintended the translation, into French, and in a short time Motley found himself a famous historian. When he returned to America he was cordially welcomed and took his place among the honored of the land.

He then commenced a series of articles for the "Atlantic Monthly" in which he took much interest. His *History of the United Netherlands* was interrupted in 1861 by the War between the States. He was appointed Minister to Austria by President Lincoln, but finding that the leading minds in England were in sympathy with the South he determined to use all his powers to change them. He wrote letters to the "London Times" which stand as imperishable records of his patriotism to his section, and of his ability to champion the abolition cause. It was said that no other American voice could have been as effective at this time, and that the North can hardly know how much she owes to this spirited defender. He resigned his office in 1867 because of an attack upon his administration.

When he returned to America he settled in Boston where he remained until President Grant appointed him Minister to England. His sudden recall in 1870 was not understood by his friends. He never recovered from the blow. His wife died in 1874 and was buried in London. She left three daughters who are now (1894) living in England and are well connected with the best English families; one is the accomplished wife of Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

In 1873 Motley had a stroke of apoplexy which left him very feeble and partially paralyzed. He seemed then to live in the

past and spent the last years of his life in England. He died at his daughter's home in Devonshire, 1877, before the physician could reach him. He was buried at Kensall Green Cemetery near London by his wife's side. Dean Stanley preached the funeral discourse in which he referred to him as "one of the brightest lights of the Western Hemisphere, the high-spirited patriot, the faithful friend of England's best and purest spirits, the brilliant, the indefatigable historian who told, as none had told before him, the history of the rise and struggle of the Dutch Republic."

Expressive tributes of respect were sent from Massachusetts and New York. Many honors had been conferred upon him, but none was higher than the last, which was to be made a foreign associate of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Name four battles that were fought in New Jersey.*
2. *Name four in New York.*
3. *Name five in South Carolina.*
4. *Name four in Pennsylvania.*
5. *How many were fought in Virginia?*
6. *How many in North Carolina?*
7. *How long did the war last?*
8. *How many battles were fought?*
9. *In how many were the Americans successful?*
10. *In how many the British?*

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

(CHARLESTON, S. C. *Dr. J. M. Cooper*)

1806.

1870.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Jefferson.

Grant.

(“The best novelist America has produced since Cooper.”—*Edgar Allan Poe.*)

William Gilmore Simms, one of the greatest and most prolific writers the South has produced, was born in Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806. His mother died when he was an infant, and his father was called to fight the Seminoles, so the child was left to his grandmother's care. This devoted guardian spared neither time nor pains in training him. Her means were limited, so that she could not give him the educational advantages that she desired, but what personal oversight could compensate for—this she freely gave. His father removing to Mississippi wished to take his only child, and a lawsuit followed, which resulted in William Gilmore's staying in Charleston, according to his own wishes. His genius early developed, for at seven he wrote verses, and at nineteen he had published a book—his *Monody on Pinckney*. He acted as clerk for a short time in a drug store, and afterwards studied law, but by the time he was twenty-one he had fully made up his mind that law was not his forte, his tastes being more in the direction of literary work. Realizing this he bent all his energies in that direction. Volume after volume issued from his brain and pen, reminding one of Scott. He wrote too rapidly to write carefully, although Poe called him the best novelist America had produced after Cooper; but his style lacked finish, elegance, and accuracy. There is no doubt that “he possessed immense fertility, a vivid imagination, a true, realistic handling of whatever he touched.” He has done more than any other writer to preserve the early history and local traditions of his native State. His novels are almost wholly Southern, and most of the

scenes are located in Carolina ; some are historical, but all serve to reproduce Southern and Southwestern life. He became editor and part owner of the "Charleston City Gazette," which took the Union side in politics in Nullification days. After a struggle of five years the paper failed and all the money invested, of course, was lost. This left him in poverty. He felt the necessity now to work, and to work hard and fast. Then began that long series of volumes which never ceased until three years before his death. It was said his "pen was never idle." He is known chiefly as a writer of fiction. His best novel is generally conceded to be *Yemassee*, and his best known poem is *Atalantis, a Tale of the Sea*, which is the longest of his poetical works. His home was in Charleston, but half of the year was spent on his plantation near Midway, S. C., which he called "Woodlands." The place was a beautiful one, surrounded by live-oaks and long-leaf pines,—trees peculiar to the Southern States, from which hangs in festoons that beautiful, long gray moss. He here dispensed a wide hospitality, and did most of his writing. He was for many years a member of the South Carolina legislature, and came within one vote in 1846 of being elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State. The University of Alabama conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. In the "War between the States" Simms joined the Secessionists, and his property suffered great damage from the Federal troops when they entered Charleston.

He was twice married. His first wife lived a very short time and had died before 1832, when he married Miss Roach, the daughter of a wealthy planter of the Barnwell district in South Carolina.

His position in connection with the press gave him an opportunity to aid other writers, which he freely did. Nor was this kindness confined to his own section—to all he lent a helping hand. Although his writings are so numerous there is not one which does not present some worthy and truthful quality. His *Donna Florida*, a tale of Spanish life, was severely criticised, and said to be on the "Don Juan" style, but although writ-

ten when the author was quite young, and it may have been "modelled after the 'Don Juan' style," still there is nothing vicious or wicked in it.

The German author Leatsfield copied from his works, and the pages translated from *Guy Rivers* have been praised abroad as superior to anything else done by Americans in describing their own country.

"His novels may be divided into four classes, those of a purely imaginative character, those founded on general history, the series of revolutionary stories, and the romances or border tales." No American author has drawn more frequently from local or revolutionary history to give interest to his narratives.

His works are :

Monody on General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney,
Three Days of Blood in Paris,
Atalantis, a Story of the Sea,
Southern Passages and Pictures,
Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies,
Lays of the Palmetto,
Poems, Chiefly Imaginative,
The City of the Silent,
Norman Maurice, or the Man of the People,
Katherine Walton, or the Rebel of Dorchester,
Woodcraft or Hawks about the Dovecote,
Guy Rivers, a Tale of Georgia,
Border Beagles, a Tale of Mississippi,
The Yemassee, a Romance of Carolina,
The Golden Christmas, a Chronicle of St. John's, Berkeley,
The Lily and the Totem, or the Huguenots in Florida,
The Wigwam and the Cabin,
Marie de Bernière, or a Tale of the Crescent City,
South Carolina in the Revolution,
Life of Francis Marion,
The Life of Chevalier Bayard,
The Book of My Lady,
Father Abbot, or the Home Tourist, a Medley,
The Morals of Slavery,
The Social Principle, the True Secret of National Permanence,
The Battle of Fort Moultrie,
The Vision of Cortes, Cain, and other Poems,

Lyrical and other Poems,
Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal,
Donna Florida, a Tale,
Arcyos, or Songs of the South, 1846,
The Eye and the Wing,
The Cassique of Accabee, a Tale of Ashley River,
Michael Bonham, or the Fall of the Alamo,
The Kinsmen, or the Black Riders of the Congaree,
The Sword and the Distaff,
Richard Hurdiss, a Tale of Alabama,
Mellichampe, a Legend of the Santee,
The Partisan, a Tale of the Revolution,
War Poetry of the South,
Beauchampe, a Tale of Kentucky,
Helen Halsey, or the Swamp State of Conelachita,
Pelayo, a Story of the Goth,
Carl Werner, Confession of the Blind Heart,
Castle Dismal, or the Bachelor's Christmas,
History of South Carolina,
A Geography of South Carolina,
The Life of John Smith,
The Life of General Greene,
Views and Reviews of American History,
Egeria, or Voices of Thought and Counsel,
The Pro-Slavery Argument,
The True Sources of American Independence,
Poetry of the Practical,
The Moral Character of Hamlet.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *How is the Constitution divided?*
2. *How is the legislative power vested?*
3. *How are the senators chosen and for how long?*
4. *How many senators to a State?*
5. *How are the representatives elected, and for how long?*
6. *What number allowed each State?*
7. *In what is the executive power vested?*
8. *Of what is the Electoral College composed?*
9. *What is the duty of the President?*
10. *In what is the judicial power vested?*

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

MEDFORD, MASS.

1802.

1880.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Jefferson.

Hayes.

Mrs. Child was the daughter of David Francis, and was born at Medford, Mass., in 1802. Her father was a baker, a worthy, enterprising citizen whose "soft crackers" became so noted that he had orders from Russia and many other foreign countries. Lydia Francis's early education was limited, but her best instruction was received from her brother Convers, who was a Professor of Theology in Harvard College. Her first teacher, however, was "Marm Betty," whose school was kept in a very untidy bedroom, but whose warm heart and ready welcome attracted the children. At twelve she went to Norridgewock, Me., and there it was she read her first work of fiction. When she finished it she said, "Why cannot I write a novel!" The "spell was on her," and she seized the pen and did not put it down until the first chapter of her novel *Hobomok* was finished. She read it to her brother, who exclaimed: "But, Maria, did you *really* write this? Do you mean to say that it is *entirely* your own?" Thus encouraged she went to work and her book was published in 1824. Four years later she married David Lee Child, a young lawyer in full sympathy with her views and work. They lived for a time in Boston, New York, and Northampton, but in 1852 they moved to Wayland, which was ever afterwards their home, and there it was that most of Mrs. Child's literary work was done. Wayland was an out-of-the-way place, with few commercial conveniences and meagre communications with the outside world, but, all things considered, it was a good retreat for Mrs. Child. She was busy with her books, and could sympathize with the outer world in

thought, and the monotony and quiet ways of a sparsely peopled community were just what she described. As her neighbors expressed it, she did not want "much company"; she was too busy to give her time to it; "she came into town to be by herself." So prevalent was this feeling among her neighbors and friends, and so well known was her wish in the matter, that but few people called. But not alone by its seclusion was Wayland suited to be the home of the authoress. There was much there that was congenial in its character and in accord with her tastes. It was more than abreast of the average New England town in appreciation of authors and books. It was the first town in Massachusetts to establish a free library to be supported at public expense.

Mr. James Francis, her brother, lived at a well-kept farm about a half mile from Wayland. He was a fine specimen of the New England farmer of that time. He did not agree with his sister in her politics. She was an ultra-abolitionist; he was an old-line Democrat of the Jefferson-Jacksonian stripe, and decidedly more *pro* than *anti*-slavery in sentiment. He used to declare that his sister's views on the slavery question gave him great grief.

In 1833 she published her work *An Appeal in Behalf of that Class of Americans Called Africans*. "She met with a storm of indignation from an incensed public. Justice, charity and self-control were almost laid aside. She received harsh criticisms and censures from her literary associates, the malediction of foes, and the threatened withdrawal of patronage by a large portion of those who had previously delighted in her books. It is stated that a prominent lawyer of Massachusetts 'used tongs to fling the obnoxious volume out of his window.' But all this in no wise deterred her. She trusted to her motives, and felt that the cause was just. She said of this book: 'Should it be the means of advancing even one single hour the inevitable progress of truth and justice I would not exchange the consciousness of a duty performed for all Rothschild's wealth or Sir Walter's fame.'"

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, in speaking of this *Appeal*, says: "She was true to the generous sympathies of her own heart; but, did she carefully examine, in all its bearings, the cause she so ardently advocated? The philanthropist may do incalculable injury to humanity by urging a system of reform or relief which removes old abuses, it is true, but introduces and cherishes other and far greater evils. Had Mrs. Child taken the more quiet but far more effective mode of doing good to the colored race by aiding in establishing schools in Liberia; preparing and sending out free colored emigrants, who must there become teachers and exemplars to thousands and millions of the poor black heathen; if she had written for this mission of peace as she has poured out her heart in a cause only tending to strife, what blessed memorials of these long years would now be found to repay her disinterested exertions." Again she says: "Wherever there are two modes of attaining a righteous end, is it not better that our sex should follow that which requires ever the gentle ministry of love, mercy, and good works, than enter on that which stirs up partisan jealousy and the thousand evils attendant on political strife? Did Mrs. Child take the most efficient mode of doing good to the colored race?"

The home ways of the Child family were simple. Their manner of living was very plain. Mrs. Child did her own housekeeping, and in the art of cooking was considered an expert. A greater portion of the day was spent in writing and at night this was read aloud to her husband to secure his criticism and suggestions. Their dependence upon each other was mutual—each fully appreciated the other. Her husband once said to her, "I wish for your sake, dear, I was as rich as Cræsus." To which she replied, "You are Cræsus, for you are king of Lydia."

The house in which they lived was small and unpretending. The place was not designed for an authoress, but for some humble inhabitant of plain Wayland. Mrs. Child and her husband, however, were greatly attached to the little cottage. Their fur-

niture was plain and old-fashioned; a few pictures were upon the walls, and various keepsakes, some of them very choice, were about the room. After the death of Mr. Child a great deal of her interest in the place vanished. In writing to a friend she said, "I expect to go back to Wayland early in the spring; but however much I try, I cannot take the same interest, or make the little old nest seem like home, since I lost my kind old mate."

Mrs. Child never allowed any caged pets in her home. "She abhorred confinement of anything. Her liberty-loving spirit in its restless roving to set human captives free, took in the rights of God's lower creatures also." A family who for years lived in a part of the house, and for whom she had a great regard, brought with them a pair of white rabbits, pets for the children. They disappeared that night and no one asked any questions, knowing well what became of them.

Mrs. Child loved flowers and cultivated them around her little home. She had some very rare varieties which had been sent from Italy. Some one said she was as careful in covering her flowers in winter as a mother is in covering her children and making them comfortable for the night. As fond as she was of flowers she left a special request that not one should be brought to her funeral.

In 1880 she died. She had been complaining for some time, but was able to be up and dressed. She wrote to a friend, "The only strong wish I have is to retain my faculties to the last, and slip away quietly out of this world, so as not to give anybody any trouble." She requested to be buried in whatever place she died, but if there should be a burial ground for colored people near, she preferred to be buried in that. She especially requested not to be buried at Mount Auburn, as "it would be too near the Boston aristocracy."

The services were held at the house, the village clergyman officiating, but Wendell Phillips pronounced a eulogy upon her.

Her works are:

Hobomok,
 Philothea,
 The Coronal,
 Spring Flowers,
 Autumnal Leaves,
 Letters from New York,
 Fact and Fiction,
 The Power of Kindness,
 The Freedman's Book,
 The American Frugal Wife,

History and Condition of Women,
 The Mother's Book,
 The Girl's Book,
 Biographies of Good Wives,
 Aspirations of the World,
 The Progress of Religious Ideas,
 Looking Toward Sunset,
 Miria, a Romance of the Republic,
 The Rebels, or Boston before the Revolution,

An Appeal for the Class of Americans Called Africans.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who was the first President and when was he elected?*
2. *When and where was he inaugurated?*
3. *What departments constituted Washington's Cabinet?*
4. *Name the men who composed it.*
5. *What was the first step taken by Washington to provide for a revenue?*
6. *How great was the public debt at this time?*
7. *To what place was the Capital removed?*
8. *What city now stands where Fort Washington once stood?*
9. *When was the first National Bank established?*
10. *What was the fourteenth State admitted to the Union?*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.*

CUMMINGTON, MASS.

1794.

1878.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Washington.

Hayes.

"The patriarch of American literature is dead,
The faithful Christian lives ever more."

—H. W. Bellows, D.D.

"Bryant's poetry overflows with natural religion. With what Wordsworth calls the religion of the gods! The reverential awe of the irresistible pervades the verses entitled *Thanatopsis* and *Forest Hymn*, imparting to them a sweet solemnity which must affect all thinking hearts."—*Professor Wilson*.

"He had the wisdom of age in his youth, and the fire of youth in his age."—*Mark Hopkins*.

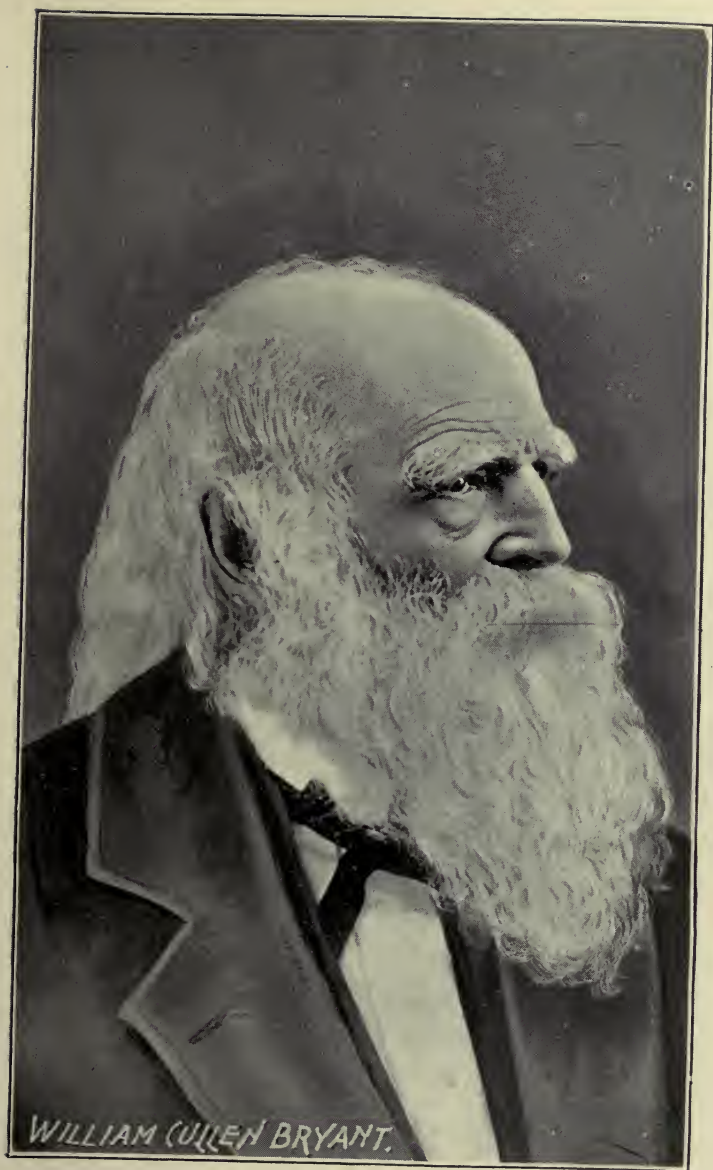
William Cullen was the second son of Dr. Peter Bryant, who, it is said, "was possessed of extensive literary and scientific acquirements, an unusually vigorous and well-disciplined mind, and an elegant and refined taste." It was his father who first encouraged the crude efforts of his boyhood, and in after years the poet feelingly alludes to him in his *Hymn to Death*:

"For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse and in the end of life
Offered me the Muses."

Bryant's mother was "sweet Sarah Snell," whose father was the terror of the small boys of Bridgewater, being a man of austere and authoritative manners. Dr. Peter Bryant, however, mustered the courage to ask him for his charming daughter, and followed him to Cummington, Mass., when he moved, and practiced medicine in the same village where his "sweetheart" lived. After their marriage they occupied the "Bryant Homestead," and there it was that William Cullen was born. He was named in honor of one of the most eminent physicians of that time, and it was the dream of his father that he should be educated for the medical profession. The child was unusually frail, but had an enormous head,—a head much too large for his delicate

*See illustration.

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

little body. This fact greatly distressed the learned doctor, and he studied in vain his medical books to find a remedy for "excessive cerebral development." He concluded to have the child carried to the spring and ducked daily in the clear, cold water. The little fellow protested against such treatment, but in spite of his screams and his mother's remonstrances, the two students appointed to carry out the treatment were faithful in the performance of their duty. His head did stop growing so rapidly, and his father discontinued the treatment. So precocious was the child that he walked before his first birthday, and knew all his letters before he was sixteen months old. He began to rhyme when very young and his grandfather gave him nine pence (about eighteen cents) for a rhymed version of the first chapter of Job, when he was only ten years old. His ambition was to be a poet and his boyhood's prayer was "to receive the gift of poetic genius, and write verses that might endure."

Bryant's first teacher was his mother, the best teacher a boy can have, but Mrs. Bryant, like the American woman of that day, had little education beyond the elementary studies; but while teaching her son the "three R's" she instilled into him those principles of religion which proved his guiding star through life. He was promoted from his mother's to his father's class, and afterwards to that of his uncle.

The fear of his Grandfather Snell, if nothing else, made William Cullen a good boy, for he describes to us in his autobiography the birchen rods which occupied a conspicuous place in the Bryant household. "This bundle of rods was esteemed as necessary a part of the furniture as the crane which hung in the kitchen fire-place, or the shovel and tongs; and like the eagle in the fable which was wounded by an arrow made from its own wing, so we boys were made to gather the very twigs intended for our castigation."

Reverence to elders was strictly enjoined upon the youths of that day and generation. Towards ministers of the Gospel this was particularly marked, and when the day rolled round for the

visit to the district school, all the boys were made to put on their Sunday clothes, and sit with prayerful attention to answer the questions asked from the Westminster Catechism, and after that to listen to the same address the minister would invariably give with each visit.

The people of those days were far more given to attendance upon public worship than they are now, and the boys were *made* to go to church. Every parish had its "tithing man," whose duty it was to keep his eye on the small boys, and if one was caught talking he was taken by the button and carried over to sit by the side of the monitor. The duty of the tithing man extended even to punishing all who profaned the Sabbath day, and to fine any who did not go to church.

The amusements of the day were "raisings," "huskings," "maple sugar boilings," "apple-parings," and "cider-makings," and the sports were running, wrestling, leaping, and baseball. Bryant took no part in any of these. He found more pleasure in books and in rambles through the valleys and over the hills near his father's home. He was a delicate child but very handsome; he was also very shy and reserved, and was a good student and had his lessons well mastered, and never during his entire college course received the disapproval of the faculty.

After being admitted to the bar he met Miss Francis Fairchild, whom he married. She was the light of his household for nearly fifty years, and she it was who inspired his poems, *O Fairest of the Rural Maids*, *The Future Life*, and *The Life that Is*. He had been in love once before when he was studying at Worthington, and had written verses to his beautiful lady-love. Her name is not mentioned, and we know not why he never married her.

Thanatopsis, by far his finest poem, was sent anonymously to the "North American Review." His father one day, while looking through some papers in his son's desk, came upon the manuscript of this poem dated six years before. He read the verses, and was so impressed by them that he hurried to the house of a friend and thrusting them into her hands exclaimed,

while the tears were running down his cheeks, "Read them; they are Cullen's!" He went to Boston a few days later and left them without a name with the editors of the "Review." This magazine was edited then by a set of literary young men who styled themselves "The North American Club." Richard Henry Dana was one of them. He read the poem carefully, recognized at once its merits, but doubted seriously if an American could have written it. He said, with a skeptical smile: "You have been imposed upon, gentlemen. No one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such a poem." In this opinion all his associates concurred. The authorship in some way was betrayed, and Dana went to find the Bryant who wrote the poem. Senator Bryant was pointed out instead of William Cullen. One look at the tall politician convinced him that he could never have written that poem; so he returned without an introduction. The poem, however, was published afterwards.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock

And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. And the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered by thy side,
By those, who in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Two-thirds of Bryant's life was a hard struggle with fortune. He acquired habits of economy, thanks to his frugal wife, and afterwards accumulated quite a fortune, and became well known for beneficent acts. He never could resist women's tears, and rarely had the courage to say *no* where money was involved.

He was the editor of the "Evening Post" in New York for some time. Purity of thought, simplicity of style, exquisite taste, characterized all that he wrote. Well could it be said of him, quoting his own words—

"Thou art gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form, yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lessons thou hast given."

"His literary life may be divided into three periods: First, that of his early manhood, where he gained his position as a poet of high rank, never to be shaken. Second, that of his middle age, when he appeared chiefly as a politician, where, in the estimation of many of his contemporaries, he was under a cloud of misapprehension and dislike. Third, the period of old age, when prosperity had returned to him, where his services to the interests of society were acknowledged and when men of all classes and parties seemed to take delight in doing him honor. Honors showered upon him came in such abundance as almost to overwhelm."

On May 29, 1876, Mr. Bryant was called upon to deliver an address on the unveiling of Mazzini's statue in Central Park, New York. After the address, Mr. Bryant accompanied Mr. J. G. Wilson to the home of the latter. Although the sun was very warm, he would not permit the use of an umbrella, saying that he enjoyed the warmth of the sunshine. He was leaning upon the arm of Mr. Wilson when they entered the vestibule. He released it in order that Mr. Wilson might open the inner door. Then, without the slightest warning, the venerable man fell suddenly backward, striking his silvered head upon the hard stone step. Every possible attention was shown him, but he never rallied from the blow, and after two weeks of patient suffering the grand old minstrel sang his way into the presence of his Maker.

The following pretty anecdote is told of Bryant, by a former associate in his newspaper office, which illustrates his simplicity of heart. Says the narrator:

"One morning many years ago, after reaching his office, and trying in vain to begin work, he turned to me and remarked:

"'I cannot get along at all this morning.'

"Why not?" I asked.

"'Oh!' he replied, 'I have done wrong. While on my way here a little boy flying a kite passed me. The string of the kite having rubbed against my face, I seized it, and broke it. The boy lost his kite, but I did not stop to pay him for it. I did wrong. I ought to have paid him.'"

This tenderness of conscience went far toward making the poet the kindly, noble, honorable, and honored man that he was, whose death was felt as a loss throughout the land.

His other works are:

The Embargo,
The Genius of Columbia,
Thanatopsis,
The Yellow Violet,
To a Waterfowl,
O, Fairest of the Rural Maids,
The Future Life,
The Life That Is,
October, 1866,
Green River,
A Winter Piece,
The West Wind,
The Evening Wind,
The Burial Place,
Blessed Are Those that Mourn,
No Man Knoweth His Sepulchre,
A Walk at Sunset,
Hymn to Death,
The Indian Girl's Lament,
An Indian Story,
An Indian at the Burial place of His
Father,
Monument Mountain,
The Massacre at Scio,
The Song of the Greek Amazon,
The Murdered Traveller,
Hymn to the North Star,
The Death of the Flowers,

Centennial Ode,
The Fountain,
An Evening Revery,
The Antiquity of Freedom,
The Crowded Street,
The Planting of the Apple Tree,
The Night Journey of a River,
The Sower,
The Flood of Years,
The Land of Dreams,
The Burial of Love,
The May Sun Sheds an Amber Light,
The Voice of Autumn,
Sella,
The Little People of the Snow,
The White-Footed Deer,
Thirty Poems,
Translation of the Iliad,
Translation of the Odyssey,
Rizpah,
Song of the Stars,
March,
The Gladness of Nature,
After a Tempest,
A Forest Hymn,
June,
A Summer Ramble,
Ode to Washington,

The Spanish Revolution.

PROSE WORKS.

Letters of a Traveller,
The Skelton Case,

Medfield,
Articles for Magazines.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Give the population of the United States in 1790.*
2. *Give it from the last census.*
3. *Why was Washington City so named?*
4. *What was the "Whiskey Rebellion"?*
5. *Who was the leader of the Federalists?*
6. *Who of the Anti-Federalists?*
7. *What was the difference in principles?*
8. *What question divided the third presidential election?*
9. *Why was no aid sent to France?*
10. *How did America feel towards France?*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.*

PORTLAND, ME.

1807.

1882.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

"I do not think I ever saw a finer human face."—*Charles Kingsley.*

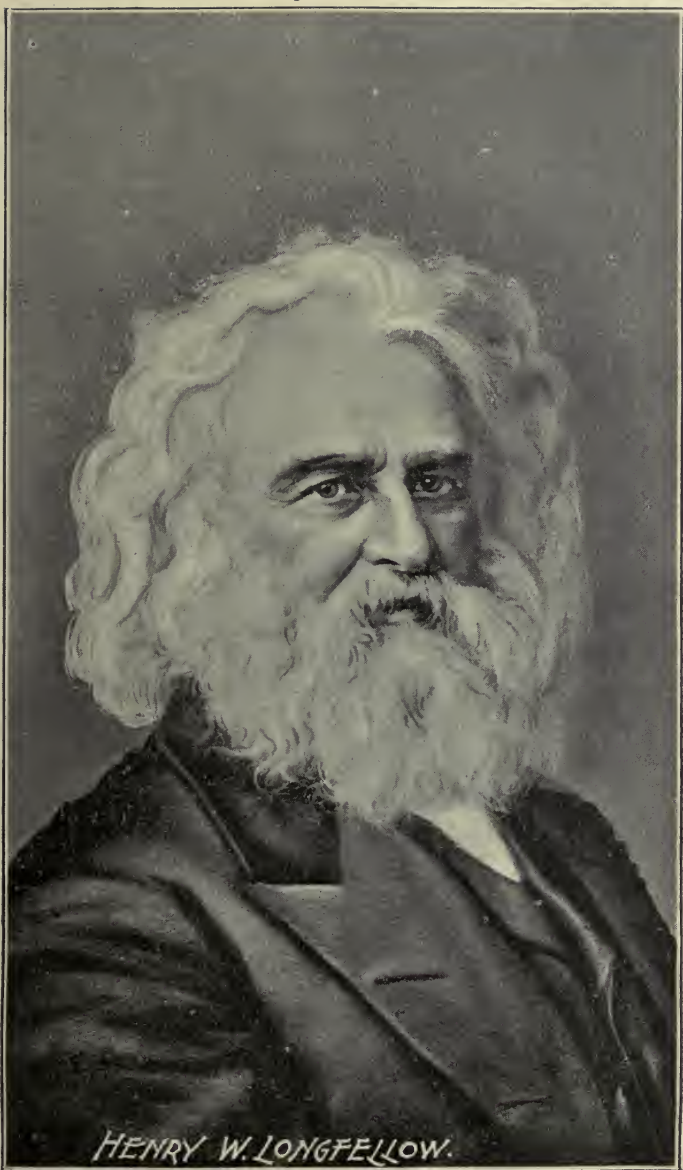
"He illustrates the gentler themes of song, and pleads for justice, humanity, and particularly the beautiful, with a poet's deep conviction of their eternal claims upon the instinctive recognition of the man."—*Rufus Griswold.*

"He wrote no line, which, dying, he would wish to blot out, and no line, which, living, he had not a right to be proud of."

If a man's surroundings make the man, we can well understand all that is lovely in Longfellow's nature. His grandfather General Peleg Wadsworth occupied an elegant mansion near Portland, Me. Here his mother passed her childhood, here she married, and here she spent the remaining years of her life. She was a very beautiful woman, fond of poetry and music, dancing and social gayety, and a profound lover of Nature in all her varied aspects. She was a tender and faithful wife, a loving and devoted mother, and her son in speaking of his correspondence with her said, "A line from her is more efficacious than all the homilies preached in Lent, and I find more incitement to virtue in merely looking at her handwriting than in a whole volume of ethics and moral discourses. Indeed, there is no book I enjoy so much, nor one from which I derive more profit than one of her letters." He evidently inherited from his mother his disposition and poetic temperament; from his father those high moral principles that were his safeguard through life. On the Longfellow side his great-grandfather was a blacksmith—a good family of English stock.

The child grew into boyhood affectionate, eager, sensitive, and noble. He was anxious to do right and it grieved him to do wrong. His tender heart mourned over the death of a robin,

* See illustration.



or the killing or harming of beast or bird. He never liked rude sports, and could endure the rough boys at the public school only one week. He spent his vacations at his grandfather Wadsworth's estate, and listened with delight to the stirring tales incident to Indian wars and Revolutionary times.

His surroundings were such as to make his childhood a season of great happiness. He was always fond of reverting to it. At nine years of age he was sent to a school taught by Mr. Finney, a kind good man, and a faithful teacher. An anecdote connected with this school is recorded of him. His teacher told him he must write a composition. Poor little Henry had never before been made to do such a thing and to his youthful mind it seemed an impossibility.

"You can write, can't you?" said Mr. Finney. "Yes," replied Henry, stammeringly. "Well, go behind the schoolhouse and find something to write about, and then tell all you know about it, and that will be a composition."

Henry picked up his slate and pencil, quite disconsolate, but went behind the barn and took his seat. While racking his brain for thoughts for a composition, he spied a turnip growing in the garden near by, so he wrote :

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip
And it grew behind the barn ;
And it grew, and it grew,
And the turnip did no harm ;
And it grew, and it grew
Till it could grow no taller,
When Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.
There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot,
When his daughter Susan washed it
And put it in the pot.
Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
As long as she was able,
When his daughter Lizzie took it,
And put it on the table.
Mr. Finney and his wife
Both sat down to sup,
And they ate, and they ate.
Until they ate the turnip up.

Mr. Finney, between tears and smiles, read this youthful production and saw visions of his pupil's future greatness. At ten years of age he wrote some verses, and stole out of his father's house one evening to drop them stealthily into the letter box of the newspaper office on the corner. He walked several times by the box fearing to be seen doing so audacious a deed, but finally when he thought no one was looking, he stood on tiptoe and reaching up dropped the poem in. Off he hurried with a fluttering heart. The next evening he walked up and down on the opposite side of the street to watch the printers at their work. He kept saying to himself, "Maybe they are printing my poem now." When the newspaper came he carried it to a secret corner and opened it with fear and trembling, and there, sure enough, was his poem heading the poet's corner.

The subject was "The Battle of Lovell's Pond," and the last two verses are :

"The warriors that fought for their country—and bled
Havesunk to their rest ; the damp earth is their bed,
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,
And victory's loud trump their death did proclaim ;
They are dead ; but they live in each Patriot's breast,
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest."

He often said in referring to this incident of his boyhood, "I don't think any other literary success of my life has made me quite so happy." He read and reread it and went over to a neighbor, Judge Mellen, to hear what he had to say about it. "Did you see the piece of poetry in to-day's paper?" he asked tremblingly. "Yes," replied the Judge, "very stiff, remarkably stiff, and moreover I believe every word of it was borrowed." Poor Henry's heart sank within him, and he hurried home to cry himself to sleep.

When fifteen he entered Bowdoin College with an older brother, and graduated second in his class. Some fifteen years after his graduation the Chair of Modern Languages and Literature was created that he might fill it. He had intended to study

law, but accepted the call from his Alma Mater, provided three years should be given him to travel in Europe in preparation for his work. Most of this time was spent in Germany, Italy, France, and Spain. Immediately upon his return he assumed his duties as professor on a salary of one thousand dollars a year, which in those days was considered very fine.

He was exceedingly popular with the students, and became a power in the University. He contributed to the "North American Review," and to other of the best periodicals of that day, but his pay was exceedingly small.

In 1831 he married Miss Mary Storer Potter, a famous beauty of Portland, to whom he had been long attached. The marriage was in every way suitable and pleasing to both families. She was very highly educated and possessed a mind of unusual power. She had a cheerful and amiable disposition, and everything promised happiness to the young professor. He commenced housekeeping in Brunswick in a house still standing. Here for five years he lived, writing in his leisure moments sketches of travel called *Outre Mer*. He kept a scrap-book of the notices of his writings, which he christened *Puffs and Counter Blasts*.

He began to long for a wider sphere, and when in 1835 he was offered a professorship in Harvard, he at once accepted. He sailed for Europe to make himself familiar with the Scandinavian languages, and pass further time in Germany. He was accompanied by his wife and two of her young lady friends. They met in London the Carlyles, to whom they had brought a letter of introduction from Mr. Emerson. Mr. Carlyle invited the party to take tea with him at Chelsea. Mrs. Longfellow wrote that they were just as much charmed with Mrs. Carlyle as with her husband.

At Amsterdam Mrs. Longfellow was taken violently ill. She seemed to recover and they journeyed on to Rotterdam, but there she died. Mr. Longfellow seemed stunned by her unexpected death. He took a carriage and travelled along the banks

of the Rhine, visiting castles and cathedrals and wonderful ruins of that picturesque land, but in a gloom that nothing could lighten. At Heidelberg he stopped to resume his studies, and here it was he met Bryant, who cheered and soothed him very much. The summer following his bereavement he spent in Switzerland. At Interlachen, that lovely little village among the Alps, he met Miss Francis Appleton, a Boston lady who was only nineteen years of age. A friendship between the two was formed, and the romance that followed the meeting may be found in the pages of *Hyperion*.

He returned to America in 1836 and assumed his duties at Cambridge. Here he formed friendships that were a life-long blessing and delight to him. The old Craigie House, famous as having been the headquarters of General Washington, was then a boarding-house. Longfellow wished to board there, and applied to the landlady for a room. "I don't take students to board," she replied to the youthful looking man. "But I am Professor Longfellow," he said. "Oh! then, you may come," was the answer. He was given the very room in which Washington had stayed. The historical associations charmed the professor, and at the death of the landlady his father-in-law, Mr. Appleton, bought the place for him.

His acquaintance with Miss Appleton had been renewed some time before this, and the poet was deeply devoted to her. It is said *Hyperion* won her. At that time he showed a fondness for gay colored clothing. "Longfellow was a man of society; an adept in the graces of the drawing-room; a lover of the theatre; a connoisseur of good dinners; a patron of fashionable tailors." Charles Dickens once wrote to him, "McDowell the boot-maker, Beale the hosier, Loffin the trouser-maker, and Blackmore the coat-cutter have all been at the point of death, but have slowly recovered. The medical men all agree that it was exhaustion, occasioned by early rising—to wait upon you."

Six years after the first meeting with Miss Appleton they were married. Longfellow was now a man of thirty-six and of

rapidly widening fame. About the time of his marriage his eyes began to fail and his wife furnished eyes for him by reading aloud to him, and writing for him a great deal for several years.

His college duties allowed him very little time for literary labors. What a pity to drudge through his best years, giving only the odds and ends of his time to his real life-work! Other men could have lectured to college boys, but how few could have written his poems.

Five little children had come into the family since the marriage, and poetry was so poor-paying an investment in those days that he did not dare give up his professorship. His ways with little children were wonderful. He always exerted himself to entertain them, and he would talk to them about their play-things and whatever interested them most. If a little girl, he would ask to see her dolls. "Not your fine ones that you keep for company," he would say to her, "but your every-day dolls." And the shabby little favorites, with battered noses, destitute of arms and legs, would be brought in to be shown to him.

Edith, his youngest daughter, was crying one day because the nurse was curling her hair. Her father took the fretting child upon his knee and said:

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
That hung right down her forehead;
And when she was good,
She was very good indeed,
But when she was bad, she was horrid!

The child could not help laughing, and the cry was over. At some literary gathering, some years after this, a lady was discussing with him the nonsensical rhymes attributed to learned poets, and said she could not conceive how people with any sense could write such stuff. "For instance," she continued, "There was a little girl," etc. Longfellow laughed heartily, and turning to his daughter sitting near, said: "Why, Edith, didn't I say that about you?" "Yes," she replied, "when I would not have my hair curled."

Longfellow always set apart twilight, the hour when the lamps

were lighted, as "The Children's Hour," and he allowed no duties to interfere with it.

He rose at five o'clock every morning that he might have time enough to send the autographs asked each day, "because," he said, "somebody would be made the happier thereby." A schoolgirl wrote for an original poem. "I could not write it," said Mr. Longfellow, "but I tried to say *no* so softly that she would think it better than *yes*."

He never spoke impatiently of any one, unless it was of a certain class of critics who delight in spoiling an author's reputation. He himself was always so helpful to young writers and was tolerant to the last degree of other people's faults.

The last twenty years were inexpressibly saddened by the loss of his wife. Her death was particularly sad. She had been melting sealing wax to amuse her little children, when some of it fell upon her dress, and in a few moments she was in flames. Mr. Longfellow was badly burned in trying to save her, and was confined to his bed when the funeral took place. She was buried on the anniversary of her marriage day, and was crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms. She was long remembered in Cambridge as the most beautiful woman of her time, beautiful not only in body, but in spirit and life.

No mention of his loss was ever made in any of his published verse; indeed, he could speak of it to no one, but after her death his poetry was much sadder. He felt the approach of old age without her beloved companionship to be intolerable, but his children were very loving and dutiful, and they gradually occupied his thoughts and cheered his solitude. He was a famous man and the world made many demands upon him. He had as intimate friends, Sumner, Felton, Hawthorne and Agassiz. His friendship with Charles Sumner was beautiful. It was Sumner to dine, Sumner to tea, Sumner to pass the night, and they were never separated for any length of time without notes passing between them.

Sumner was one of the "Five of Clubs," which was after-

wards dubbed the "Mutual Admiration Society," on account of the favorable reviews of each other's articles. The other four members were Longfellow, Hilliard, Cleveland and Felton.

Mr. Longfellow always enjoyed a joke at his own expense, and would laugh heartily when telling it. A party of Englishmen once told him as there were no *ruins* in this country to see, they thought they would come to see *him*. On another occasion a western "hoosier" knocked at the door of the Craigie House, and when the owner appeared, inquired if that was the house in which George Washington had once lived. "It is," said Mr. Longfellow. "Well, by the way, may I inquire who occupies it at the present time?" "Certainly," said the poet, "Longfellow is my name." "Longfeller, Longfeller—you don't mean Henry W. Longfeller?" "That's my name," was the answer. "Well I own that beats me. I thought Longfeller died long before Washington was born."

He would receive all sorts of letters with unreasonable, and sometimes ludicrous demands. One man wrote:

DEAR SIR:

As you are getting very old, and are likely to drop off at any time, I thought I had better get your autograph as soon as possible.

Very truly, etc.

Mr. Longfellow always answered every request that came, even when the return postage failed to be sent. "It will do no harm," he would say, "and to refuse might hurt the feelings of some worthy person."

A pretty tribute was paid to him while he was in England. It was known that he would visit the Queen on a certain day, and, as he passed along the corridors, he was surprised to find so many people peeping from doors and windows to see him. The Queen herself was a little disturbed by it, and upon inquiring into the cause found that the servants had been listening to the Prince of Wales as he read *Evangeline* to his children, and they said they wanted to see the author of that beautiful poem.

His library contained many relics which he prized: the ink-

stand which Coleridge used when writing his "Ancient Mariner," an iron pen made from the fetter of Bonnivard the prisoner of Chillon, the old clock on the stair, the chair made from the chestnut tree under which the "village smithy" stood, and many souvenirs of Washington. He always enjoyed showing these to visitors, and would enter into minute details regarding each. Longfellow certainly possessed the art of growing old gracefully. How few literary men show such unselfish and lovable traits of character!

He was a poet in the true sense of the word, for he swept every chord of tenderness, beauty and pathos, and lightened the sorrows and heightened the joys of every home.

Hawthorne gave him the story of *Evangeline*. It had been given to him for a novel, but he had declined using it, so suggested it to Longfellow. This is undoubtedly his best poem. He has been accused of plagiarism in his *Hiawatha*, copying the style and meter from "Kalevala," but the charge must be unjust. Other coincidences more startling have occurred in poetry and prose. His articles against slavery were written when returning from Europe the first time. His convictions were very strong on this subject, and were made stronger still when Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, caned Charles Sumner, his friend, in the Senate.

He died in the seventy-fifth year of his age, surrounded by family and friends. They buried him in Mount Auburn. "The singer is gone, but his songs remain." A marble bust stands in Westminster Abbey, the only American poet so honored, for he lives in the hearts of the people of both hemispheres.

His other works are :

Kavanagh,
Aftermath,
Pandora,
Poems of Places,
Keramos,
The Voices of the Night,
The Golden Legend,
New England's Tragedies,
The Hanging of the Crane,

The Builders,
Paul Revere's Ride,
Excelsior,
Resignation,
Outre Mer,
Miles Standish,
Tales of a Wayside Inn,
England and Wales,
Ultima Thule.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *When did Washington die?*
2. *Who delivered the funeral oration?*
3. *When did Congress first assemble in Washington City?*
4. *What was the "Alien Law"?*
5. *What was the "Sedition Law"?*
6. *When did the Democratic party originate?*
7. *What was Jefferson's first act of administration?*
8. *What laws were repealed?*
9. *What was the "Louisiana Purchase"?*
10. *What sum was paid for Louisiana?*

EDWARD EVERETT.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

1794.

1865.

Edward Everett, born at Dorchester, Mass., was for a short time a pupil of Daniel Webster. Boys naturally imitate young men older than themselves, so it may have been from this teacher, who was only twelve years his senior, that Edward Everett learned that love of country and devotion to her principles which ever characterized him through life. Can we not almost hear the pupil exclaim with the master: "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country!" Admiration leads to imitation, so may we not also trace the teacher in the orator? It is true that the boy of eight was a pupil of the man of twenty for only a very short period of time, but that association brought about a lifetime friendship between the two men.

Everett's father moved to Boston to educate his sons, and lived on Essex street. The older boy, Alexander Hill Everett, was then in Harvard, and it was decided that Edward, who was only ten, must begin the study of Greek to prepare for his entrance examination. The family were too poor to buy two grammars, so the little fellow was forced to walk each day from Essex street through Washington street and over the lonely road to Harvard to secure his brother's book. Then it was his connection with the college began, and it lasted through sixty-one years. He was a student four years, a tutor two, a professor nine, the president three, a director two, and up to the day of his death held a lectureship.

Everett's place in American literature is due rather to the impulse he gave to letters than to what he himself added to them. He was in every way fitted to give to the world able works but his busy life forbade.

He entered Harvard at thirteen years of age, and during his

entire course was looked upon as a prodigy of youthful genius. He edited a college magazine called the "Harvard Lyceum," and won for himself a reputation as a strong and forcible writer. At seventeen he was graduated with the highest honors of his class. At eighteen he became a tutor, and at the same time carried on his theological studies. During this year (1812) he delivered a very spirited poem on the "American Poets." At nineteen he was ordained a minister, and became distinguished at once as an orator. At twenty he was elected Professor of Greek at Harvard, and asked permission to travel and study in Europe four years in order to fit himself for his duties.

While in England he was very kindly received by the literary men of the day. Scott entertained him delightfully at Abbotsford; he also met Byron, Jeffrey, Campbell, Mackintosh, and Davy. He spent a winter in Italy and Greece, where he made a special study of the ancient classics and modern languages; and while abroad he studied the history and principles of civil and public law as then taught in the German universities, and made a thorough examination into the political systems of Europe.

On his return he entered upon his duties as professor, and succeeded in giving an impulse to the study of Greek by a course of lectures upon Greek literature. These lectures were at first delivered to his class, but afterwards he was urged to repeat them before large audiences in Boston. It was in 1824 that he delivered his noted oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. His subject was: "Circumstances Favorable to the Progress of Literature in America." People came in crowds to hear him, attracted partly by his reputation as an orator and partly through a curiosity to see Lafayette, who was to be by the orator's side. They listened to him with enthusiasm and delight, as he painted in glowing hues the political, the social, and the literary future of our country. His closing words were a tribute to Lafayette, and his hearers were left in a state of emotion too deep for tumultuous applause. It was a wonderful effort.

The following year he was nominated, without his knowledge, and elected to Congress. While a professor he edited the "North American Review." His chief object was to imbue it with a national spirit, and so he contributed articles defending with great energy our country from the attacks made upon it by foreigners.

He remained in Congress ten years, was Governor of Massachusetts, being three times re-elected, and was the first to organize boards of education, normal schools, and agricultural surveys of the State. He was sent to Great Britain as Minister Plenipotentiary when Wm. H. Harrison was President. He secured for our country the right to fish in the Bay of Fundy. He was recalled to become President of Harvard. Then it was he collected his speeches and orations and had them published in two volumes. Upon Daniel Webster's death he became Secretary of State under Fillmore, and edited Webster's works in six volumes, writing for them an elaborate memoir. He served in the United States Senate one year, and it was then that he opposed the Kansas-Nebraska bill. He was nominated for Vice-President, but was defeated. His health failed, and he took his family to Europe, and there remained until the state of politics in his own country brought him home.

When Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham proposed that the government should buy Mt. Vernon, Everett entered heartily into the project. He delivered an address in Boston on the *Character of Washington*, which he repeated one hundred and fifty times, and gave the proceeds to this fund. He also gave ten thousand dollars earned by him from articles written for the "New York Ledger," so that in all he gave towards the object one hundred thousand dollars.

When the Civil War began he was zealous in supporting the Union, although he tried to avert the conflict.

When he heard of Sherman's march through Georgia, and the suffering of the people in Savannah, he delivered an address, the proceeds of which were sent to the relief of the inhabitants.

He caught cold from exposure at this time, and died January 15, 1865, just five days after the lecture.

Everett's theory was that any man can do fairly well anything that he honestly tries to do. He undertook whatever work lay before him, and did it successfully. (He became distinguished as an orator, as a man of letters, as a statesman, and as a diplomatist.) Had he labored simply in the line of literary work there is no doubt but that he would have left even a greater monument to his genius than is found in his speeches and orations.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who was Chief Justice John Marshall?*
2. *What work did he accomplish for the good of his country?*
3. *What caused the duel between Hamilton and Burr?*
4. *What became of Aaron Burr?*
5. *What was the "Embargo Act"?*
6. *What were the "Order in Council" and "Milan Decree"?*
7. *How did they affect the commerce of the United States?*
8. *Who invented the first steamboat?*
9. *What was the boat called?*
10. *Why did Jefferson decline a third term?*

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

NORWICH, CONN.

1791.

1865.

WRITER OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL ERA.

John Adams.

Lincoln.

"When I think of the genuine love of man and nature, the sincere moral helpfulness, and the half-a-hundred blameless volumes of Mrs. Sigourney, I regret that literary justice permits the critic to do no more than chronicle the death of her fame."—*Richardson*.

Although we are not inclined to think that precocity necessarily foreshadows genius, yet we must acknowledge that distinguished writers have in childhood displayed remarkable powers.

Lydia Huntley, the only child of Ezekiel Huntley and Sophia Wentworth, was one of those precocious children who astounded all who knew her. At three years of age she was "reading fluently," and at eight years of age we find her like Pope, "lipping in numbers"; a graduate at fifteen, and a teacher before she was nineteen. It is interesting to study the causes which led to the development of her genius; when we find her the only child of her parents without brothers and sisters to share her lot; trained in habits of order and diligence by a wise and judicious mother; accustomed to companionship with elders from babyhood,—we can well see how her intellect became cultivated at a very early age.

She was sent to a boarding school in Hartford and after completing her education became associated with Miss Hyde as a teacher at Norwich, her native place. The school was successful, for she proved an exception to the rule, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country"; but when two years later she was offered a better position, she felt it her duty to go to Hartford. She had not been able to secure a publisher for her sketches and poems. She had in the midst of her teaching work continued to "scribble as she had done as a child," al-

ways having faith that something would develop to enable her to let the world know the thoughts which had found expression.

Some early contributions to the journals attracted the attention of Daniel Wadsworth, a very wealthy and intelligent gentleman of Hartford. He persuaded her to collect her writings and publish them in a volume, and by his liberal means she was enabled to do this. In 1815 the little volume appeared under the modest title of *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse*. The book had little real merit to commend it, but its reputation was due doubtless to indirect influence, and it was only the beginning of what she was to accomplish afterwards. She has been called the "American Hemans."

In 1819 she married Mr. Charles Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford, of cultivated literary attainments. He was proud of the poetical ability of his wife, and encouraged her to pursue her work. Her whole object seemed to be to try to do some good in the world, and although British critics accused her of imitating Mrs. Hemans and attempted to disparage her genius, American critics were very kind and considerate. One defined her powers thus, "Mrs. Sigourney's works express with great purity and evident sincerity the tender affections which are so natural to the female heart, and the lofty aspirations after a higher and better state of being which constitute the truly ennobling and elevating principle in art as well as nature. Love and religion are the unvarying elements of her song; if her powers of expression were equal to the purity and elevation of her habits of thought and feeling, she would be a female Milton or a Christian Pindar. In blank verse she is very successful. The poems she has written in this measure have not unfrequently much of the manner of Wordsworth and may be nearly or quite as highly relished by his admirers."

With all her literary work Mrs. Sigourney did not neglect her higher and nobler work of wife and mother. She showed as much skill in domestic duties and household matters as though these alone formed her pursuits. She only pursued literary

studies for recreation. Just think what she accomplished! She wrote forty-six books, besides two thousand articles which she contributed to three hundred periodicals.

Truly may it be said that she taught us "the melody of heaven." To her every mourner should go, not to learn of the melancholy of the tomb, but of the *Resurrection and the Life*. She elevates the hopes of the Christian, and chastens the thoughts of the worldly-minded. Her *Letters to Mothers* exhorts them to exercise aright the power they have over the unformed character of the child, that it is the province of the mother to teach, for wise men in all ages have so believed. As they have attained their degrees from the "College of Instruction" they must fashion their pupils after their own example. Children are natural imitators, and she warns mothers to guard against those habits which will be carried into another generation and brought up as witnesses of their neglect. She advocates that a woman can be a truer patriot by teaching at her own fireside lessons of wisdom, integrity, and peace, than were she to "thunder in senates, usurp dominion, or seek the clarion blasts of fame." She believes in women having some employment by which they can obtain a livelihood in case of necessity, and she urges mothers so to educate their daughters, that if reverses should come, poverty shall not follow, and they need not feel dependent and helpless.

Mrs. Sigourney was a friend alike to the poor, the blind, the deaf, the idiot, and the slave. She economized in her wardrobe and luxuries that she might aid the needy. Her life was one of earnest, active philanthropy. In 1840 she travelled in Europe, and upon her return wrote *Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands*. Then followed *Scenes in My Native Land*.

Not alone for her writings do we remember Mrs. Sigourney, but for her consecration to human good. She was inspired by faith, which was nourished by the Word of God, and she will live in the memory of coming generations as a beautiful illustration of the power to sanctify and enlarge the influence of woman. *The Faded Hope*, written at the death of her only son, just as he

had attained the age of nineteen, when all a mother's hope was centered in him, is a touching and beautiful memorial of this severe bereavement.

Her books were much read in England and France. The Queen of France presented her with a diamond bracelet as a token of her esteem. Addison was her model in prose as Mrs. Hemans was in verse. We, with Richardson, regret that to the critic of to-day is left only the task of chronicling the death of her fame.

Her works are :

Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse,
 Traits of the Aborigines,
 Biography of Females,
 Evening Readings in History,
 Memoir of Phebe Hammond,
 Tales and Essays for Children,
 History of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus,
 Girl's Reading Book,
 Boy's Reading Book,
 Pocahontas and Other Poems,
 Child's Book,
 Poems for the Sea,
 The Lovely Sisters,
 Weeping Willow,
 Illustrated Poems,
 Letters to Pupils,
 Examples of Life and Death,
 Memoir of Mrs. Harriet Newell Cook,
 Past Meridian,

Biography and Writings of A. M. Hyde,
 Sketch of Connecticut,
 Biography of Pious Persons,
 Letters to Young Ladies,
 Sketches and Tales. Poetry for Children,
 Zinzendorff and Other Poems,
 Olive Buds,
 Letters to Mothers,
 Religious Poems,
 Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands,
 Scenes in My Native Land,
 Voice of Flowers,
 Myrtis and Other Sketches,
 Water Drops,
 Whisper to a Bride,
 Olive Leaves,
 The Faded Hope,
 The Western Home and Other Poems,
 Sayings of the Little Ones, and Poems for
 their Mothers.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. Who succeeded Jefferson? *Madison*
2. To what party did he belong? *Democratic former Rep.*
3. What caused the war with Tripoli? *commerce*
4. When was the second war declared with England?
 What led to it? *1812*
5. How long did this war last? *to 1814*
6. Who said, "We have met the enemy and they are
 ours"? *Herry*
7. Who said, "Don't give up the ship"? *Perwelle*
8. When and by whom was "Star Spangled Banner"
 written? *Key 1779*
9. When was peace declared with England? *1814 treaty*
10. Was the question that occasioned the war ever de-
 cided? *no.*

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET.

AUGUSTA, GA.

1790.

1870.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

John Adams.

Grant.

"His pen was never idle."

Longstreet is an old Dutch name. The Langstraats first came to America about 1657. They were always known as ingenious and energetic people. The mother of Augustus Baldwin Longstreet had Norman blood in her veins, and could trace her lineage to 1607; so the sturdy Dutch and the vivacious, high-spirited Norman mingled in the blood of the boy. The outcome was a many-sided man—strong, courageous, humorous, and devout.

It was from the mother, Hannah Longstreet, that the boy received his rich inheritance of physical and moral capabilities. The law of heredity is that great men have great mothers, so like Hannah of old, the prayers of this faithful mother were answered in the career of the illustrious son.

The boy was not happy at school, for he did not like to study and he tells us himself that his teachers thought him a dunce, and treated him accordingly. Those were the days of brutalities and dunce-blocks. The boy was perched upon a stool and made to stand there for hours with a paper cap upon his head. One can imagine the mortification this must have brought to a timid, shrinking nature. A happy time came when his father moved to Edgefield District, S. C. He revelled then in the freedom of the country. His highest ambition was to "outrun, outjump, outshoot and overthrow any man in the district."

After two years he went back to the Richmond Academy, which he always called "that hated penitentiary." An incident,

however, occurred at this time to change his whole life. By some good providence George McDuffie was his room-mate and bedfellow. George devoured with greediness every paper and book that he could lay his hand upon, and as he supposed his room-mate would be as eager for knowledge as he himself, he always read aloud. It was thus that Longstreet acquired his first taste for reading. He noticed that his room-mate knew twice as much as he did after the reading of the same books and papers. A determination seized him to rival him, if possible, and he began reading with care, and studying what he read, and the result was marvelous.

After two years he left Richmond Academy and was put under the guidance of Dr. Moses Waddell in South Carolina. His mental development was rapid and steady during these years. There is no estimating the influence of this Christian teacher upon the mind of the youthful pupil. The fragrance of his noble and beautiful life still lingers in the circles where he was known.

His stay in Carolina was productive of growth in political opinions as well as in character and book-learning. Taking sides with the State-Rights party at this time, he never left it. He was public-spirited and intensely patriotic, and when in after years the battle waxed hot, he was restive until he entered the lists.

In 1811 he joined the junior class in Yale. He had been so well prepared by Dr. Waddell, that he had no difficulty in taking the prescribed course there. He said that the two years spent there were the happiest of his life. He not only loved all the professors at Yale, but he had a tender regard for all the people of New Haven. "That the young Georgia student who was all his life so intense in his Southern feelings, found the people of New Haven so congenial to him, just like the people he had loved all his life—is not at all strange, for ignorance is the mother of prejudice."

After graduation he entered the law school in Litchfield,

Conn. While there he "sat under the ministry" of Lyman Beecher, that giant in his day. No doubt he was one of the architects of Longstreet's character and career. He frequently alluded, with tears in his eyes, to the romance connected with his classmate Alexander Fisher and one of the daughters of Dr. Beecher. They were engaged to be married, and were in every way congenial. Fisher was sent to England on business connected with the college, and on his return was shipwrecked and lost. This strange providence really made Longstreet doubt that there could be a God.

Returning to Georgia, he commenced the practice of law in 1815. His success was very rapid, and the people of the State soon realized that they had among them a young man endowed with genius of the highest order, and they took him to their hearts at once. Georgia has always been a good mother to her children, and when young Longstreet began to show the material of which he was made, he found himself enveloped in an atmosphere of warm and friendly feeling.

His reputation soon filled the State, and he was known as a finished and eloquent orator. His quick sympathies and generous nature made him very zealous and effective in the defence of all cases, but especially so in that of criminal cases.

He identified himself so fully with his client that he usually won judge and jury to him. It is related of him that on one occasion he was defending a poor half-witted fellow, the son of a widow, for stealing sheep. The proofs of the client's guilt were so plain that the only hope was to work upon the sympathies of the jury. He pictured the idiot most eloquently and pathetically as a fatherless youth, deprived of all parental guidance or discipline, the only support of his poor widowed mother—her last hope, and her only remaining comfort in the world. He pictured the sorrows and the hardships of that mother, if the boy should be convicted. The presiding judge, the jury, and the spectators were greatly moved at this overwhelming appeal. Longstreet himself was so wrought up by

the sympathy he had enlisted that he exclaimed, "Look, gentlemen of the jury, look at my client as he sits there bathed in tears. You hold his fate in your hands." Turning as he spoke, the eyes of all in the court-room followed him, and there, behold! his client sat with a vacant stare munching a huge ginger cake! The court-room became convulsed with laughter, and Longstreet lost his case. The next year, 1822, he was made a judge, and it is as Judge Longstreet we know him best. His irrepressible humor, while it relieved the tedium of the court-room, never exceeded the bounds of judicial decorum and good taste.

It was while in Greensboro, Ga., on professional business that he met Miss Frances Eliza Parke. This was a case of love at first sight, and the young lawyer set about winning this gentle, sweet-faced maiden. It was not a long courtship, for he was too ardent a lover for that, and she too little a coquette. They were married in 1817, when he was twenty-seven, and she a few years younger. They lived together fifty-one years, and after her death in 1878 he paid this tribute to her: "During all these years she never uttered one word or did one thing to wound my feelings." Judge James Jackson said she was a serious but a cheerful person, and not only looked like an angel but ministered to her husband as only an angel could. After marriage they lived in Greensboro twelve years, and there their oldest son was born and there he died. His mother-in-law died at the same time, and her husband's resignation at her death proved to Longstreet that there was something in religion which brought a comfort of which he knew nothing. He began at once to question about it, and he did not rest until both his wife and himself became Christians. He gave up all chances and prospects of earthly preferments and joined the Methodist Conference to devote his life to the cause of his Master. He was first stationed in Augusta and was there during the scourge of yellow fever in 1828, and was untiring in his attention to the sick, the dying, and the dead.

It was some years after this, in 1840, that he became a teacher. It is strange to think of him in that capacity, as it was so contrary

to all natural expectations, or to any plan or purpose of his own; but the Methodists felt the need of a college in the State under the control of their denomination. They knew there was a risk to run in calling Longstreet to the presidency of Emory, but it proved, however, that teaching was a gift with him. He did in that line the best work of his life, and his influence over his students cannot be estimated. He not only effected the intellectual and moral development of those under his charge, but directed their political opinions as well. Georgia would have been a different Georgia without him. He was a Nullifier, standing with Calhoun on extreme State-Rights doctrine against the official head of the Democratic party at that time.

He was also President of the Centenary College, Louisiana, and the University of Mississippi, and the South Carolina College, at Columbia.

It is Longstreet the writer that we should deal with in this sketch. He was always full of humor, and caught all that had fun in it. There lived in Georgia an element, which is scattered throughout the South, called "crackers" or "po' white trash" by the negroes. These people were well-behaved and honest but very ignorant. They had a dialect of their own—a dialect which still lingers in the rural districts of Georgia. Sketches of these people were brought out by Judge Longstreet, and the book was called *Georgia Scenes*. These scenes will be laughed over in Georgia as long as any memory of this class of people exists. Harper Brothers issued the book, and it had a wonderful sale, but after the author became a Christian he was very much ashamed of these *Scenes* because of the coarse expressions contained in them, and tried to destroy all traces of the work.

Miss Nancy's Bureau is one of this collection:

A few days ago I called to spend an hour in the afternoon with Mr. Slang, whose wife is the mother of a child about eight months old.

While I was there the child, in the nurse's arms in an adjoining room, began to cry.

"You, Rose," said Mrs. Slang, "quiet that child!"

Rose walked with it, and sang to it, but it did not hush.

"You, Rose! if you do not quiet that child, I lay I make you."

"I is tried, ma'am," said Rose, "an' he won't get hushed." (Child cries louder.)

"Fetch him to me, you good-for-nothing hussy, you. What's the matter with him?" reaching out her arms to receive him.

"I dun no, ma'am."

"Ahe!—uhun—uho—uha'am!" (mocking and grinning at Rose.)

As Rose delivered the child she gave visible signs of dodging just as the child left her arms; and that she might not be disappointed Mrs. Slang gave her a box, in which there seemed to be no anger mixed at all, and which Rose received as a *matter of course*, without even changing countenance under it.

"Da den!" said Mrs. Slang. "Come elonge muddy. Did nassy Yosey pague muddy's thweety chilluns?" pressing the child to her bosom and rocking it backward and forward tenderly. "Muddins will whippy ole nassy Yosey?"

"Da den" (knocking playfully at Rose), "muddins did whippy bad Yosey." (Child continues to cry.)

"Why, what upon earth ails the child? Rose you've hurt this child somehow or other."

"No, ma'am, cla' I didn't; I was jis sett'n down dar in de rock'n chair long side o' Miss Nancy's bureau, an' wa'n't doin' nothing 't all to him, jis playing wid him, and he jis begin to cry heself, when nobody wa'n't doin' nothin' 't all to him, and nobody wa'n't in dar nuther sept jis me an' him, an' I was—"

"Thing—uhing—uhing! and I expect you hit his head against the bureau."

"Let muddy see where ole bad Yosey knocky heady gin de bureaus. Muddy will see," taking off the child's cap and finding nothing. (Child cries louder.) "Muddy's baby was hongry. Dat was what ails muddy's darling, thweety ones. 'Twas cho hongry, an' nobody would give little darling any sings 't all for eaty? Nobody would gim thweety ones any sings fo' eat 't all?" (Child rolls and kicks and screams worse than ever.)

"Hush! you little brat! I believe it's nothing in the world but crossness. Hush!" (shaking it.) "Hush, I tell you—"

"Why, surely, a pin must stick the child. Yes, was e bad pin did ticky chilluns. Let muddy see where de uggy pin did ticky dear prettous cretur."

"Why, no, it isn't a pin. Why, what can be the matter with the child! It must be the colic, surely. Rose, go bring the paregoric off the mantelpiece. Yes, muddy's prettous darly baby did have e tolic. Dat was what ail muddy's baby." (Pressing it to her bosom, and rocking it. Child cries on.)

Rose brought the paregoric, handed it, dodged, and got her expectations realized as before.

"Now, go bring me the sugar and some water."

Rose brought them and delivered both without the customary reward; for at that instant the child, being laid perfectly still on the lap, hushed.

The paregoric was administered, and the child received it with only a whimper now and then. As soon as it received the medicine, the mother raised it up and it began to cry.

"Why, help my soul, what's the matter with the child? What have you done to him, you little hussy?"

"Cla' missis, I ain't done noth'n 't all; was jist settin' down da by Miss Nancy's bu—"

"You know you hurt him. Hush my baby, don't you cry, your sweetheart will come by'm'by. Da de dum dum dum day, da de dum diddle dum dum day." (Child cries on.)

"Lord help my soul and body, what can be the matter with my baby? Something is the matter with it, I know it is" (laying the child in her lap and feeling its arms to see if it flinched at the touch of any particular spot). And the child did cry less than before while she was feeling it.

"Yes, dat was it; wanted litty arms yubbed. Mud will yub its sweet little arms." (Child yells again.)

"What upon earth can make my baby cry so!" rising and walking to the window. (The child hushes.)

"Yes, dat was it; did want e look out e windys. See the petty chickens! O-o-o-h! look at the beauty rooster! Yonders old Aunt Betty. See old Aunt Betty pickin' up chips? Yes, old Aunt Betty is pickin' up chips fo' bake bicky fo' good chilluns. Good Aunt Betty fo' making bicky fo' sweet baby's supper." (Child cries again.)

"Hoo-o-o! see de windy," knocking on the window. (Child screams.)

"You Rose, what have you done to this baby? You little hussy, you, if you don't tell how you hurt him I'll whip you as long as I can find you."

"Missis, I cla' I never done noth'n 't all to him. I was jist setti'n down da by Miss Nancy's bureau—"

"If you say Miss Nancy's bureau to me again I'll stuff Miss Nancy's bureau down your throat. I'm as sure you've hurt him as if I'd seen you do it. How did you hurt him, I say?"

Rose, at the peril of having Miss Nancy's bureau stuffed down her throat, dared not speak, so stood mute.

"Julia," said Mr. Slang, "bring the child to me and let me see if I can discover the cause of his crying.

He removed the baby's cap, and beginning at the crown of its head, he extended the search slowly and cautiously downward, accompanying the eye with the touch of the finger. He had not proceeded far before he discovered in the right ear of the child a small feather, the cause, of course, of all its wailing. The cause removed, the child soon changed its tears to smiles, greatly to the delight of all, and to none more than to Rose.

At an early age he began to write for the press, and was known for his aptness at "speech-making." His pen was never idle, and after he moved to Augusta he contributed to the "Augusta Sentinel," which was consolidated with the "Chronicle." His chief periodical contributions are to be found in "The Methodist Quarterly," "The Southern Literary Messenger," "The Southern Field and Fireside," "The Magnolia," and "The Orion."

As the author of *Georgia Scenes* and *Master William Mitten* he was the first in the South to seize the comic aspects of life. When the articles which had appeared in magazines were collected and published in book form, the Harpers said that no more popular book had ever issued from the press than *Georgia Scenes*. His friends urged him to let them revise and republish it, but he refused. In spite of this they did it, and the Harpers sold eight thousand copies in a very short time.

Longstreet was noted for his epistolary correspondence, and ranks among the best in this delightful accomplishment.

Judge Longstreet was notoriously ugly, and it is related of him that when he went to Litchfield to attend the law school he was immediately presented with the "big-horned knife." It seems that the custom of the college was to give this knife to the ugliest boy, so very soon after his arrival a student stepped

up to him and handing him the knife said, "Look here, man, this knife belongs to you." "No," said Longstreet, "I never saw that knife before." "However," retorted the boy, "before you came it was mine, but I swear you are uglier than I am; take it."

In 1870 the genial writer, the Christian minister, the successful teacher passed away full of years and honors.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What did the bill to admit Missouri into the Union purport?*
2. *What was the Missouri Compromise?*
3. *Who was Lafayette? When did he revisit America?*
4. *When and how was Florida ceded to the United States?*
5. *What was the Whig Party?*
6. *Name some of the champions of that party.*
7. *What is meant by protective tariff?*
8. *What two ex-Presidents died the same day?*
9. *Which was the older of the two ex-Presidents?*
10. *How many years had it been since the Declaration of Independence?*

OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT.

NEAR AUGUSTA, GA.

1810.

1877.

“Octavia—what—the Eight? If Gracious Heaven
Hath made eight such—where are the other seven”?

—*John Pierpont.*

The “Sweet Rose of Florida,” as Fredrika Bremer called Madame Le Vert, was born near Augusta, Ga., in 1810. She was perhaps in her day more widely known than any woman in America. She acquired with great facility the languages and idioms of different nations, so that she was perfectly at home in any group whether the representatives were of France, Spain, Italy, Germany, or of her own country.

George Walton, the grandfather of Madame Le Vert, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was a native of Virginia but early moved to Georgia and became thoroughly identified with all the interests of that State, and when the siege of Savannah took place he was found leading his regiment, and received a wound in the service of his country.

He became a member of the first Congress that convened at Philadelphia, and afterwards was made Governor of Georgia and Judge of the Supreme Court. He had married an English woman, Miss Camber, and at the beginning of the Revolution she was anxious to go back to her old home, but when she found her “rebel husband” would not leave his country in her hour of need, she remained by his side, and with true womanly devotion followed him through all the perilous days which succeeded. She was taken prisoner and carried to the West India Islands, and her little granddaughter, the subject of this sketch, listened with delight to the thrilling narratives with which she charmed her childhood days. She always kept as cherished mementos letters from General Washington, Lafayette, Adams, and Jefferson, which this grandmother gave her.

Madame Le Vert was the daughter of George Walton, the second son, who married Miss Sally Minge Walker, of Georgia. Octavia was born at Belle Vue, near Augusta, Ga., but her parents removing soon afterwards to Florida, all her early associations were connected with the sunshine and flowers of Pensacola. This city was the rendezvous of the United States vessels of the Gulf Station. The well-educated and chivalric officers formed a large element in the society to which our authoress was accustomed. This gave her an ease of manner which was remarkable in one so young. At twelve she could converse in three languages with facility, and was often taken to her father's office where, seated upon a high stool, she would interpret with the greatest ease and correctness his foreign dispatches.

When the seat of government was moved to Tallahassee, Octavia begged to call the new capital by the Indian name which means *beautiful land*. The old Indian chief Neamathla became very fond of her, and called her the "White Dove of Peace."

Lafayette on his visit South wrote to Octavia's grandmother to meet him in Mobile, but on account of her old age and infirmities she knew this would be impossible, so she sent her little granddaughter to represent her. When the old hero saw the child he burst into tears and caught her to his heart, exclaiming, "The living image of my brave and noble friend!" He held her upon his knee, listening spellbound to her fluent use of his native tongue. He folded her again to his heart and blessed her fervently, and said when she left the room: "A truly wonderful child! I predict for her a brilliant career."

Octavia was never a pupil of any school. Her mother and grandmother, both women of intellect and culture, vied with each other in developing her in early life, and private tutors were provided for her in later years. She and her brother had an old Scotch teacher, who was a fine classical scholar and linguist. Then travel did much towards her education—she made a tour of the United States, having *entrée* to the most select.

circles of each city of the Union. Everywhere she was a reigning belle.

The mode of travel in those days was by stage-coach. It happened that during one of the journeys a strange gentleman took a seat in the stage-coach, and became greatly interested in the conversation of the young girl and her brother. Good breeding forbade that they should ask each other's names, and yet curiosity was rife. He commenced describing graphically a bull fight that occurred in Spain, with some incidents peculiar to that particular occasion. Octavia exclaimed, "Oh, where have I heard that before?" "I am sure that you cannot have heard it before," said the narrator, "for it has never been recorded, and you have never been to Spain."

Octavia stopped a moment to think, then her whole face brightened and she said, "You are Washington Irving." "And pray why do you think I am Washington Irving?" he replied. "Oh!" she answered, "because, whoever told me of this incident said Washington Irving was by his side when it occurred."

A friendship sprang up between the two, and once and again Octavia Walton was the guest at "Sunnyside," and the host said upon her leaving, "I feel as if the sunshine were all going away with you, my child." Clay, Calhoun, and Webster were her personal friends, and she frequently heard their speeches in the Senate during Jackson's administration. Henry Clay said of her, "She has a tongue that never spoke an evil word of any one."

It was in 1836 that she married Dr. Henry Le Vert, of Mobile, Ala. He was the son of the Dr. Claude Le Vert who was the fleet surgeon that came over with Lafayette. In the palace of Versailles is a large painting representing a reception given by Washington and his officers to Rochambeau. The fine head and commanding person of Dr. Le Vert is quickly recognized. Dr. Henry Le Vert's mother was related to Admiral Vernon, for whom Lawrence Washington named "Mount Vernon," and this Madame Le Vert, the granddaughter of George Walton,

was greatly instrumental in having Mt. Vernon built. It was while visiting among the poor in Mobile that Octavia Le Vert met the kind-hearted and handsome physician. She who was then called "The Belle of the Union," knew as well how to minister to the sick and suffering as to preside in a fashionable drawing-room.

Thirteen happy years of married life passed when sorrows came which saddened and depressed this cheerful nature. She lost her much-loved brother and two of her children in the same year. Friends persuaded her to visit Europe in 1853, upon an invitation from the Duke of Rutland, and in 1855 she went again. It was on her second visit that she wrote her *Souvenirs of Travel*. This book excels in descriptive power. We feel in reading it as though a fairy had spirited us over the sea, and were leading us by the hand through fairyland. She next translated Dumas's "Musketeers" and "The Pope and the Congress." She had planned *Souvenirs of Distinguished People*, but a painful accident prevented its accomplishment. It was Lamartine who first suggested her becoming a writer. Madame Le Vert was describing her sojourn in Spain to him, and he exclaimed earnestly, his poet eye beaming with conviction, "Madame, you have a gift of which you are unaware. You are a natural *improvisatrice*. Now, because you are not an Italian you cannot be an *improvisatrice*, but you can be a *writer*; you can fill with pleasure the hearts of your nation by describing what you have seen to them, as you are now delighting me. Will you remember, Madame, when your tour is over, to give to the world souvenirs of your European travel?"

No sketch of her is complete unless special mention is made of her devotion to her mother. The filial relation was never more fully exemplified. It was frequently the case that mother, daughter, and granddaughter attended the same party, and danced in the same quadrille. Nor must the devotion of mistress and maid be overlooked, for Betsy the mulatto attendant seemed really to live for no one else than her much-loved "Mistress."

Octavia." After her slaves were freed they begged her to allow them to stay and work for her as they had always done. "We do not want freedom," they said, "if it takes us from you." Besty never would leave her.

Madame Le Vert died in 1877. Her mother and husband had died before. The former in 1860, the latter in 1864. Crushed by these sorrows she led a quiet and secluded life for many years. Afterwards friends urged her to go North with her two daughters, and there in New York she was the center of a literary and fashionable circle.

Her descriptive powers were best shown in her *Moonlight in Venice*, *The Way Over the Simplon*, *The Ascent and Eruption of Vesuvius*, and *The Golden and Silver Illuminations*.

Virginia French in writing of her said, "She writes as the bird sings, because its heart is gushing over with melody; she writes as the flower blooms, because it is bathed in dew, fanned by the breeze and kindled by the sunshine till it bursts its inclosing petals, and lavishes its fragrance and sweet life upon the air."

Prejudiced by no sectarian dogmas, influenced by no sectional jealousy, she opens wide the portals of her heart, and folds the whole world of humanity in her loving and kindly embrace.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *When was John C. Calhoun nominated for President?*
2. *Why was he called "the Nullifier"?*
3. *Who was the "Pacificator"? Why?*
4. *Who was elected President in 1828?*
5. *How many, and who were the Presidents before this time?*
6. *How did the Whigs and Democrats stand on the tariff question?*
7. *How did "tariff" affect the country?*
8. *Who resigned his office as Vice-President to defend his State?*
9. *What was known as the "Force Bill"?*
10. *What was Henry Clay's bill?*

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

1779.

1843.

"He was surpassed by no man of his age in artistic and poetic genius."—*Coleridge*.

Washington Allston, a South Carolinian, was descended from an eminent family, none of whom, however, is more noted than the painter and poet. His health was very poor when a boy, and his physician suggested that the climate of Rhode Island might benefit him. He was sent to Newport where he remained until he entered Harvard. His great delight, as a child, was to listen to the marvelous tales told by the negroes on his father's plantation, and the love for the weird and the traditional, and for all that was wonderful and terrible continued throughout life.

While at Newport he became acquainted with Malbone the painter, and this acquaintance directed his attention to art. He divided his time between books and painting. Just as soon as he graduated he returned to South Carolina, sold a part of his estate and arranged to go to Europe to study art. He entered the Royal Academy in London. An American, Benjamin West, was then the President of the Academy, and with him Allston contracted a lasting friendship. On account of his charming manners, brilliant conversation and ability as an artist, Allston had access to the homes of the great painters of the day, and was a general favorite with all.

He spent a few years in Paris, then visited Italy. There it was that he met Thorwaldsen the Danish sculptor, and Coleridge of "Ancient Mariner" fame. He enjoyed nothing more in Rome than the walks with Coleridge through the Borghese Villa, and he said that at such times he could almost believe that he was listening to Plato in the groves of the Academy.

He married in 1809 while in America, choosing as his wife

a sister of Dr. Channing. After a few years of married life she died very suddenly, and Allston was cast into a state of the deepest melancholy and depression. Upon his return to London he had a severe attack of illness, and while recuperating wrote *The Sylphs of the Seasons*, in which Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter are described, and other poems which were afterwards published in one volume.

In 1830 he married the sister of Richard H. Dana and spent the remainder of his life at Cambridgeport, near Boston. He died very suddenly in 1843 at the age of sixty-four. He had no superior, perhaps no equal, in his art in this country. One painting, upon which he worked for twenty years, "Belshazzar's Feast," was left unfinished.

Besides the poems already mentioned Allston wrote *Monaldi*, a story of extraordinary power and interest. He also wrote *The Two Painters*, a satire, and a series of discourses on art, which were printed after his death. Had he never painted, his literary work would have given him high rank among men of genius. A great painter, however, must necessarily be a great poet, and because he puts his poems into colors instead of into words should not detract from his poetic merit.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY, an American, born in London while his father was Minister to the Court of St. James, cannot be lightly passed by, for had he written nothing save *A Health* he would have ranked among the true poets of our land. Quality, not quantity, should be the test of genius.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air
'T is less of earth than heaven.

I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon—
 Her health ! and would on earth there stood
 Some more of such a frame,
 That life might be all poetry,
 And weariness a name.

Pinkney's most ambitious effort was *Rodolph*, a poem in two cantos, written while he was cruising in the Mediterranean. The *morale* of this poem is decidedly to be questioned. Indeed, it is a great pity that one of such genius should have so abused it. All through his poems one finds a sullen, melancholy tone—dissatisfied with self and the world. This probably came from his failure to get some appointment which he wished under Commodore Porter.

Born in 1802, he fretted away his life at the early age of scarcely more than twenty-five. He died in 1828,—broken in health, broken in spirit, and with no wish to live.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Why did France have to pay the United States \$5,000,000?*
2. *What became of the surplus funds in the treasury when the charter of the National bank expired?*
3. *Who succeeded Andrew Jackson?*
4. *What was the Sub-Treasury Law?*
5. *How long was William Henry Harrison President?*
6. *What is said to have caused his death?*
7. *Who succeeded him?*
8. *Relate the acts of his administration.*
9. *Why was Tyler unpopular with his own party?*
10. *What was the "Dorr Rebellion"?*

MONTHLY REVIEW.

1. Who was reared under rigid Calvinistic principles? *Calhoun*
2. What was the "Omnibus Bill"? *postponed his war 1847 to 1850*
3. What was Daniel Webster's first case? *123*
4. Who was General Washington's namesake? *Washington D.C.*
5. Who fought *Blades*? With whom, and for what cause? *115-4116*
6. Who repeated 500 lines of Virgil? *Daniel Webster*
7. Who wished to be a sailor? *Issacs*
8. What funny mistake did a French translator make? *138*
9. Whose first poem was a conundrum? *Blake*
10. Who wrote Leather-Stocking Tales? *Cooper*
11. Who wrote "Rip Van Winkle"? *Irving*
12. Who injured his health by hard study? *Calhoun*
13. Who was the "Pacifator"? *Clay*
14. What was the name of Irving's sweetheart? *Mateu Hoffman*
15. Who rescued Dante's portrait? *Wilde*
16. Where and how was "Home, Sweet Home" written? *157*
17. Who was the "Mill Boy of the Slashes"? *Clay*
18. Who wrote "The Culpit Fay"? Why was it written? *Drake - 149*
19. Why was John Howard Payne arrested? *168*
20. Whose teacher was Dr. Waddell? *Longstreet*
21. Who lived at "The Woodlands"? *Longstreet*
22. Who rescued Wilde's grave from oblivion? *C. C. Jewell*
23. Whose teacher was "Marm Betty"? *Prescott*
24. Who asked to be laid for a little while among his books? *Prescott*
25. Who said, "I would rather be right than President"? *Clay*
26. Who preferred to be buried in a negro burying ground? *Mike Child*
27. Who wrote a poem while cruising in the Mediterranean? *Prescott*
28. Who wrote "Ferdinand and Isabella"? *Prescott*
29. Who could repeat from memory Pope's "Essay on Man"? *Webster*
30. Who did Mrs. Siddons say had made her weep? *Washburn*
31. Who was sued for libel? How many times? *139*
32. What author preferred mush to cake?
33. Who begged his mother to make him read Dr. Channing's sermons when he was bad? *Prescott*
34. Who courted his wife while winding a skein of yarn? *Webster*
35. What author showed such devotion to his sister? *Hallock*
36. How did Prescott lose his sight?
37. Who wrote the "Alhambra"? *Irving*
38. Who was choked by a crust? Was he English or American? *Atwater*
39. Who married Miss Mary Benjamin? *Mary*
40. What was the "Bread and Cheese Club"? *150*
41. Who married the sister of Dr. Channing?
42. Whom did Prescott marry? *Prescott*
43. Who said "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote"? *Webster*
44. Who was Miss Mary Harden?
45. Who wrote "My Life is Like the Summer Rose"? *Wilde*
46. What practical joke was played regarding it? Why successful? *146*
47. Who wrote "The Sketch Book"? *Irving*
48. Why did Cooper write "Precaution"? *137*

49. Who wrote, "Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my early years;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise"? *Halleck*
50. Whose father was lost at sea?
51. Who was the first American poet to have a public monument? *Halleck*
52. Whose head was too large for his body? *Bryant*
53. Who was the painter poet? *Whistler*
54. Whose pen was never idle? *Longstreet*
55. Who was sweet Sarah Snell? *Bryant's sister*
56. Who wrote poetry at ten years of age? *Bryant*
57. Who wrote "There was a little girl and she had a little curl," etc.? *Longfellow*
58. Who was made to go to church? *Bryant*
59. Whose father was a Baptist minister? *Clay*
60. Who was Abigail Eastman? *Daniel Webster's mother*
61. What American poet has a monument in Westminster Abbey? *Longfellow*
62. Who wrote Evangeline? How did he hear the story? *Longfellow*
63. Who was called the "Patriarch of American Literature"? *Bryant*
64. Who married his cousin?
65. Who amended the Missouri Compromise bill? *Clay*
66. What author never had a home? *Bryant*
67. Who attributed his goodness to his grandfather's birchen rods? *Bryant*
68. How many books did Simms write? *5-8*
69. Who was the titling man? *1866*
70. Who sympathized with and wrote in defence of the negro? *Child*
71. How did Prescott treat Motley? *169*
72. Who was buried at Kensall Green Cemetery? *Motley*
73. Whose father "offered him to the Muses"? *Bryant*
74. Who was accused of plagiarism? Was it a just accusation? *Alde*
75. Who wrote his first composition in poetry? *Longfellow*
76. Who wrote "Thanatopsis"? How long did it remain unpublished? *Bryant - 6 y*
77. What American writer is buried in London? *Motley*
78. Whom did Poe consider the best American writer after Cooper? *Simms*
79. Who asked that no flowers be brought to her funeral? *Mrs Child*
80. Who was the author of "A Health"? *Simms*
81. Who wrote "Marco Bozzaris"? *Alde*
82. Who wrote "The Two Painters"? *Alde*
83. Who was Daniel Webster's pupil? *Everett*
84. Who wrote "Letters to Mothers"? *Simms*
85. Who wrote "Georgia Scenes"? *Longstreet*
86. Who became greatly interested in the purchase of Mt. Vernon by the government? *Everett*
87. How much was paid for it?
88. How much did Everett contribute? *\$10000*
89. Whose object was to do good in the world? *Simms*
90. Who regretted having written one of his books, and made an effort to destroy it?
91. Who knew Lafayette? *Simms*
92. Who was given the big-horned knife for ugliness? *Longstreet*
93. Whose grandfather was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence?
94. What was said to be the "Queen of the World"? *Compton*
95. Whose wife was said to look like an angel?
96. What poet changed his name? *Halleck*
97. Who was reared by his grandmother? *Simms*
98. Who first signed the Declaration of Independence? *John Adams*
99. What two poets wrote the Croaker Papers? *Halleck & Child*
100. Who was Benjamin West? *Painter*

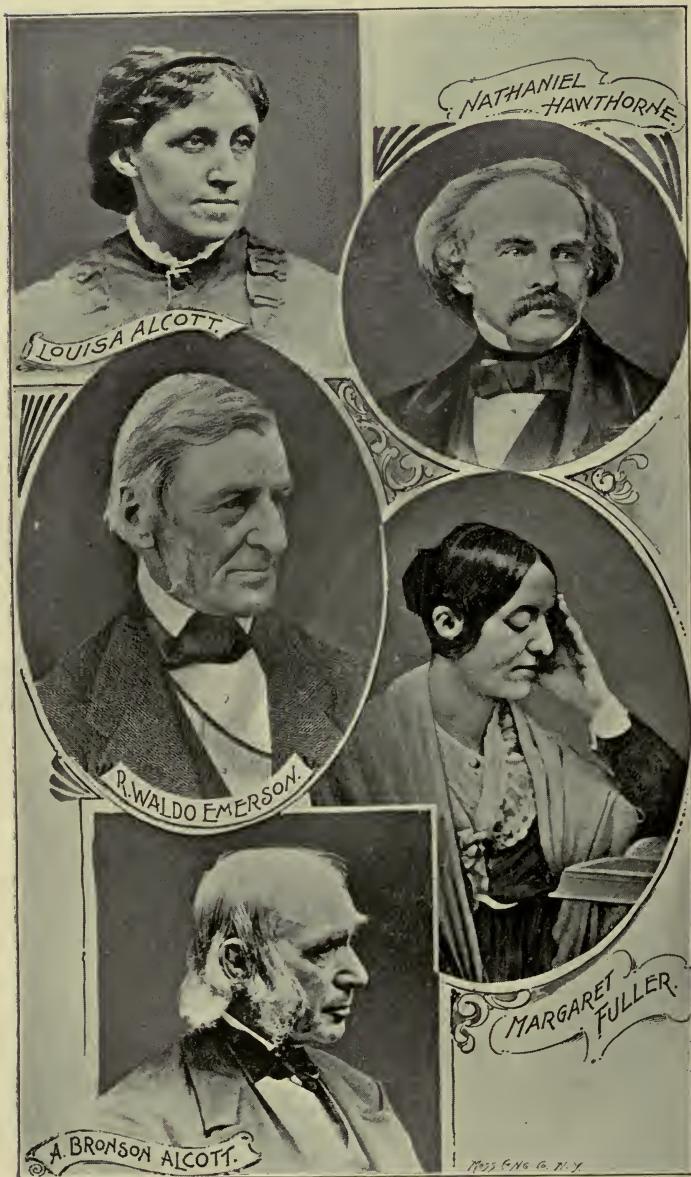
PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. Who was the "Man of Iron" referred to by Longfellow?
2. Whose dying words were "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees"? *J. Jackson*
3. During what war was the "Star-Spangled Banner" written, and by whom? *F. S. Key in this copy*
4. The last stanza was added by whom?
5. Where are the islands "Twelve Apostles"?
6. What are the Elgin Marbles?
7. Who was the "Buddha of the West"? *Franklin*
8. Who was the "Hemans of America"? *L. G. Murray*
9. Who was called "Upright Telltruth, Esq."?
10. Who first located places by longitude and latitude?

Hep parabine

228¹

Emerson



1755 C. No. 6. N. Y.

CHAPTER III.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.*

BOSTON, MASS.

1803.

1882.

Madison.

Arthur.

WORKS.

Essays,
Representative Men,
Conduct of Life,
Society and Solitude,

Miscellanies,
Lectures, Addresses,
Biographical Sketches,
Poems.

"At Emerson's house it is always morning."—*George William Curtis.*

"Whatever I have done, the world owes to him."—*Professor Tyndall.*

"He has revealed to me a new method of expressing thought."—*Herman Grimm.*

"Emerson wrote not for his time alone, but for all time, and therefore it must last. The world needed encouragement, and he encouraged; it needed ideals, and he gave them."—*Sarah K. Bolton.*

"As Wordsworth's poetry is in my judgment the most important work done in verse in our language during this century, so Emerson's essays are the most important work done in prose."—*Matthew Arnold.*

"He who digs a well, constructs a stone fountain, plants a grove of trees by the roadside, builds a durable house, reclaims a swamp, or so much as puts a stone seat by the wayside, makes a fortune which he cannot carry away with him, but which is useful to his country long afterwards. *A man is a man only as he makes life and nature happier to us.*"

So wrote the "Sage of Concord." Sage he was, and sager he becomes as we study his words and works. "We will, it is true, meet with many exaggerated statements in his writings, some hard knots, some seeming contradictions, with much that is erratic. We will be stopped by thoughts which we cannot understand, and by thoughts which we cannot accept, but through them all the common sense of Emerson will be apparent, and

*See illustration.

most admirable common sense he had. He was shrewd and wise and practical, and it will not take us long to find this out. This is the side of his character for us to study; the transcendental side we had better let alone. We would become bewildered, lose our balance, get no good out of it, even if we could ever find it. His best friends sometimes felt ill at ease, when he had on his robes as a mystic and a pantheist."

Nowhere was he more loved than in the historic town of Concord where he lived. He was born in Boston, but moved to Concord and lived and died there. Hawthorne has made the old manse, which was his first home, familiar to us; but the square white house on the Lexington road which is pointed out to every one who has ever visited the old town, and the one where his wife and daughter Edith now (1894) live, is the one more closely associated with his memory. The very appearance of the house is hospitable, and hospitality should have been graven on the lintels, for Emerson delighted in being host, whether to friend or stranger. To little children he always gave a ready welcome, for he loved their bright and beaming faces. Truly of him could it have been said, "He walks with his head among the stars, yet carries a blessing in his heart for every little child."

Emerson's ancestors were ministers of the Gospel for generations, so what could he be but a minister! His preaching was eloquent, simple, and effective. His views upon many points were not sound, especially those concerning the administration of the communion. He became confused upon this subject, and felt it his duty to resign his charge. The parting between the pastor and his flock was very friendly, but many misunderstood him, and accused him of pantheism. There were some in the community who said he was either "crazy or a fool." The thinker said never a harsh word, and kept on in the even tenor of his way, but his health broke down, and he was compelled to travel in Europe to restore it. In the meantime he had married Miss Ellen Louisa Tucker. She lived only three years and

died of consumption. This loss added to his other troubles was more than he could well bear. His friends induced him to try a change of scene, and visit those whom he had long wished to know abroad—Coleridge, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Carlyle. It had always been a source of keen regret that he could never know Goethe and Montaigne. So much was he in sympathy both in thought and experience with all that Montaigne had written, that he said he felt that he himself must have written those essays in a former life.

Ralph Waldo was the second of five sons, an amiable and obedient boy, partaking, it is said, more of the qualities of his father's than of his mother's mind and heart; although Ruth Haskins was a superior woman, whose mind and character were of a high order. "One of her sons said that when she came from her room in the morning, it seemed to him as if she always came from communion with God, so sincere was her nature and so even her temper."

Ralph was always a conscientious boy but not a studious one. He liked to read but not to study. He completed the course, however, at Harvard, and then assisted his brother William, who had charge of a girls' school. While teaching he prepared himself for the ministry. He had written several poems at college, but had received little encouragement, for one of his professors, without a complimentary comment, advised him to "write another" when asked to criticise the one already written. He was forced to spend a winter South on account of his failing health. It was while in Carolina or Florida that he wrote the poem *Ellen at the South*, telling her that the flowers summoned her to come. It was after his wife's death that he traveled in Europe. He visited England, France, Italy, Sicily, and Scotland. He met Carlyle and his wife, who said "his visit was like that of an angel." He also knew and talked with George Eliot, who said, "I have seen Emerson, the *first man* I have ever seen."

On his return from Europe in 1835 he was married to Miss Lydia Jackson of Plymouth, Mass., and his domestic life was

beautiful. In writing to Carlyle he said: "My wife Lydia is an incarnation of Christianity. I call her my Asia; then there is my Ellen, the softest, gracefulest little maiden alive, creeping like a turtle with head erect; and my boy Waldo, a piece of love and sunshine, well worth my watching from morning till night. He has two deep wells for eyes, into which I gladly peer when I am tired." This boy was the father's idol, and God called him from him at the age of five. After three days' illness from scarlatina he died, and the father wrote, with crushed and bleeding heart:

"The brook into the stream runs on,
But the deep-eyed boy is gone."

Louisa Alcott describes his grief for this child: "My first remembrance is of the morning when I was sent to inquire for little Waldo, then lying very ill. His father came to the door so worn with watching and changed by sorrow that I was startled and could only stammer out my inquiry.

"'Child, he is dead!' was the answer.

"Then the door closed and I ran home to tell the sad tidings. I was only eight years old, and that was my first glimpse of a great grief, but I have never forgotten the anguish that made a familiar face so tragical."

In personal appearance Emerson was majestic. He was tall and slender, sallow in face, with a very large aquiline nose, brown hair, and exceedingly blue eyes. He carried one shoulder a little higher than the other. His manners were dignified and very simple. He was a good listener, preferring to be instructed rather than to instruct. He rarely showed irritation. His hospitality was unbounded, and very often he waited with his own hands upon his guests. His habits were regular and his diet simple. He was only careful on one point and that was to have pie for breakfast; this he would eat before touching anything else. His mornings were spent in his study, and so intent would he become on his work that he would go all day without food unless reminded to eat. His bedtime was ten o'clock, but

he was frequently known to sit up all night. He had no ear for music, and tells this anecdote concerning his first effort at singing. The master turned to him and said, "Chord!" "What?" asked Emerson. "Chord! Chord! I tell you," repeated the master. "I really don't know what you mean, sir," replied Emerson, nonplussed. "Why, sing, sir; I say sing a note." Upon that he says he made some kind of noise which, when the singing-master heard he cried out, "That will do, sir; that will do. You need never come again."

He tells us, too, that God had given him the seeing eye but not the working hand, and this must have been true, for little Waldo once called out to him, "Take care, papa, you will dig your leg with that spade," which shows that he could not have been an expert with agricultural implements.

Emerson could not bear to laugh, although his face was ever in smiles. He took a dislike to Margaret Fuller, because he says she made him laugh too much. He was, however, associated with her in the "Transcendental Club," and in the editing of "The Dial," and after her death wrote a touching memoir of her. The writers of that day formed the "Transcendental Club" to discuss religion, justice, truth, mysticism, pantheism, and American genius. Many noted men and women of that day belonged to it.

In 1872 Emerson's house at Concord was partly destroyed by fire. The shock hastened the decline of his mental powers, and greatly impaired his health. Miss Alcott says that on the night of the fire as he passed where she was keeping watch over his books, tossed from the burning building, he said with most philosophic calmness, "I see my library in a new light. But will you tell me where they have flung my boots?" After this fire he and his daughter Ellen sailed for Europe. On his return he was welcomed by the school children and neighbors, who lined the way from the cars to his carriage, singing "Welcome Home." They had raised \$11,000 to repair the house and damage done, and gave him a grand house-warming on his return.

Emerson never formally united with the Abolition party, but he encouraged it, and his influence was very great. His idea was to buy the slaves at a cost of two billion dollars and return them to their own country. He felt it was a question of moral and spiritual right, and not a question for legislation. Although not a chief agitator in the cause he was a marked advocate for freedom. He was a great admirer of John Brown, and made a vigorous speech against Preston Brooks of South Carolina.

In his later years it became difficult for him to converse. His memory of persons and things failed him. A touching incident is related of him. At Longfellow's funeral he rose and looked upon the face of the dead poet, and shortly, as if forgetting what he had done, rose and looked again. Then turning to a friend near said, "That gentleman, I don't remember his name, was a bright and beautiful soul."

He did not linger long. In 1882 he died of pneumonia, and was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord, very near the graves of Hawthorne and Thoreau, whom he loved so well. His son, Dr. Edward Emerson, attended him through his illness and lovingly cared for him. As he lay dying, children stopped to ask if he were better, and all the sunshine faded out of their little faces when the unfavorable answer came. Very willing feet roamed the woods for flowers to decorate the old church where his body would come for the last time, and very loving hands worked to weave the garlands for his tomb. The altar was covered with boughs of pine, and in the center was a harp of yellow jonquils made by Miss Alcott. His grave is marked by a boulder of pink quartz. No chisel has ever touched it; it is just as it came from the native quarry. He lacked only a few days of being eighty. His last words were to his grandchildren, "Good boy!" "Good little girl!"

Emerson did not think he could write poetry, he thought more of his ability in prose. Mr. Sanborn told him, "Some of us think you can write nothing but poetry."

"The universe in his eyes was a great and ever present ideal

teacher, whose lessons he studied and tried to interpret for others." "Life did not sadden his cheerful philosophy; success could not spoil his exquisite simplicity; age could not dismay him, and he met death with sweet serenity."

WISE SAYINGS OF EMERSON.

✓ Love and you shall be loved. . . . All mankind loves a lover.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful; we must carry it with us or we find it not.

✓ The only way to have a friend is to be one.

✓ Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

✓ Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy.

No man can be a master in conversation who has not learned much from women; their presence and inspiration are essential to its success.

Make yourself necessary to the world and mankind will give you bread.

At twenty-seven the best life is only preparation.

I honor that man whose ambition it is, not to win laurels in the State or in the army, not to be a jurist or a naturalist, not to be a poet or a commander, but to be a master of living well, and to administer the offices of master or servant, of husband, father, and friend.

Spring still makes spring in the mind
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.

What all the books of ages paint, I have.

The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem."

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed to be simple is to be great.

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.

Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue.

(Every natural action is graceful)

Love is one highest word and the synonym of God.

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg.

Accept the place, Divine Providence has found for you. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves child-like to the genius of their age.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who founded the Mormon Sect?*
2. *Where did the Mormons settle?*
3. *Who was Brigham Young?*
4. *How many wives did he have?*
5. *Read Mark Twain's description of the Mormons.*
6. *How did Texas gain its independence?*
7. *What claim did Mexico have?*
8. *How was the slavery question involved in this dispute?*
9. *Who was the Whig candidate in 1844?*
10. *Who the Democratic? Which was elected?*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.*

SALEM, MASS.

1804.

Jackson.

1864.

Johnson.

"This 'inward sphere,' the human heart, was Hawthorne's field of study and portrayal."—*Richardson*.

"I can recall no other American author," says Stoddard, "who ever wrote under such persistent and continuous discouragements as Nathaniel Hawthorne." Yet in spite of this he rose superior to them all, and has won not only the affection but the admiration of posterity.

He was the only son of a sea captain, and was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804. When the boy was only four years old his father died. The young wife at twenty-eight was left a widow with three little children, Elizabeth, Nathaniel, and Maria Louisa. Crushed by her early sorrow she secluded herself from society during the remaining forty years of her life. At the solicitation of her brother, Robert Manning, the handsome and winsome boy was educated as he directed. When Nathaniel was scarcely old enough to speak plainly, he would repeat with emphasis and gestures lines from Shakespeare's *Richard III*. His mind developed rapidly, but developed in its own way. He used to invent the wildest and most fanciful stories about where he would go when he grew up, and what he would say and do, and would always wind up in solemn tones, "And I'm *never* coming back again." He had early developed a literary taste, for it is said that his grandmother Hawthorne, whom they were visiting, discovered him when six years old pouring over "*Pilgrim's Progress*." She little dreamed how much of it the bright boy understood. Then shortly afterwards followed such books as Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and Thomson. When nine years old he was struck on the foot with a ball which so lamed him

*See illustration.

that he was compelled to walk on crutches for three years. During this time he would lie on the floor and read from morning until night. With the first money that he earned he bought Spenser's "Faërie Queene." His foot ceased to grow like the other and the doctors of the town were called to examine it. This lameness continued until he was twelve. During this time his teacher, the kind-hearted Joseph Worcester, the author of the Dictionary, would come to hear his lessons, so that he should not fall behind in his studies. It was said that Mr. Worcester had another reason for his great interest in the lame boy, and that was the presence in the house of a charming aunt, Miss Maria Manning.

The family moved to Raymond, in Maine, and there the out-of-door life developed his frail body. He grew to be a tall and strong lad, good at fishing and shooting. At sixteen he edited a paper, *The Spectator*, and from the announcement in the sixth issue we must believe that he was editor, contributor, and well-nigh the only subscriber, for the paper stated under the heading *Deaths*—"We have no deaths to announce this week except that of the publisher of this paper, who died of starvation." At seventeen he entered Bowdoin College and had as college-mates Longfellow, Franklin Pierce, and Abbott. At this time he was said to be the handsomest young man in that part of the world. He was five feet ten and a half inches in height, broad-shouldered, but of a light, athletic build, not weighing more than one hundred and fifty pounds; his eyes were large, dark blue, brilliant, and full of expression. Bayard Taylor used to say that they were the only eyes he had ever known to flash fire. Charles Reade said he never saw such eyes as Hawthorne's in a human head. An old gypsy woman met him and asked, "Are you a man or an angel?" His complexion was transparent, with a ruddy tinge in his cheeks.

He especially enjoyed his English studies, and was fond of Latin composition, but he was naturally lazy and did not like to work. He had already dreams of authorship, as a letter to his

mother at this time will show : "I do not want to be a doctor and live by men's diseases ; nor a minister and live by their sins ; nor a lawyer and live by their quarrels. So I don't see that there is anything left for me but to be an author. How would you like some day to see a whole shelf full of books written by your son with 'Hawthorne's Works' printed on their backs?"

He wrote some poems and sketches at this time and sent them to seventeen publishers before one would even consent to read them ; then he kept the manuscript so long that Hawthorne wrote demanding it, and as soon as it was returned he threw it into the fire. His first book, *Fanshawe*, was published anonymously at his own expense.

After his college days were ended he went to Salem with no very bright outlook from a literary standpoint. The quiet, secluded life he led there for twelve years was spent in reading books of travel, history, poetry, and fiction. He especially enjoyed Scott and De Quincey, and Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" he wore out in the reading. He read four hundred books in seven years. He then published his *Twice-Told Tales*, but the book was not appreciated, and the author was discouraged.

One evening the Hawthornes called upon the Peabodys. Dr. Peabody lived in Salem near them with his wife and three gifted daughters. Sophia was an invalid, but Elizabeth ran up stairs with the news of the arrival of the visitors. "O, Sophia, you must get up and dress and come down! The Hawthornes are here, and you never saw anything so splendid as he is,—he is handsomer than Lord Byron!" Sophia refused to go down, saying, "If he has called once he will call again," and so he did. From the moment these two met they knew they were made for each other. "Sophia Peabody changed the loneliness of the great-hearted student into peace and perfect satisfaction. She was his inspiration, his guide and continual blessing. In 1842 they married—he thirty-eight and she thirty-two. His wife bright, hopeful, and refined made his home a delight. She read Latin, Greek and Hebrew with her husband, and was in every

way a companion intellectually. She wrote home, "I never knew such delicacy of nature. He is completely pure from earthliness. He is under the dominion of his intellect and his sentiments. I think it must be partly smiles of angels that make the air and light so pleasant here. My dearest love waits upon God like a child." He wrote, "My wife is my sole companion and I need no other; there is no vacancy in my mind any more than in my heart."

His dressing gown became very shabby and there was a spot of black upon it where he wiped his pen. His wife embroidered over it a butterfly which greatly delighted him. He said of her, "Methinks my little wife is twin sister to the spring, both are fresh and dewy, both full of hope and cheerfulness, both have bird voices, always singing out of their heart, both have power to renew and recreate the weary spirit. I have married the spring! I am husband to the month of May."

After four years in Concord where their first child Una was born, they returned to Salem. There Julian was born. Hawthorne was appointed surveyor in the Custom House, but he knew that upon the election of the Whig candidate for the presidency he would lose his position, so he began to look about for other employment.

"Good out of evil found a pretty illustration in the case of Hawthorne's removal from office. He was crushed by the blow, and staggered to his humble home full of bitter disappointment. No one knew him then as one of our greatest—yes, as one of the world's greatest—men of genius. 'His wife quietly left the room,' says Conway, 'then came back with an armful of wood, kindled a cheerful fire, drew his chair up to his desk, brought papers, pens, and ink, and, then, turning to him a beaming face, said: "Now you can write your book." The result was *Scarlet Letter*, and such fame as no novelist in America before or since has attained. It was all due to his noble wife. Had she repined and added to his burden the world would never have known Hawthorne.'"

His friend James T. Fields called to see him and finding him despondent begged him to publish some of his manuscripts. "What have I?" said Hawthorne, despairingly. "What heart have I to write anything? Besides who would risk publishing a book for me, the most unpopular writer in America?" "I will," said Fields, "I will start with an edition of two thousand copies of anything you will write." "What madness," was his reply. "Your friendship gets the better of your judgment." Fields glanced at the bureau and insisted that there were some manuscripts hidden there, but could get no encouragement to look. Finally on leaving, Hawthorne took from the bureau drawer a roll and thrusting into Fields's hands the *Scarlet Letter*, said, "How in Heaven's name did you know it was there? It is either very good or very bad, I don't know which."

That night Fields read the story aloud to his wife (it was originally much shorter than it is now), and she went to bed sobbing. He was greatly moved himself, and wrote Hawthorne a note all aglow with admiration for his marvelous story. "I read it, or tried to read it to my wife, for my voice swelled and heaved so I could only sob. It broke her heart and sent her to bed with a grievous headache—which I look upon as a triumphant success." He advised his friend to add to it and publish it as a story by itself. The book was published, and in ten days five thousand copies were sold.

It is a great book and while it should not be placed in the hands of young people, it is not because its moral tone is not good.

The next year the Hawthornes moved to Lenox where Rose, the third child was born. He wrote there *The House of Seven Gables*; then followed his *Wonder Book*, and *The Blithedale Romance* founded upon the Brook Farm community. He had bought the Alcott home in Concord, called "The Wayside," so he could write knowingly about this community. Congratulations about his literary work poured in on all sides, and George

S. Hilliard wrote, "May you live a thousand years and write a book every year."

When his old college-mate Pierce became President he appointed Hawthorne Consul to Liverpool. Then was realized the long-wished-for opportunity to see the Old World. He met many prominent men and women of the day, and went to Italy "with a mind full of art and love," and there wrote *Marble Faun*, which ranks next to (some think before) *Scarlet Letter* in his list of works. The War between the States began, and Hawthorne returned to America with a heavy heart. His son wrote of his father, "He was not a teetotaler any more than he was an abolitionist or a thug."

The hand that held the pen was becoming weary. As spring advanced he failed rapidly, and Pierce begged him to travel for his health. They started, and stopped at Plymouth, N. H., to rest. Both friends retired early, their rooms adjoining. Several times Pierce went in to see how his friend was, and after midnight, not hearing him breathe, he put his hand upon his heart and found that it had stopped beating.

The body was brought back to the sorrowing wife and fatherless children, and buried in the little cemetery where Emerson now rests. Near the open grave stood Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, Agassiz, Pierce, and others, with uncovered heads, testifying their respect and sympathy.

Mrs. Hawthorne went to Germany and then to London with her three children. Two years later she joined her husband and was buried in Kensall Green Cemetery. Her children planted over her grave some ivy and periwinkles brought from their father's grave in America. Una married Albert Webster, but was early laid beside her mother. Julian and Rose still live (1894). The former is well known in the literary world and is said to resemble his noble father in many ways.

Mrs. Hawthorne's esteem for her husband is shown in the short extract from a letter which her son has given. "Everything noble, beautiful, and generous in his action, Mr. Hawthorne

hid from himself. His own soul was behind the wings of the cherubim—sacred, like all souls which have not been desecrated by the world. I never dared to gaze at him, even I, unless his lids were down. It seemed an invasion into a holy place. To the last he was to me a divine mystery, for he was so to himself. I have an eternity, thank God, in which to know him more and more, or I should die in despair.”

He was undoubtedly a remarkable man, and a literary genius of very high order. His writings shall live, and of all the honored names illustrious in American literature there is none more fondly cherished than the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

His works are:

Fanshawe,
Twice-Told Tales,
The House of Seven Gables,
The Blithedale Romance,
The Marble Faun,
The Dolliver Romance,
Dr. Grimshawe's Secret,
French and Italian Notebooks,
Scarlet Letter,

Mosses from an Old Manse,
The Wonder Book,
Tanglewood Tales,
Our Old Home,
Septimius Felton,
Life of Franklin Pierce,
American and English Notebooks.
Biographical Sketches,
Grandfather's Chair.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who invented the telegraph? When?*
2. *What was the first message? By whom suggested?*
3. *Through what points did the line run?*
4. *What news first passed over the wires?*
5. *What did this line cost? Who paid for it?*
6. *When was war declared against Mexico? By whom?*
7. *Who led the Mexican forces?*
8. *Who commanded the Americans?*
9. *What was the treaty made?*
10. *How long had the war lasted?*

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

PORTLAND, ME.

1806.

1867.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Jefferson.

Johnson.

"Willis was one of the kindest of men."—*Halleck*.

"It is comfortable that there should have been a Willis."—*Thackeray*.

"The elegance of Willis's prose was occasionally marred by frivolous conceits and affected Gallicisms in writing for effect by overstating simple truths, and he made merchandise of facts and opinions that he gleaned in private intercourse."—*Appleton's American Biography*.

Nathaniel Parker Willis, born at Portland, Me., January 20, 1806, came of a family of printers and publishers. His great-grandfather, grandfather, and father were either printers or proprietors of well-known papers in their day. His father established one of the earliest religious papers in the world, and had the honor of founding in 1827 the "Youth's Companion," the first child's paper ever published, and considered the best that is now published, or that has ever been published.

When Nathaniel was six years old his father moved to Boston and placed him under the care of Dr. McFarlane of Concord for a two years' tuition, then he was sent to the Latin School in Boston, and Phillips Academy at Andover. This schooling prepared him for Yale College, from which he was graduated in 1827. While a student there Willis wrote poems, of an almost entirely religious nature, and sent them to his father's paper. He wrote under the *nom de plume* "Roy," and gained a prize of fifty dollars which "The Album" offered for the best poem.

Willis's mother was Miss Parker, and from her he received his middle name. She was a woman of uncommon talents and noted for her piety and benevolence. His father's home was always open to the clergy, and his parents became intimate with the most eminent men of the day.

Nathaniel Willis, the grandfather for whom he was named, "was one of the adventurous "Tea Party" who boarded the East India Company's ship in Boston Harbor, and threw overboard her cargo to express their opinion of the tea tax. He was also closely associated with Benjamin Franklin in his printing office.

College life left a more enduring impress upon Willis than upon any other American writer. It furnished him with a fund of literary material, brought him into the sunshine, and changed the "homely schoolboy chrysalis" into a butterfly of uncommon splendor. One of his college-mates "Bob" Richards became very much attached to him, invited him to visit him in New York, and introduced him to all the gayeties of the metropolis. Willis gained the reputation of being a dandy in his college days, and of being a fast man; he was called the "elegant young poet" and the "ladies' man." He began to spend too much money; the maximum for a boy in those days was two hundred dollars a year; Willis spent six hundred. Rumors of his dissipation and idleness reached the ears of the home people. These reports were greatly exaggerated. Willis was gay at college, but was not dissipated. There is no doubt that his head was turned by his literary and social successes. It seems to have been his lot from boyhood to meet and be honored by the great.

"Like father, like son," so Nathaniel as soon as he left Yale became associated with the press. He established for himself a magazine, which, however, only lasted two years. This was merged into "The New York Mirror," a weekly devoted to art, literature, and society. It is said that Willis was instrumental in changing the character of this paper. He and Fay, one of his associates, went to Europe and Asia Minor to act as weekly correspondents for the journal. William C. Rives was United States Minister to France. He is the grandfather of Amélie Rives, a Southern novelist and poet, whose father was born in Paris at this time. Mr. Rives became interested in the young men and attached them to his legation, which gave them great facilities

for acquiring information and at the same time entrance into the most distinguished society of Europe.

Willis had become greatly attached to Mary Benjamin, who afterwards married Motley the historian. They were engaged, but were not allowed to marry because of the opposition from her guardian Mr. Savage. Willis carried this love in his heart for many years.

In Europe, and especially in England, circumstances threw him into a new world. He shared for a time the life of the titled aristocracy, and seemed perfectly at home amid this gay assembly of ease and leisure. In Paris he met Lafayette, who was very attentive to him, as was also Fenimore Cooper, Greenough the sculptor, and Morse who invented the telegraph. Cooper asked him to breakfast with him to meet the others. Mr. Carr, the American Consul at Tangier, took a great fancy to Willis, invited him to become a member of his family, paid all his expenses, and wished to take him back with him to Morocco as his secretary. Mr. Rives presented him to Louis Philippe the French king. At Florence he met the Brownings, and was dined by Jerome Bonaparte the ex-king of Westphalia; he was invited to Prince Poniatowski's Saturday *soirées*, and was flattered by Greenough's asking to make a bust of him, which was afterwards cut in marble. The sculptor introduced him to Walter Savage Landor, who gave him letters of introduction to the Countess of Blessington. She proved a great friend to him. He wrote to Landor expressing his gratitude thus: "She is my lode star and most valued friend, for whose acquaintance I am so much indebted to you that you will find it difficult in your lifetime to diminish my obligations." At her house he met Bulwer, Tom Moore, Disraeli, and Proctor, besides other noted personages. He was taken to call upon Mary Russell Mitford and Miss Harriet Martineau. The latter was one of the few who disliked Willis, and she it was who so basely misrepresented him. Thackeray did not like him either at first. He could not tolerate his foppish ways. In Edinburgh he breakfasted with "Kit

North," dined with Jeffrey, and danced at a ball given to Lord Grey.

Lady Blessington's kindness continued after his return to London, and he was "dined, wined, fêted, and caressed by other blue-stockings in a way to have made him giddy." It is astonishing how many women older than himself cherished a warm affection for him. Willis saw more "life" in London than was best for him, and went into some company not too select.

Mrs. Mary Skinner, the wife of an Indian nabob, a leader of fashion and a woman of intellectual tastes, was a kind friend to him. At her house he met the Byrons, Joanna Baillie, Jane Porter the author of "Scottish Chiefs," and the brilliant young orator, poet and wit, Praed, who afterwards became his rival in love. He thought Ada Byron "sweet and earnest." Another of his London acquaintances was Martin Farquhar Tupper, who wrote "Proverbial Philosophy."

While visiting at "Shirley Park" the home of the Skinners he met his fate in the person of Mary Leighton Stace. Ten years had passed since he had parted with Mary Benjamin, and he "felt that his best years and best affections were running to waste" so he fell a captive to pretty Miss Stace. He first saw her at a picnic and thought her "the loveliest girl he had ever seen." She soon became a guest also at "Shirley Park," where he was much in her company. At the end of a week he made a proposal of marriage and was accepted. She was a girl of great beauty and sweetness, a blonde of the purest Saxon type. Her father when asked for his daughter's hand insisted that the engagement must not be long, so they were married within a month. The family were most worthy and substantial people. Her father was General William Stace, who had been pensioned for gallant services at Waterloo, and who was then commandant of the Woolwich Arsenal. After marriage Willis returned to America and settled in that romantic spot near Owego, N. Y., which he called "Glenmary," and where he dispensed open-handed hospitality. His wife died in 1844 leaving one child,

little Imogen. Willis's health failed rapidly. There had been some misunderstanding between his partner Morris and himself, and now the death of his much loved wife, "an angel without fault or foible," following soon after proved too much for his shattered nerves. He determined to sail for Europe to regain strength, and at the same time to place his little girl at school in England. He took with him to take care of her the old colored nurse Harriet Jacobs, a runaway slave. Soon after his arrival a severe brain fever prostrated him, and he decided to return to America as soon as he was able, and to bring his daughter with him. Mr. Stiles of Georgia, an old schoolmate, was very kind to him at this time. It was on his second visit to Europe that Willis met Thackeray, and became so attached to him.

Two years later he married Cornelia, the niece and adopted daughter of Joseph Grinnell, a distinguished Congressman from Massachusetts. An interesting circumstance of former years seemed to have foretold that these two should be united. Greenough chiselled the statue of this child, who was then only five years of age, from the same block of marble from which the bust of Willis had been chiselled. The two fragments thus strangely united stood afterwards in Willis's drawing-room at "Idlewild." During the first winter and spring after their marriage they took lodgings in New York. There he met Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Poe, James Russell Lowell, T. B. Aldrich, Dana, Parton, and Whittier.

The summer was passed at Cornwall in the highlands of the Hudson. He and his wife became so attached to the beautiful neighborhood that he bought fifty acres of land which afterwards became so widely known as "Idlewild."

His failing health in 1852 necessitated a trip through the South and the West Indies, but this did not benefit him.

The Civil War in 1861 called correspondents to Washington City. There he became a great favorite with Mrs. Lincoln. He met Charles Sumner and had long talks with him on politics, and knew Hawthorne, Emerson, Curtis, and Greeley. Willis

was a Union man of course, but he always had "a secret sympathy with the South and a liking for 'those chivalrous polysyllabic Southerners, incapable of a short word or a mean action,' whom he had met at Saratoga years before." His *Lookings-on at the War* were never popular, hence have never been published.

In money matters Willis was liberal—not to say reckless—and his hospitality knew no limit. "His literary latch-string was always out to every new-comer in the field of letters. Whatever may have been his foibles, jealousy of authors was not his besetting sin. He was the first to praise young writers and to give circulation through his papers to the good things said about them."

His partner became an imbecile, and much more of the responsibility of conducting the paper devolved upon Willis. He was not able physically to stand it. The epileptic fits to which he was subject in his last days finally weakened his mind, and on his sixty-first birthday, January 20, 1867, he fell asleep and passed away so quietly no one knew when death came. His pall-bearers were Longfellow, Dana, Holmes, Lowell, Fields, Whipple, Quincy, Howe, Merritt, Trimble, and Aldrich. Surely no one has been honored more in death!

He left by his second marriage three children, one son and two daughters.

Willis, while correspondent in Europe, got into trouble by some of his contributions to the "Mirror." The charge was made that he had printed "unrestrained table-talk on delicate subjects which was capable of compromising individuals." It seems that at Lady Blessington's table Moore commented very freely upon the career of O'Connell the Irish agitator. Willis, never dreaming that what he sent back to the "Mirror" would ever be seen in England, wrote freely about it. "The Quarterly" quoted it and commented upon it; then there were offered three thousand pounds if all the copies of this paper could be bought; Marryat wrote a personal article about Willis in the "Metropolitan Maga-

zine." Satisfaction was demanded by Willis, and shots were exchanged at Chatham, but no blood was shed. He was always very sorry that he had repeated the conversations, although Moore afterwards published them in his "Diary." Willis was undoubtedly the most abused man of letters in America, except perhaps Cooper.

While he was never a brilliant conversationalist he was most excellent company and good at an impromptu. While at a dinner party in Washington City, a young lady sat between him, a married man, and Campbell, an unmarried man. The designing "mamma" sitting opposite, considering Mr. Campbell a desirable "catch," and seeing that her daughter's attentions were too partial to Mr. Willis, slipped a note across the table, "Pay more attention to your other neighbor." This was shown to Willis, who wrote on the back of it—

"Dear Mamma, don't essay my flirtation to trammel,
I but strain at a *Nat*, while you swallow a *Campbell*."

Willis has always been more noted for his Scriptural poems than for any of his other writings, which gives the impression that he was a very religious man. But he was not religious; on the contrary he admitted that he had joined the church under a mistaken conviction, and that he had never experienced a change of heart and begged to be excluded from the communion. However, he was never skeptical in his life. His father was greatly grieved at the charges brought against him of champagne drinking, and of theatre going which in those days was considered a dreadful sin. His brother-in-law tried to defend him, "Nat is a good fellow; he never uses tobacco, he is not a hard drinker, and he don't mean to go in debt." He always would mix spirits with his water, saying that the "pure element had tasted of sinners ever since the flood."

Willis never allowed any one to interfere with his manuscript. He said if he put a comma in the middle of a word it must stay there. He and Morris came very near having a difficulty on this very point.

The trustees of the Rutgers Female College invited him as "author of *Absalom*," to sit upon the stage during their commencement. He replied that he would, and would endeavor on that occasion to put on his best Old Testament countenance.

"Underdonedom" is what Willis dubbed the brigade of half-fledged youths who crowd the doorways and blockade the entrance to ballrooms, too weary and *blasé* to enjoy anything but the supper.

Willis's brother Richard Storrs was a journalist and author of some note in musical literature. A favorite sister Julia also had literary talent, but she never won the reputation that Mrs. Parton, "Fanny Fern," enjoyed.

His works are:

Scripture Sketches,
Melanie, and Other Poems,
Pencilings by the Way,
Inklings of Adventure,
People I Have Met,
Outdoors at Idlewild,
The Convalescent,
Fugitive Poetry,
Tortosa, the Usurer (a drama),
Rural Letters,
A Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean,
A Health Trip to the Tropics,
The Rag Bag,
Trenton Falls,

Loiterings of Travel,
Letters from Under a Bridge,
Lady Jane and Other Poems,
Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil,
Hurrygraphs,
Paul Fane (a novel),
Poems, Sacred, Passionate and Humorous,
Bianca Viconti (a drama),
Al Abri, or the Tent Pitched,
Life Here and There,
Famous Persons and Places,
A Life of Jenny Lind,
Scenery of the United States and Canada,
Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What was the "Wilmot Proviso"?*
2. *When was Zachary Taylor inaugurated?* 1849
3. *Why was it the 5th instead of the 4th of March?*
4. *What important question came up during this administration?*
5. *What did Henry Clay propose?*
6. *What was this bill called?*
7. *What political party opposed this bill?*
8. *What was the "Missouri Compromise"?*
9. *By whom proposed?*
10. *What amendment was introduced, and by whom offered, which conflicted with this bill? Did it pass?*

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

1810.

1850.

Jackson.

Taylor.

WORKS.

Summer on the Lakes, Papers on Literature and Art,
Woman in the Nineteenth Century.

"She had a dangerous reputation for satire, in addition to her great scholarship. The men thought she carried too many guns, and the women did not like one who despised them."—*R. W. Emerson.*

"I know not how otherwise to describe her subtle charm than by saying that she was at once a clairvoyant and a magnetizer."—*W. H. Channing.*

Margaret Fuller has left among her papers an unfinished sketch of her life which has been added to by her biographers from personal recollections of the girl and woman. From this we learn that she was the eldest child of Timothy Fuller and Margaret Crane, and was born in Cambridgeport, Mass., in 1810. Her father's ambition was to be an honored citizen, and to have a home on earth. His love for his wife was the green spot in his existence. "She was one of those flower-like natures which sometimes spring up by the dusty highway of life."

Margaret in writing her life tells us, "My father instructed me himself. He was a man of business even in literature; he had been a high scholar at college, and warmly attached to all he had learned there. He hoped to make me the heir of all he knew, but at the very beginning he made a great mistake. He thought to gain time by bringing forward the intellect as early as possible. Thus I had tasks assigned me far beyond my years, which must be recited to him in the evening after he returned from his office. As he was subject to many interruptions, I was kept up very late, and as he was a severe teacher my mind was kept on a stretch until the recitations were over. Consequently I was sent too late to bed with nerves unnaturally stimulated.

* See illustration.

Julia Harrison

This premature development of my brain made me a youthful prodigy by day, but by night I was a victim to spectral illusions, nightmares, and somnambulism, which prevented the development of my bodily powers, checked my growth, and induced continual headache, weakness and nervous affections of all kinds. No one understood the laws of health then. No one knew why this child already kept up so late was still unwilling to go to bed. My aunts called me 'a spoiled child,' 'the most unreasonable child in the world,' and wondered why their brother's eyes were not opened to see it. They did not know that as soon as the light was taken away that colossal faces were seen slowly advancing to meet me, with eyes dilating and features swelling. They did not know that when I went to sleep it was but to dream of horses trampling over me, and to be walking among trees dripping with blood, which became a pool and plashed over my feet, and rose higher and higher until it would reach my lips. Was it any wonder that I arose and walked in my sleep? My father scolded, and said I would go crazy, never dreaming that he himself was the cause of all these horrors.

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My mother was in delicate health and much absorbed in the care of the younger children. There was not a dog or bird or any pet about the house that I might love. I was driven for refuge to my books. I began to read Latin at six years of age, and for many years read it daily. My father demanded accuracy and clearness in everything. 'You must not speak unless you can make your meaning perfectly intelligible; you must not express a thought unless you can give a reason for it; you must not make a statement unless you are sure of all particulars.' Horace was a great deal to me then. He is the natural man of the world; he is what he ought to be, and his darts never fail of their aim. Ovid gave me a view into the enchanted gardens of the Greek mythology.

The happiest haunt of my childish years—our little garden. I loved to gaze on the roses, the violets, the lilies, the pinks; my mother's hand had planted them, and they bloomed for me. I

culled the most beautiful. I looked at them on every side. I kissed them and pressed them to my bosom with passionate emotions, such as I had never dared to express to any human being. An ambition swelled in my heart to be as beautiful, as perfect as they.

My father had no apartment appropriated as a library, but there was in his room a large closet filled with books, and to these I had free access. I should call most happy the hours in the garden and the hours in this book-closet. Ever memorable is the day on which I first took a volume of Shakespeare in my hand to read. It was on Sunday. This day was punctiliously set apart in our house. We had family prayer, for which there was no time on other days; our dinners were different, so were our clothes, and we always went to church. My father put some limitations to my reading, but bless him for the gentleness, he did not prescribe what was, but what was *not* to be done. The liberty this left was a large one, for he only said, 'You must not read a novel or play.'

I was only eight years old when I took from the shelf a volume lettered 'Shakespeare.' I held it in my hand long enough to get my eyes fastened upon the page 'Romeo and Juliet.' It was a cold day, so I took the book by the parlor fire, and had been reading for an hour or so when my father asked what I was reading so intently. I answered, 'Skakespeare,' scarcely raising my eyes from the page. 'Shakespeare won't do,' said my father, 'that is no book for Sunday; go put it away and take another.' I went as I was bid, but I took no other. The personages to whom I had been introduced through its pages burnt my brain; finally I could stand it no longer. I went and brought the book again. I had gotten half through the play before I was again noticed. 'What is that child about that she don't hear a question that is put to her?' asked my aunt. 'What are you reading?' said my father. 'Shakespeare,' was again my reply. 'How?' said my father angrily. But restraining him-

self before our guests, said, 'Give me the book, and go directly to bed.'

Alone in the dark I thought only of the characters about whom I had read. My fancies swarmed like bees. I tried to contrive the rest of the story,—what all would do, what say, and where go. Thus absorbed was I when father entered. He felt it right before going to rest to reason with me about my disobedience. I listened, but could not feel interested in what he said. I could not turn my mind from what engaged it. He left me, greatly grieved at my impertinence.

For a while I read Shakespeare every hour I could command. My next love was Cervantes, and my third Molière. These men were all alike in this,—they loved the natural history of man. Not what he should be, but what he is, was their favorite thought. They did me good, for by them an early standard was formed, but they did me harm too, for the child fed with meat instead of milk becomes too soon mature. I wish now that I had read no books until later,—that I had lived with toys and played in the open air. My father noticed that I ate nothing and seemed depressed. 'She needs to be with other girls, needs play and variety. I see she grows thin. She ought to have a change of scene,' he said."

He soon entered her as a pupil in the Misses Prescott's school in Groton, Mass. In her story *Mariana* she gives with touching truthfulness her experience there.

"At first her schoolmates were captivated with her ways; her love of wild dances and sudden song, her freaks of passion and wit. She was always new, always surprising, and for a time charming. But after a while they tired of her. Some singular habits she had, which, when new, charmed, but after acquaintance, displeased her companions. She was a sleep-walker, too, and this trait alarmed her guardians. They consulted a physician, who said she would outgrow it, and prescribed a milk diet.

She had a taste for costume and fancy dresses. There was always some sash twisted about her, some drapery, something

odd in the arrangement of her hair and dress; so that her teachers never dared to let her go out without a careful scrutiny and remodelling of her appearance. At last private theatricals gave a vent to gratify this fancy. Play after play followed, she of course taking the leading part. During these plays the girls would heighten their bloom with artificial red. She kept this up regularly every morning, and when jeered at said she did it to make her look pretty. At first she took the teasing pleasantly, but after awhile she became petulant about it. The girls thought it an eccentricity which they must break her of, so they all came to the dinner table one day with bright glaring red spots of rouge on their cheeks. She instantly saw their design. The teachers tried to look grave, the servants could not suppress a titter.

She who had once reigned a queen among her companions saw that she was made a plaything in the hands of those whose hearts she had never doubted. She was a Roman in spirit; she did not change countenance. She ate her dinner with composure, and made remarks to those nearest her; but when alone in her room she locked the door and threw herself on the floor in strong convulsions. She had not thus given way to her anger since she was a child. The teachers became alarmed when she did not appear in the schoolroom; they broke open the door, and bitter was their repentance and that of the pupils when they found her in this condition. She was an altered being after this. Her gay freaks were gone, her wildness and invention. Her dress was uniform and her manner subdued. The thought that stung her was that not one had taken her part—not one refused to plan against her. Born for love, she hated now the whole world. She became a firebrand in their midst, a tattler, tale-bearer, fuss-maker, and stirrer of strife in every sense of the word. So much discord was produced that her teacher arraigned her to answer the charges brought against her. At first she boldly denied them, then acknowledged and suddenly threw herself down in a passion, striking her head with force against the iron hearth, and

was taken up senseless. For days and nights she would not speak nor would she eat a mouthful of food. Finally the lady who took charge of her suspected that what the child needed was tenderness and love. She begged her not to despair, but to try to find the balm that could only cure her wounded spirit. She told how much she herself had suffered, and how she found peace and happiness. 'Don't think, my child, that one fault can mar a whole life!'

She at length revived but it was as one who had passed through the valley of death. She was summoned home in a short time and went back a wonderfully changed person, instructed in ways that those who sent her forth to learn little dreamed of."

She afterwards attended Dr. Park's school in Boston, then after her father died formed classes of her own and taught for a while in Mr. Alcott's school. She had an intense admiration for Mr. Alcott, and reproved Miss Martineau for her slighting remarks about him,—“a true and noble man, a philanthropist, whom a true and noble woman, also a philanthropist, should have delighted to honor, a philosopher worthy of the palmy times of ancient Greece; a man whom Carlyle and Berkeley whom you so uphold, would delight to honor.”

She was appointed Principal of the Greene Street School, Providence, R. I., in 1837. She had a feeling that she ought to have been a man, and said of herself, “a man's ambition with a woman's heart is an evil lot.” She had all her lifetime suffered from disease and pain, yet sometimes when totally helpless was in the finest vein of humor. During an illness her father was so struck with her powers of endurance and cheerfulness that he, who was so sparing in tokens of affection, said, “My dear, I have been thinking of you in the night and I can't remember that you have any faults. You have defects, of course, as all mortals have, but I do not know that you have a single fault.”

In personal appearance Margaret Fuller was very homely and her manners were not at all engaging until she was well known.

The inclination was to shun instead of to meet her. Emerson said of her, "Her appearance has nothing prepossessing. Her extreme plainness, a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids, the nasal tone of her voice—all repelled; but soon her wit had effaced the impression of her personal unattractiveness, and the eyes, which were so plain at first, swam with fun and drolleries and the very tides of joy and superabundant life." Horace Greeley, with whom she was associated on the "New York Tribune," really avoided her at first, but finally grew as enthusiastic about her as any of her friends.

She belonged to the Transcendental Club of which Emerson was a member. She aided in editing "The Dial," which was the organ for advocating the views of the Transcendentalists.

In 1839 her first literary work began in *Conversations* which were translations from Goethe. Then followed *Summer on the Lakes* and *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*.

Margaret Fuller was the first to advocate "Woman's Rights." She wanted a wider field of usefulness for her sex; but unfortunately she mistook the right path of progress. She abandoned the only safe guide in her search for truth. No matter how much genius or intellectual vigor woman may possess, it will avail naught if she has not that moral strength which only comes from implicit faith in God's revealed Word.

Horace Greeley used to tease her a great deal about her "Woman's Rights" views. He said, "You demand social and political equality with the rougher sex; the freest access to all stations, professions, employments, which are open to any. Yet you exact a courtesy and deference from men to women, as women, which is entirely inconsistent with that requirement. So long as a lady shall deem herself in need of some gentleman's arm to conduct her properly out of a dining or ballroom, so long as she shall consider it dangerous or unbecoming to walk half a mile alone by night, I cannot see how the 'Woman's Rights' theory can amount to anything." Mrs. Hattie Griswold says, "Very little that is new has since been urged on this

question. All the ideas which have now become incorporated into the platform of the woman's party found in her their first and perhaps best exponent."

In 1846 Miss Fuller's long desire to visit Europe was realized. She joined a party of friends and with them visited England, France, and Italy. She fell upon exciting times in Italy. The fiercest hatred of Austrian rule had become engendered, and the whole country was in a ferment. While there she met a young Italian nobleman, Marquis Ossoli. She became separated from her party one day at the Coliseum. A young man of gentlemanly address offered to escort her home. She was obliged to accept, as night was coming on and no carriage was in sight. The acquaintance continued, and although much younger than Miss Fuller he seemed greatly fascinated by her, and she became equally interested in him. In a few months they were married, but secretly for fear of Ossoli's being deprived of his inheritance by marrying a Protestant. They trusted to the results of the coming revolution. He was a Captain in the Civic Guard and his time was much occupied in his military duties in Rome. His wife's hopes were raised at the opening of the Constitutional Assembly. At last when her son was born she was forced to intrust the babe to the care of a nurse in the country. She then took a position as superintendent of one of the city hospitals. Any moment she expected to see her husband's bleeding body brought into one of the wards. Finally this suspense ended, the French occupied the city and the gates were thrown open. Margaret hastened to her child and found him "worn to a skeleton and too weak to smile or lift his little hand." By good nursing he recovered; her husband joined her; their marriage was announced, and they resolved to live in Italy no longer but to return to the New World. They embarked from Leghorn, and after a few days at sea the captain died of smallpox. The disease spread rapidly. Margaret spent her time nursing the sick. Little Angelo her boy was attacked by the dread disease. She nursed him safely through it, and after

all these dangers, just as they were in sight of land, off Fire Island, the ship struck on the sand bars and all went down. She could have been saved, but she refused to be separated from her husband and son. It was thought much valuable manuscript was destroyed with her. Thus ended the remarkable career of this remarkable woman.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Why was Kansas called "Bleeding Kansas"?*
2. *Who were the "Know Nothings"?*
3. *What was their leading principle?*
4. *Give an account of John Brown's raid?*
5. *What became of Brown and his associates?*
6. *What was the Dred Scott case? What decision was rendered by the Supreme Court?*
7. *Who was President at this time?*
8. *Why did the South object so seriously to Lincoln's election?*
9. *When did South Carolina secede? What six States followed?*
10. *Upon what grounds did they think they had a right to secede?*

GEORGE RIPLEY.

GREENFIELD, MASS.

1802.

One can understand the conservative feelings mingled with radical tendencies so prominent in the character of George Ripley when the home influences that went to form that character are known.

Jerome Ripley the father was a merchant, a justice of the peace, a representative in the legislature, and a justice of the court sessions. The mother, a relative of Benjamin Franklin, was noted for her formality, preciseness, stateliness, as well as for her kind-heartedness. She was orthodox in religion while her husband was a Unitarian. The boy George was fond of the old tunes of Dr. Watts's hymns, and even while writing philosophical articles for the "Tribune" would keep a copy of those hymns by him.

At Harvard, where he graduated, he stood first in his class, and was known always as an excellent scholar in languages and literature. For a while he taught mathematics, then studied for the ministry. In 1826 he was ordained a minister of a new religious society in Boston, and during the same year he married Sophia Willard Dana, the daughter of Francis Dana, of Cambridge.

Mr. Ripley was a great student of philosophical questions. The first meeting of the Transcendental Club was at his house. In 1840 "The Dial" was established in conjunction with Margaret Fuller and Emerson. Mr. Ripley belonged too to the Brook Farm Community, the experiment beginning immediately on his leaving the pulpit in 1841. This was a practical continuation of his ministry—a fulfilment of a dream that Dr. Channing had long entertained of "an association in which the members instead of preying on one another, and seeking to put

1880.

one another down, after the fashion of this world, should live together as brothers, seeking one another's elevation and spiritual growth. There was a stock company formed and a farm and utensils purchased. The freedom from care, the absence of anxiety, the abolition of all class distinctions made work a delight. Everything was gay and joyous, wealth was nothing, fame was nothing, natural development was all." While he taught philosophy, he milked the cows; while he taught mathematics, he drove the oxen; while he taught moral and intellectual philosophy, he lent his cheerful temper to all his work, and sent his ringing laugh to all corners of the little community. And when the experiment failed—failed for many reasons—chief of which were *want of money*, *want of public interest*, and *infertility of the soil*, Ripley was greatly grieved. He moved to Flatbush, L. I., and began journalism—his wife aiding him. She became an enthusiastic Roman Catholic and died after a painful and lingering illness caused by an accident. He continued to write and became interested in many literary ventures. One was to edit with Chas. A. Dana, the "New American Cyclopædia."

In 1865 he married again—married Mrs. Augusta Schlossberger, a young German widow. The marriage was a happy one. They travelled abroad, met many distinguished people, and he did a vast amount of literary work.

George Ripley was always a friend to aspiring poets and prose writers. He was a cheery companion, a warm-hearted and genial comrade, a modest, unassuming friend. To strangers he was formal and reserved—to intimates he was frank and jovial—always ready for jokes and laughter.

As a critic he took high rank. He left no extended work, but planned a series of critical and biographical sketches. His library was a large one. He possessed valuable books in German and French. He wrote articles on *Religion in France*, *Pestalozzi*, *Ethical Philosophy*, *Martineau's Rationale of Religious Inquiry*. In 1838 the first two volumes of the *Foreign Standard*.

Literature appeared. The series extended to fourteen volumes. The first *Philosophical Miscellanies* was also published in Edinburgh.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What new government was formed?*
 2. *Where did the delegates meet?*
 3. *Who was chosen President and Vice-President?*
 4. *Why did Lincoln enter Washington at night?*
 5. *Give a sketch of Lincoln.*
 6. *Give a sketch of Davis.*
 7. *What caused the Civil War?*
 8. *Why was it believed that slavery caused it?*
 9. *What bill was said to have postponed the Civil War?*
 10. *What preparation had the South made for war during Buchanan's administration?*
- Page 341*

EDGAR ALLAN POE.*

BOSTON, MASS.

1809.

1849.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

"The Prince of American Literature."—*Victor Hugo*.

"The stray child of Poetry and Passion."—*Mrs. Osgood*.

"There is not an unchaste suggestion in all his writings."—*Edmund Clarence Stedman*.

"He had an ear for rhythm unmatched in all the ages."—*London Quarterly Review*.

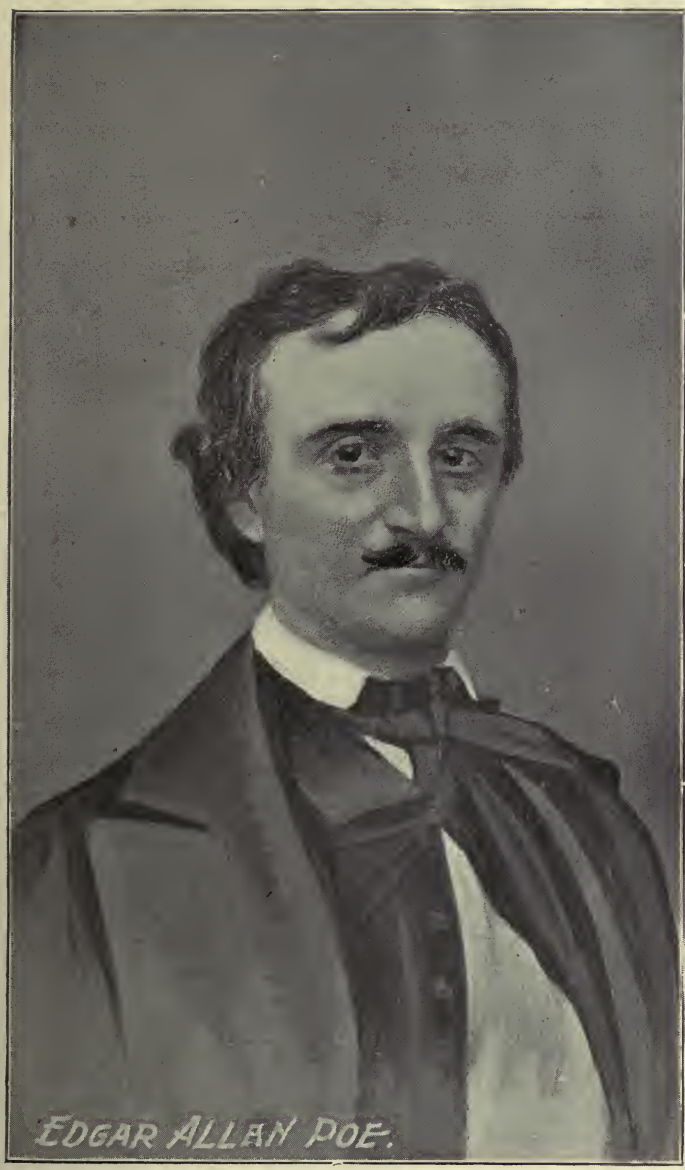
"Not the 'Prince of American literature,' for princes govern as well as dazzle, but he is one of the world's men of genius."—*Richardson*.

The world will come to a truer knowledge of Poe some day, when prejudices and jealousies are laid aside, and the genius, not the failings of the man, is most apparent.

Unfortunately Rufus Griswold was his earliest biographer, and he gave the keynote from which others have taken their cue. He wilfully misrepresented Poe, and so artfully did he conceal the good, and so glaringly did he portray the bad, that it has taken years to efface the impressions these misrepresentations have caused. Of Southern parentage, he was born at Boston, Mass., as he tells us himself, January 19, 1809. His father, David Poe, was a lawyer of Baltimore, and becoming infatuated with a pretty little actress, Elizabeth Arnold, married her in spite of the protestations of his family against what they thought a fearful *mésalliance*. They became reconciled to the marriage afterwards, and received his wife into their circle. He adopted acting as his profession also, but having no natural gift for it, proved only a second-rate actor. Little or nothing was made by either, and they were miserably poor. The brave little wife had need for courage, as the children came crowding into the home nest. She had belonged to the stage from earliest youth, and had never known a sheltered home, nor a mother's love, nor one day of careless pleasure. None had guarded with watchful care her health or manners, so her nature became warped. She had

*See illustration.

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EDGAR ALLAN POE.

20 July
When other friends forget thee
And other hearts grow cold
Remember me that loves you
As in the days of old.

Remember me in friendship.
Remember me in love
Remember me dear Julia
In that brighter home above -

When you get old and
cannot see -
Put on your spectacles
and think of me -

"May your life be as free
and happy as the golden-rod
that bends in the breeze,
And your heart as pure
as the lily." -

her share of the frowns and curses from the older actors, and abuses and threats from the ill-natured manager. She had not even inherited her mother's gift for acting, but she conscientiously performed the parts assigned her, and all who knew her private life esteemed and loved her. It is sad to think how often paint hides traces of tears, and artificial smiles a breaking heart!

While in Richmond, Va., Mrs. Poe's health failed rapidly. She left the stage and was forced to appeal to the public for charity. The good people gave the help, but it came too late—the spirit of the little variety actress had passed beyond the gates. Strangers cared for the three motherless ones. The father lost his life when the Richmond Theatre burned. Some relatives cared for two, William Lennox and Rosalie. Mrs. John Allan, a wealthy and childless lady of Richmond, much against her husband's judgment, adopted Edgar and gave him Allan as his middle name. Mr. Allan considered this a foolish fancy of his wife, but he afterwards became very much attached to the boy, and grieved because of his waywardness.

The child was beautiful and precocious, and attracted the attention of all who saw him. When he was eight years old, he was placed at school in Richmond, Va., and was introduced to the teacher, Professor Clarke, by Mr. Allan as "my adopted son Edgar." The boy had no fondness for mathematics, but his compositions were admitted to be the best. He was always ambitious but never studious. In his bearing towards his school-mates he was noted for being just, which endeared him to all. He had a sensitive, tender heart, and felt no service too great for a friend. His nature was free from selfishness, a prominent trait in boyhood. He was known as the "swiftest runner," the "best boxer," and the "most daring swimmer."

When Edgar was ten years old, Mr. Allan carried to Professor Clarke a volume of verses written by this youthful poet, and asked the teacher's advice about publishing it. His reply was that it would be very injurious to a boy of his excitable tem-

perament and self-esteem to be flattered and talked about as the author of a printed book, and so it happened that this book was never published.

Mrs. Allan took him to Europe and kept him at school at Stoke Newington for several years, then returned to America to have him complete his education in his native country. He was sent to a classical school to be prepared for college. His disposition, inclined to be moody, made him few friends. He entered the University of Virginia at seventeen, and it was while there that he acquired the habit of drink. - He was naturally of an excitable nature, and allowed the seeds of future woe to be sown. Drink naturally led to gaming, and in a short time he was so heavily in debt, that Mr. Allan refused to advance any more money, and Poe was forced to leave college. He went to Boston to try to seek his fortune there. The college authorities have, time and time again, asserted that not a mark for disorder or failure in duty is found against him upon the records. He simply left on account of his debts incurred from gaming, and was not expelled for drunkenness as his enemies have represented. He was on the contrary a good and exemplary student in other respects, for he carried off the prizes in Latin and French. Poe, angry with Mr. Allan for not advancing the money determined to assert his independence. He published a volume of poems for private circulation. One of these *Al Aaraaf* he many years afterwards read before the Boston Lyceum. When his *Raven* appeared it was so undoubtedly a literary success, that this club, for the first time acknowledging any ability in the struggling writer, invited him to deliver a poem before them. Poe accepted the invitation but forgot all about it, and when the time came repeated the juvenile production *Al Aaraaf*, which justly offended the members of the Lyceum when they found it out. Poe declares that when he read it his audience applauded it "three times three," especially those knotty points which he didn't understand himself, and that they did not; and that they didn't know of the hoax until he, Poe,

divulged the secret to Whipple and Cushing one day, and told them as a great joke on literary Boston that this was a poem he had written when only ten years of age. The Bostonians severely commented upon this uncavalier treatment, and Poe declared in the "Broadway Journal" that he did it as an intentional insult to the *genius* of the "Frog Pond." This added to a statement in a New York journal that he was "born at Boston, a fact he was very much ashamed of, but for which he was in no wise responsible," was enough for the Bostonians who did not love him before, and of course loved him less now. Poe, to increase his unpopularity there and elsewhere, wrote his sketches *The Literati of New York*, which caused a flutter never equalled save by Dickens's "Notes on America." He had offended Stoddard also by doubting his veracity, which naturally called forth unkind criticisms from him.

His *Juvenile Poems* was not a financial success, so he enlisted in the army under the assumed name of Edgar Perry. Here he won the esteem of all the officers, and was rapidly promoted, but Mr. Allan heard of his whereabouts and had him appointed to a cadetship at West Point. We find no authority for his desertion from the army, as recorded by his biographers. There seems to be some doubt about his trip to Greece—a possible confusion of himself and brother. He did not like the rigid discipline at West Point and begged to resign, but his foster-father steadily refused. At last finding he could carry his point by no other means, he purposely neglected his studies, drank to excess, was court-martialed and expelled. This made Mr. Allan indignant; he refused to have anything further to do with him, turned him out of his house, and dying soon afterwards made no mention of him in his will. The first Mrs. Allan had died some time before and the second Mrs. Allan did not like Poe.

Poe remembered his father's widowed sister Mrs. Clemm, who lived in Baltimore, and there it was he went in 1833 to find a home. She lived with her daughter Virginia in a very humble way, but she gave Poe a cordial welcome, and said she had

little to offer but they could all struggle together. Virginia was then only eleven, a beautiful and refined child, and she and Mrs. Clemm proved the truest and best friends to him. There was little for Mrs. Clemm to give save motherly kindness, but this proved a priceless boon to Poe.

He tried not to drink, and made every effort to get literary work. It was while living in Baltimore that he played a practical joke which cost him a deal of trouble. "He announced that on April 1st he would, with the help of his newly invented flying machine, fly from one shot tower to the other, a distance of about three hundred feet. The announcement excited great expectations among the simple-minded and unsuspecting. An immense throng assembled to witness the feat, but Poe did not appear. In the afternoon he published a card of regrets, stating that he could not keep his engagement, because unfortunately one of his wings had gotten wet. The disappointment roused the ire of the rabble, and grave threats were made of personal violence." Poe was the only one who enjoyed the April fool.

He soon secured a position on the "Southern Literary Messenger" through the kind offices of Mr. Kennedy. The circulation of the paper increased from seven hundred to five thousand subscribers. A prize of one hundred dollars, offered by the "Baltimore Saturday Visitor," was gained by his *MS. Found in a Bottle*. By this stroke of good fortune, followed by his connection with the "Messenger," he felt able to marry his cousin Virginia, to whom he had become tenderly attached. Mrs. Clemm, who loved Poe dearly, could find no obstacle to the marriage except Virginia's age—she was just thirteen—and so persuaded him to wait a year longer. This love for Virginia was the one bright and beautiful thing in Poe's life, and he remained passionately devoted to her as long as she lived; and no matter how many love verses he may have written to others after her death, nor how many promises of marriage may have been given, there can be no doubt of his true devotion to her. He was a kind and good husband; she worshipped him and was blind to every

fault. The honeymoon seemed never to end, and through all their sorrows their love continued as from the first. Poe gave Mrs. Clemm all that he made, and she expended it in her own way. She had the faculty of making "much of nothing," so that their home even when they were poorest looked comfortable. She never reproached him for his shortcomings; she pitied him, and like Virginia she worshipped his genius.

Poe was very proud of his beautiful wife, and delighted to have strangers meet her. She possessed a voice of exquisite sweetness and sang beautifully. In their prosperous days they owned a harp and a piano. One evening while singing Virginia burst a blood vessel. Poe thought she was going to die, and no words can describe his agony. He strove to drown his grief in drink. In speaking of it afterwards he said, "I drank, God knows how much. My enemies referred the insanity to drink rather than the drink to insanity." His wife was the Annabel Lee of his poem—

And we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee.

Virginia improved slowly, and Poe took her to New York. He wrote to Mrs. Clemm describing their luxurious boarding-house. "I wish Catrina the cat could see it; she would faint. No fear of starvation here. Diddie had a hearty cry last night because you and Catrina were not here. We hope to send for you."

Soon after his marriage they moved to Richmond where he wrote chiefly critical reviews for the magazines. Then he contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine" receiving a salary of ten dollars a week. But he criticised the American poets too severely, and the arrangement was soon broken up. He was not dismissed from the "Messenger" for irregularities as has been stated, but because he had the offer of a more lucrative position in Richmond. From Richmond he moved to New York on account of his wife's health, and while there wrote the caustic article about Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," for which article Griswold retaliated by writing Poe's biography.

Graham engaged him as editor of his magazine, but the slashing criticisms brought this engagement to an end very soon. Godey, of "Godey's Lady's Book," although threatened by withdrawal of patronage and libel suits, if Poe's criticisms did not cease, had manliness enough to stand by his contributor.

Poe as a critic was to American literature what Jeffrey was to English literature. He accomplished a reformation in America, the issues and points of which we have not yet fully realized. But after all Poe's permanent renown will not rest on his success as a critic, nor on his skill as a romancist, but on his ability as a poet. America has never produced another such poet. He has not written a great deal, but what he has is of superb quality and is artistic in execution. As the years go by the world will recognize the truth of Victor Hugo's statement that he was the "Prince of American literature."

Poe had an idea that no poem should exceed two hundred lines—hence we find only short poems issuing from his pen. His *Bells* was originally two short verses. He afterwards changed it. One verse is given to show its style:

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night,
 How they ring out their delight!—
 From the molten golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle dove that listens while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the future!—how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

By far his best effort is *The Raven*. The circumstances under which this was written will be interesting. He had engaged

rooms in a boarding-house on the Bloomingdale road, then in the suburbs of New York, but now within the limits, hoping the rest and quiet would restore to health his idolized Virginia—the Lenore of the poem. His expectations were disappointed. She steadily grew worse, and when one stormy December night he saw her pale, pulseless, and he thought dead,—in despair, half crazed from grief—not drink—he wrote the noted poem.

- (2) Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate, dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here forevermore!

Then we can see how the raven, bird of despair, by continually croaking his “Nevermore” would goad the agonized spirit almost to frenzy—would goad even to desperation a man without religious faith to sustain him in the hour of death.

- (16) “Prophet,” said I, “thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?”
Quoth the Raven—“Nevermore!”
- (17) “Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—
“Get thee back into the tempest and the night, Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken;
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door,
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”
Quoth the Raven—“Nevermore.”

The change, as we have seen, did not benefit Virginia. She failed rapidly, and Poe himself was sick; starvation stared them in the face. It is stated that they became so reduced in circumstances as to have nothing left them but a straw bed, counterpane, and sheets. Virginia was in the last stages of consumption and in order to secure necessary warmth to prolong her life they wrapped her husband’s overcoat around her and placed her ever faithful cat upon her breast. Every effort was made to increase the circulation of the blood which flowed so feebly, but all in vain. The poor child soon passed away beyond the home of suffering and want.

Poe, crushed in mind and heart, tried to bear up for Mrs.

Clemm's sake, but finally his old enemy drink prevailed, and some even have unjustly accused him of eating opium to drown his sorrows.

Poe was not a hard drinker. A single glass of wine would reverse his whole nature and make him as one insane. Had he been the "dissipated, dissolute man" some would fain make us believe him to have been, would Mrs. Clemm have consented so readily to his marriage with her daughter, and continued her affection for him even after that daughter's death? He was refined in every instinct, gentlemanly in his bearing, and loving and winning in manner. He had a peculiar and irresistible charm in the tender reverence with which he approached women, which invariably won their love and respect.

While in Baltimore he was drugged and carried to the polls to be voted, and left upon the streets as dead. He was taken to the hospital, where fever ensued, and died October 7, 1849, when only thirty-eight years of age. A friend who was with him at the time gives this as a truthful statement regarding him, and yet his enemies insist that he died of delirium tremens.

Let us throw the mantle of charity about him and try to forget his weaknesses while dwelling on his genius. He said: "I bitterly regret my follies, but my soul is not capable of dishonor."

The life of Poe is incomplete without reference to his prose writings. When his *Murders of the Rue Morgue* appeared it was hailed with delight on both sides of the Atlantic. It was translated into many languages. The "Revue des Deux Mondes" warmly indorsed it, and Dickens wrote the author a highly complimentary letter. Richardson, in his *American Literature*, places him in the front rank of American romanticists. The best English authorities have pronounced him "the greatest American genius," and Germany, Spain, and Italy have ratified this decision.

"Physically Poe was small—with a lofty forehead, and side head well developed. His eyes were large and lustrous; his dress was always scrupulously neat, and his whole bearing graceful and

dignified. He was as courtly as Chesterfield in manner, and knightly as Sir Philip Sydney in spirit. In domestic life he was as tender as a woman, and as a husband he was above reproach. Those who knew him longest and best assert that he was the soul of honor, having all the instincts of a gentleman." He never resorted to artificial stimulants to aid his literary labors, as other noted writers have done; he drank only to drown disappointment and grief. Drinking deprived him of his intellect—did not whet it. Had his surroundings been different, had there been no necessity for struggling, we know not what his life would have been.

In the words of Helen Whitman let it be said :

" Sleep restfully after life's fevered dream—
Sleep, wayward heart, till on some cool bright morrow
Thy soul refreshed, shall battle in morning's beam.

Tho' clouds and darkness rest upon thy story,
And rude hands lift the drapery of thy pall,
Time as a birthright shall restore thy glory
And heaven rekindle all the stars that fall."

His works are :

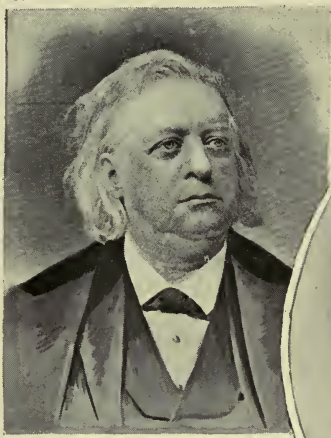
Al Aaraaf, and Minor Poems,
Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque,
Eureka, a Prose Poem,
The Fall of the House of Usher,
The Purloined Letter,
The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar,
Annabel Lee,
The Mystery of Marie Roget,
To Helen,
Essays, Criticisms, and Short Poems,
Cask of Amontillado,
Critics and Criticism,
Israfel,
Masque of the Red Death,
Poetic Principle,
Tale of Jerusalem,
Tamerlane and Other Poems,
Tale of the Ragged Mountain,

The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym,
The Raven,
The Gold Bug,
The Murders of the Rue Morgue,
A Descent into the Maelstrom,
The Bells,
The Philosophy of Composition,
The Haunted Palace,
Lenore,
Black Cat,
Critical History of American Literature,
Hans Pfaal,
Literary Life of Thingum-Bob,
Never Bet the Devil your Head,
Spectacles,
The Tell-Tale Heart,
Ulalume,
The Power of Words,
The Spirits of the Dead.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *How was Fort Sumter taken?*
2. *Where is Fort Sumter?*
3. *Who was in command?*
4. *Who demanded its surrender?*
5. *What did Major Anderson reply?*
6. *When was the Fort evacuated?*
7. *What effect did its capture have?*
8. *Where was the first conflict of the war?*
9. *Why did the Confederates wish to gain Washington City?*
10. *Who was placed at the head of the Union Army?*

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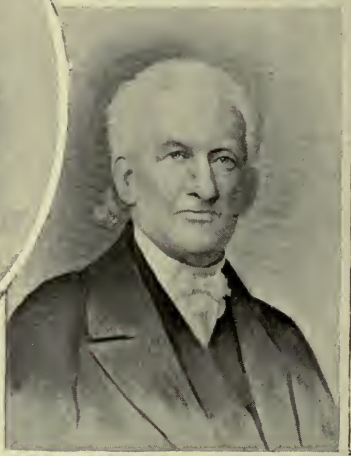
HENRY
WARD BEECHER.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE



CATHERINE E. BEECHER.



LYMAN BEECHER.



HENRY WARD BEECHER.*

LITCHFIELD, CONN.

1813.

Madison.

1887.

Cleveland.

WORKS.

Plain and Pleasant Talk about
Fruits, Flowers and Farming,
Life of Jesus the Christ,
Evolution and Religion,
A Circuit of the Continent,
Pulpit Pungencies,
Star Papers,
Norwood (a novel),
Lecture Room Talks,
Army of the Republic,
Wendell Phillips,
Royal Truths,

Eyes and Ears,
Aids to Prayer,
Yale Lecture on Preaching,
The Strike and its Lessons,
Letters to Soldiers and Sailors,
Lemons,
Lectures to Young Men,
Overture of Angels,
A Summer Parish,
Doctrinal Beliefs and Unbeliefs,
Revival Hymns,
Comforting Thoughts,

Speeches on the American Rebellion.

To know the child we must first know the parents. Henry Ward Beecher ought to have been a great man by inherited right, for his father LYMAN BEECHER was a remarkable man who gave to the world some very remarkable children. His grandfather David Beecher was the noted blacksmith of New Haven who left his motherless boy to the care of an uncle Lot Benton, who adopted him as his son and initiated him into the mysteries of blacksmithing and farming. This may have been the "Uncle Lot" that Harriet Beecher Stowe so graphically depicts in what she considers her "first and best story." The adopted boy did not like blacksmithing and begged to be allowed to study. This request was granted and he was prepared for Yale, and while there as a student carried on the study of theology in connection with his classical course. After graduation he entered the ministry and filled the Presbyterian pulpit at East Hampton. There he married, and in order to eke out his scanty income his

* See illustration.

wife taught a small school. He afterwards connected himself with the Congregational Church and was sixteen years pastor at Litchfield, Conn. He was a very noted preacher in his day, and his sermon on the death of Alexander Hamilton is still talked of as one of the finest ever delivered. He married three times but it was his first wife Roxana Foote who was the mother of Henry Ward. His seven sons were Congregational ministers. Two of his daughters, Catherine and Harriet, became well-known writers, and women acknowledged for great intellectual capacity.

Lyman Beecher was noted for his absent-mindedness, and after preaching would often "relax his mind by playing his violin or dancing a double-shuffle in his parlor." He was a writer of some note himself and left many printed sermons and addresses. His eloquence, zeal, and courage as a preacher, and his leadership in the organization of the Bible, Missionary, and Educational Societies, as well as his firm stand against intemperance, gave him a high reputation throughout New England. He lived to be eighty-eight years old and spent the last ten years at Brooklyn, N. Y., the home of his son Henry Ward Beecher. So much for the father. The mother Roxana Foote was a woman of Spartan spirit, ruling her household well and wisely. She thought if the eldest child was well-trained the others would profit by that example, so no pains was spared in the education of Catherine Esther. This wise precaution was shown when the mother was called away from earth, leaving to the care of this sixteen-year old girl a house full of little children. How well this sister fulfilled the trust is shown by the after lives of those whom she trained.

Henry Ward Beecher, the subject of this sketch, was the ninth son of Lyman Beecher, and was born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1813. He tells us that his teacher in mathematics did more to make him strong in character than any one else. He was once sent to the blackboard, and went whimpering.

"The lesson must be learned," said the teacher in a quiet but

determined tone. "I want that problem, and I don't want any reasons why I don't get it."

"I did study it two hours," Henry Ward whimpered.

"That's nothing to me. I want the problem. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours, just to suit yourself. What I want is the lesson."

"It was tough for a green boy," said Beecher afterwards, relating the incident, "but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage. His cold, calm voice would fall upon me in the midst of a demonstration, 'No!' I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same spot again, 'No!' uttered with the tone of conviction, which barred my progress. 'Next!' called out the teacher, and I sat down in red confusion. He too was stopped with, 'No,' but he went right on and finished, and as he sat down was rewarded with 'Very well, very well.' 'I recited just as he did, and you said "No" to me,' whimpered I. 'Why didn't you say "Yes" and stick to it?' he replied. 'It is not enough to know your lesson. You must *know that you know it*. You have learned nothing till you are sure of that. If all the world says "No" it is your business to say "Yes" and prove it.' And I have always remembered to this day the lesson taught by that teacher."

He early manifested a desire to go to sea, a fancy which comes to so many boys in their youth. How the matter would have ended it is hard to say, had not a religious revival at that time directed the boy's mind into other channels. He began from this time forth to prepare himself for the ministry. His father was then President of Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, Ohio, and there it was that he received his theological instruction. While at Amherst College young Beecher was invited to the home of his classmate and friend, a son of Dr. Bullard, of Worcester county, Mass. There he met the sister Eunice White, for whom he formed an attachment which lasted during his college days unabated. He was engaged to her for seven years, and

after being established as pastor of the church at Lawrenceburg, Ind., he returned East to claim his bride. Mrs. Beecher was an invalid for some time after her marriage, and during her convalescing days she contributed articles for various publications; some of these have since appeared in book form. In 1892 she wrote a series of articles for the "Ladies' Home Journal," entitled "Mr. Beecher as I knew him," in which many incidents of their home life are given in a very pleasing way. She was indeed a helpmeet to her husband, removing from his shoulders many of the worldly cares that fall to the lot of a public man. All the begging letters and indeed most of the correspondence of her husband were intrusted to her.

In 1847 Mr. Beecher received a call from the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., and there gained his reputation for pulpit oratory which he maintained for more than a third of a century. His church and congregation were among the largest in America. In his opinion humor had a place in the pulpit, and frequently his audience would be convulsed with laughter. He never hesitated to discuss there the great social and political questions of the day. Slavery he believed a crime greater than intemperance or avarice. He did not believe in a hell, and preached against eternity of punishment. His doctrines forced him to withdraw from the association of the Congregational churches, but his congregation went with him.

He became prominent as a platform orator and lecturer, and was paid five hundred dollars a night. But these engagements so frequently interfered with his ministerial duties that he was forced to decline, except upon some very special occasion.

During the "War between the States" he went to Europe to use his influence in changing the British mind in regard to the issues of the struggle. He was greatly instrumental in moulding popular sentiment which previously had been decidedly in favor of the South. These addresses were published in London under the title of *Speeches on the American Rebellion*. It was at this time that his sister's book "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was scattered broad-

cast over Europe, and European nations received in a great measure their ideas of slavery from the isolated case portrayed in that book.

Mr. Beecher edited many papers. In 1870 upon the establishment of the "Christian Union" he became its editor-in-chief. His name has been more intimately associated with this paper for the last ten or twelve years, and at his death, in 1887, Mr. Lyman Abbott his successor to the Plymouth pulpit also succeeded him as editor.

Beecher is buried in Greenwood Cemetery. Immediately after his death a subscription was started to erect a handsome monument to his memory.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What oath did Lincoln take depending on Lee's being driven from Maryland?*
2. *When did the Emancipation Proclamation take effect?*
3. *What was it?*
4. *How long had slavery existed in the United States?*
5. *Who was Stonewall Jackson? Why so called?*
6. *When and how was he killed?*
7. *Who commanded the Confederate forces at Chancellorsville?*
8. *What is considered the greatest battle of the war?*
9. *Why was it disastrous to the Confederates?*
10. *What was the "Battle above the Clouds"?*

HORACE GREELEY.

AMHERST, N. H.

1811.

1872.

Madison.

Grant.

“Our later Franklin.”—*J. G. Whittier.*

“The greatest editor, and certainly the foremost political advocate and controversialist, if not also the most influential popular writer the country has produced.”—*Appleton's Cyclopædia American Biography.*

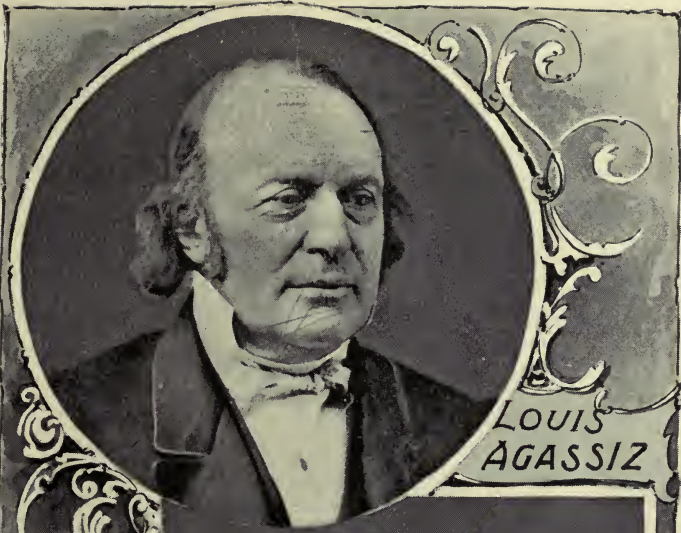
“Mr. Greeley will hold the first place with posterity on the roll of emancipation.”—*New York World.*

“He'll never know more than enough to come in when it rains.” This was said of Horace Greeley by his father Zaccheus, whose name would not now be remembered but for the illustrious son. The old man was not a good prophet. Horace in an abstracted mood one day “tried to yoke the ‘off ox’ on the near side,” so his father blurted out that oft-quoted remark, and followed it up with, “That boy will never get along in the world,” but that boy did “get along” in the world, as his candidacy for President of the United States shows.

His early life was spent in a very humble way among the hills of New Hampshire. His father was a plain unsuccessful farmer who was “always behind with the world.” His mother was a bright merry soul, busy with housework, washing, sewing, raking, hoeing, anything to help her husband, yet laughing and singing with it all. Seven children came to the Greeleys and one was crowded out by the other. The first two having died the mother's heart naturally turned to Horace the third. At night when the others were all in bed she would tell him stories and legends, for she had been a great reader of books in her girlhood days.

Horace learned to read before he was conscious how or when. At two years of age he would pore over the Bible and ask all

* See illustration.



LOUIS
AGASSIZ



HORACE GREELEY

sorts of questions about the letters ; at three he went to the district school and when the snow was on the ground one of his aunts or an older boy would carry him back and forth. He became proficient in spelling particularly, and used to come out victor in all of the "spelling matches" held in the neighborhood. His ambition was to stand at the head of his class, and if any boy happened to get ahead of him, Horace's heart-broken sobs would restore him at once to his place. He read the Bible through by the time he was six and "Pilgrim's Progress" when slightly older. Most of his reading was done at night after the farm work was over.

He would light his pine-knot and lie down by the hearth to read and would become oblivious to everything else. Neighbors might come in, pay their friendly visits, eat apples and drink cider, but the lad never noticed their coming in or their going out.

When Horace was ten years old his father failed in his lumber business, and everything had to be sold, but this was not enough to pay what he owed, and then he had to flee from the State to keep from being arrested for debt. He moved his family to Westhaven, Vt., and there Horace earned a few pennies by selling nuts or bundles of lightwood. With his first spare money he bought a copy of Shakespeare and Mrs. Hemans's poems. Very different from his father's was the verdict of the minister, "Mark my word, that boy was not made for nothing."

His school days ended, and he began to look about for some means of support. All his life he had longed to be a printer. At eleven years of age he walked nine miles to see a publisher and to ask him to give him employment. His age was against him, and he walked back the nine miles, but not to give up in despair, only to get ready to walk one hundred and twenty miles a little later. At fourteen he obtained work as an apprentice in a printing office. His appearance was against him ; his trousers were too short, his hat was quite worn, he was minus stockings, his voice was thin, and altogether the impression he made was very poor. The printer boys called him "tow-headed,"

threw type at him, daubed his hair with ink, and teased him unmercifully. The boy did not resent it—simply left the desk to wash the ink from his head and returned quietly to his work. The pressmen were disappointed, they expected a fight. Still the quiet manner of the new printer gained him friends. When taunted about the old clothes he wore, his reply was: "Well, I guess I'd better wear old clothes than to run in debt for new ones." They called him "stingy," but he cared not, as the pennies saved were sent to the loved ones at home. His motto was: "If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it rather than owe any man a dollar."

He determined to move to New York for a wider field of labor. He had many trials and endured many privations, but energy such as his must in the end accomplish much. At last he founded the "New York Tribune" with Harrison's dying words as its motto: "I desire you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more." He started out to oppose slavery, to fight the oppression of the laboring man, and to advocate what he believed to be right. He had only one thousand dollars, loaned by a friend, to begin with, but he had a determination to conquer all things.

Before this time he had met a young teacher who was on her way to North Carolina to accept a position in that State. The acquaintance was renewed, and the editor went in 1838 to claim his bride. A few years afterwards a sorrow greater than poverty came upon him; his little boy "Pickie" died. He wrote to Margaret Fuller, then in Rome: "You grieve, for Rome is fallen. I mourn, for Pickie is dead."

He was elected in 1848 to fill an unexpired term in Congress. He now became one of the leading men of the nation. His paper moulded the opinions of thousands. With him originated the expression "Go West, young man!" He fought against slavery with all the power of his mighty pen, but he advocated buying

the slaves instead of going to war; he believed prohibition impracticable but favored high license; he urged the protective tariff, and was in sympathy with the vegetarian ideas. He was willing to favor "woman's rights" if the majority of the women wished it. After the war he advocated "universal amnesty." He said nothing was to be gained by punishing a defeated nation, and he wanted the past buried as quickly as possible. He opposed the hanging of President Davis, and went to Richmond to sign, with twenty others, a bail-bond for one hundred thousand dollars to release him from Fortress Monroe. The North was aflame with indignation; enough could not be said in condemnation. It mattered little to Mr. Greeley. His conscience approved, and he could stand the denunciation. He said, "The time will come when the thousands that curse me will thank me; when the children of these very men will select my going to Richmond and signing that bail-bond as the wisest act of my life."

He was nominated by the "Liberal Republicans" in 1872 for President. He received nearly three million votes, nearly all the South voting for him, but General Grant defeated him. Just before this his wife died. She had been ill for some time, and her husband, worn out with watching, having slept not more than one hour in twenty-four for one month, reached that point where he could not sleep at all, and brain fever followed. He died at the age of sixty-one, an overworked man. He left two daughters Ida and Gabrielle.

Congress passed resolutions of respect for his "eminent services and personal purity and worth." Rich and poor honored him. Fifty thousand people passed by the open coffin to look upon his face for the last time. Among the floral tributes was a plow made of white camellias on a ground of violets, which the "Tribune" workmen sent.

His *History of the Civil War* was dedicated to John Bright and had a sale of several hundred thousand copies. "Mr. Greeley was not a great writer. He was a clear and strong one;

his style lacked literary grace and symmetry. He did not write for posterity; he wrote for the people then on earth, and he did it in a way that won their attention and their confidence."

A statue to him has lately been erected just at the entrance of the "Tribune" building. His wish was fulfilled. He will be known to posterity as the "Founder of the New York Tribune."

Gabrielle Greeley, now Mrs. Clendenin, inherited from her father a taste for reading and a fondness for the pen. It is thought that she will soon write a history of her father's life. To see Horace Greeley as he was seen and known by his "petted daughter" will make an interesting chapter in the life of the journalist.

His works are :

Hints toward Reforms,
History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension,
Recollections of a Busy Life,
What I Know of Farming,
Tribune Almanac,
History of the Civil War,

Glances at Europe,
Overland Journey to San Francisco,
The American Conflict,
Essays on Political Economy,
Whig Almanac,
A Political Text-Book (assisted by Cleveland).

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who succeeded General Bragg?*
2. *When was the Battle of Chickamunga? Who was victorious?*
3. *Describe the Battle of Chattanooga. Who was victorious?*
4. *When did Sherman begin his "March to the Sea"?*
5. *Was this an easy or difficult task?*
6. *Why did he burn Atlanta?*
7. *What was Sherman's chief object?*
8. *How long did it take him?*
9. *When did Lee evacuate Richmond?*
10. *When and where did he surrender?*

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ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.*

NEAR CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1820-1871.

Monroe.

1824-1871.

Grant.

" Years since (but names to me before),
Two sisters sought at eve my door :
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
A gray old farm-house in the West."

—J. G. Whittier.

To know just what privations and bereavements Alice and Phoebe Cary experienced, one must read the "Memorial" prepared by Mary Clemmer Ames. We learn from it how their father and mother, people of good education and refinement, began their life in the new settlement in Ohio, which place Alice has immortalized in her *Clovernook Stories*. Eighteen years of their life were spent there, and there nine of the children were born. All the advantages which a reasonable amount of money could procure they had, but in a new country of course educational institutions and literary associations are limited.

Alice said, "The first fourteen years of my life it seemed as if there was actually nothing in existence but work. The whole family struggle was just for the right to live free from the curse of debt. My father worked early and late ; my mother's work was never done. The mother of nine children with no other help than that of their little hands, I shall always feel that she was taxed beyond her strength and died before her time. * * We pined for beauty ; but there was no beauty about our lonely house but that which Nature gave us. We hungered and thirsted for knowledge ; but there were not a dozen books on our family shelf, nor a library within reach. There was little time to study, and had there been more, there was no chance to learn but in the district schoolhouse down the road. I never went to any other—not much to that."

* See illustration.

When Alice was fifteen and Phœbe eleven the mother died. A short while after their father married again and the step-mother did not sympathize with them in their literary ambitions. While they were always willing and ready to aid in the household work, they persisted in a determination to pursue their studies at night. She refused to give them candles to the extent of their wishes, so they had to improvise lights. With a saucer of lard and a bit of rag twisted into a wick they often sat up long after the rest of the family had retired. It is marvellous what these two accomplished under such depressing circumstances; many hearts less brave would have given up in despair.

Alice began at seventeen to write prose and verse for the press, but she worked ten years without compensation. Phœbe's first poem was written when only fourteen. Talking about it with a friend not long before her death, and telling of her rapture when the newspaper came and her eyes beheld in print the verses she had written, she said, "O, if they could only look like that now, it would be better than money!" Then she said she laughed and she cried. "I did not care any more if I was poor or my clothes plain. Somebody cared enough for my verses to print them, and I was happy. I looked with compassion on my schoolmates. 'You may know more than I do,' I thought, 'but you can't write verses that are printed in a newspaper.'"

Alice wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Patty Lee," and soon became well known for her papers on rural life, which were collected afterwards in *Clovernook, or Pictures of Country Life*. A vein of sadness runs through them, caused no doubt by her surroundings. The style is simple and natural. "You can see the horses in the dooryard, the turkeys, and the surly-looking little red cow with a white line down her back standing near a trough of water in the lane. You can see their humble home, the old-fashioned dressers with the polished platters, and blue or red crockery; the sanded floors scoured white, with a strip of home-made carpet before the stone hearth of the fire-place, filled

with green boughs in summer, and in winter glowing with a blazing wood fire." Alice and Phœbe loved the old home and its memories, and never could say enough about it.

There is a romance connected with Alice Cary's life. In her early days of poverty and obscurity she became engaged to a young man who was forced by his family to break his plighted troth. In 1852 the sisters moved to New York and thenceforth devoted themselves to a literary life. They had some property, a fair literary reputation, and knew how to be frugal and industrious. Alice was a Universalist, and her creed was to do good and bless her race.

"I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to Heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men."

Their home became a center of attraction for many of the brightest people in America. It was always understood that on Sunday evenings they were "at home," and these weekly receptions are memorable among the literati of New York. A great many complained that they were not careful enough in the selection of their company. One fashionable lady said to them she was astonished that a certain poor and unattractive young man, one without friends, was received by them. "His family," she said, "is very common." "We like him," said Phœbe Cary, "and he is just as welcome here as you are, and we are always glad to see *you*." They were criticised too for holding their receptions on Sunday. Their reason was that there were some who could not come at any other time. From their standpoint of duty perhaps no other act of their lives was more truly religious in their self-forgetfulness and consecration to a purpose of usefulness. They attended church every Sabbath morning and these gatherings were held after the evening service.

Both sisters were characterized by great humility and a low estimate of their own powers. While Phœbe had the more vigorous body, Alice had the more resolute will, and in consequence the stronger leaned upon the weaker. Phœbe did the house-

keeping, and so had less time for literary work, and only wrote the "song as it came singing through her brain." On the other hand, Alice was an inveterate worker, even toiling at the expense of her health. The style of the sisters was very different. No one could mistake the work of one for the other. Alice's poems were sad, Phœbe's, while not very joyous in tone, were more independent and buoyant. Her philosophy was,

" Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path ;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.

Let us find the sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from the way."

In society Phœbe was the more attractive of the two sisters. "She was brilliant, witty, and always kindly and genial." Her poem *Nearer Home*, which begins—

" One sweetly solemn thought,"

has a wide reputation. It was written when she was only eighteen years old. Phœbe sometimes wrote humorous poems, as her *Two Lovers*,

" Sally Salter, she was a young teacher who taught,
And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher who praught,
Though his enemies called him a screecher who scraught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and sunk,
And his eye, meeting hers, began winking and wunk :
While she, in her turn, kept thinking and thunk," etc.

It was Phœbe, too, that said,

" Sometimes, I think, the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be ;
That what we plan we build ;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In heaven shall be fulfilled."

None can forget *Pictures of Memory* by Alice beginning,

" Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all."

Nor her *Order for a Picture*, beginning,

"O good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you."

The description is then given of the woods and corn-fields, the little house "black and old," "with children many as it can hold," then of the robbing of the bird's nest and the fear of going home; then of the gathering around the mother's knee, and of that mother's look.

"Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely on the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
I think it was solely mine, indeed!
* * * * * You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet—
Woods and corn-fields and mulberry tree—
The mother—the lads with their bird at her knee;
But, O, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint the picture and leave that out."

The sisters supplemented each other in character; Alice sensitive and retiring; Phœbe radiating a joyous cheer.

All their friends remember Phœbe's necklace, made up of curious and quaint articles given her by loved ones. A "charm string" it was! A piece of amber, a nut from the tropics, a bit of malachite, a moss agate, a chip of marble, etc., till it stretched four feet long. When laughed at for wearing so heathenish an ornament, she replied: "The best place to keep one's friends is to hang them about the neck." Though called "the wittiest woman in America," she was never known to willingly wound any one. To be unkind or knowingly to do wrong was an impossibility with Phœbe Cary.

Alice's health failed rapidly. She had been an invalid for years. These years were attended with much suffering, and the suffering was borne with wonderful patience and resignation. Her stronger sister faithfully and tenderly cared for her during

all this time. Alice felt that her life-work was not completed. "Oh! if God would only let me live ten years longer," was her pathetic cry, but when the time came to die, she exclaimed, "I want to go away!"

The last lines she wrote were :

"As the poor panting hart to the waterbrook runs,
As the waterbrook runs to the sea.
So earth's fainting daughters and famishing sons,
O Fountain of Love! run to thee."

Phoebe seemed so well and strong up to the time of her sister's death, but when she, upon whom she had always leaned, was taken, "the very impulse and power to live were gone. She sank and died because she could not live on in a world where her sister was not."

THOU AND I.

Strange, strange for thee and me
Sadly afar ;

Thou safe beyond, above,
I 'neath the star.

Thou where flowers deathless spring,
I where they fade ;

Thou in God's Paradise,
I 'mid the shade.

Thou where each gale breathes balm,
I tempest tossed ;

Thou where true joy is found,
I where 'tis lost.

Thou counting ages thine,
I not the morrow ;

Thou learning more of bliss,
I more of sorrow.

Thou in eternal peace,
I 'mid earth's strife ;

Thou where earth hath no name
I where 'tis life.

Thou without need of hope,
I where 'tis vain ;

Thou with wings dropping light,
I with time's chain.

Strange, strange for thee and me,
Loved, loving ever ;

Thou by Life's deathless fount,
I near Death's river.

Thou winning Wisdom's love,
I strength to trust ;

Thou 'mid the seraphim,
I in the dust.

"I seem to feel a cord stretched from her heart to mine. I feel her constantly drawing me. For thirty years I have gone straight to her bedside as soon as I rose in the morning, and wherever she is I am sure she wants me now!"

Noticing how rapidly she was failing her friends took her to Newport, thinking the change of air and scene would divert and cheer her. She did not rally, however. The day that she died she asked some one to read "The Singer" to her. She closed her eyes while she listened, and when it was ended she said: "It is all I could wish or ask for."

Loved and loving sisters, you have left your impress upon many hearts; you have inspired us to higher living, to more courage in weakness; you have not lived in vain!

"The singers are gone, but their songs remain!"

Their works are:

Clovernook Papers (Alice),
The Clovernook Children (Alice),
The Maiden of Tlascala (Alice),
Pictures of Country Life (Alice),
The Bishop's Son (Alice),
Snow Berries, a Book for Young Folks
(Alice),
Poems of Faith, Hope and Love (Phœbe),

Hagar, a Story of To-day (Alice),
Lyra and Other Poems (Alice),
Married, Not Mated (Alice),
Lyrics and Hymns (Alice),
The Lover's Diary (Alice),
Poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary,
Poems and Parodies (Phœbe),
Hymns for all Christians (Phœbe).

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *When and where did Johnston surrender?*
2. *What became of President Davis when Lee surrendered?*
3. *Where was he captured? Where imprisoned?*
4. *How was he released?*
5. *What prominent man North went on his bail?*
6. *What was the loss North and South during the war?*
7. *What was the cost of the war?*
8. *By whom and where was President Lincoln assassinated?*
9. *What was Booth's fate?*
10. *Who were his accomplices? What was their fate?*

HELEN MARIA (HUNT) JACKSON.

AMHERST, MASS.

1831.

Jackson.

1885.

Cleveland.

"One of the foremost women-writers of America has passed from this life. The hand of H. H. will write nothing more."—*Amanda B. Harris.*

"* * The name of the woman who has come nearest in our day and tongue to the genius of Elizabeth Barrett Browning."—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

"Helen Jackson (H. H.) whose name outranked, at the time of her death, that of any other American woman who claimed the name of poet."—*Charles F. Richardson.*

"When some one asked Emerson a few years since whether he did not think 'H. H.' the best *woman-poet* on this continent, he answered in his meditative way, 'Perhaps we might as well omit the word woman,' thus placing her, at least in that moment's impulse, at the head of all American poets." He admired her greatly, and would cut her poems from the newspapers as they appeared to carry about with him to read aloud.

"H. H." was born in Amherst, Mass., 1831, and was the oldest daughter of Professor Nathan Fiske of Amherst College. At the age of twelve Helen was left without her mother. She inherited this mother's sunny nature and keen sense of humor. She edited in after years the "Letters from a Cat," which her mother had written to amuse and entertain the little ones. There were only four children, two brothers and two sisters. Helen's bright and witty sayings were for a long time quoted by schoolmates in her native village. She tells us that the naughtiest day of her life was once when she ran away from home in company with another little girl; they had walked to Hadley, four miles distant, before they were caught and brought back. The whole town was alarmed and had started on the search for them; two of the professors finally discovered them and brought them back. When Helen at ten o'clock at night came

in rosy and smiling, and said in her brightest tones, "Oh! mother, I've had a perfectly splendid time," the mother, happy at having her child found again, did not have the heart to punish her. If changing schools be any advantage, "H. H." certainly excelled all others in this particular. Out of the twelve schools she attended two stood prominently in her memory, and to these two she always seemed grateful for the instruction afforded,—the well-known Ipswich Female Seminary, and Rev. Mr. Abbott's school of New York.

She was twenty-one when she married Captain Hunt, a handsome soldier of the United States Army. He had come to visit his brother, who was Governor of New York and living in Albany, and Miss Fiske there met him. Her life after marriage was necessarily a roving one, following the fortunes of her military husband. She lost her first boy Murray when he was only eleven months old. Shortly afterwards her husband was killed. He had invented a "sea miner," a machine for firing missiles under water, and while experimenting with this one day at Brooklyn he lost his life. Mrs. Hunt's grief was intense at this double loss. She shut herself up for months afterwards, not seeing even her dearest friends. She had only her baby boy Warren Horsford left. All her love now centered in him. As he grew he developed rare gifts and qualities, and she was very proud of him, but God saw fit to take this idol from her. He was seized with diphtheria while at an aunt's house, and died very suddenly. He seemed to realize what his loss would mean to his mother, so he begged that she would not take her own life after he was gone. She promised him this on condition that, if possible for him to do it, he would come back and speak to her after death. Mrs. Hunt had always believed in spiritualism, and when after his death her boy never returned she knew the belief was false, and abandoned it. She removed the bodies of her husband and children to Newport, R. I., and made that her home. She began to write verses about her loved boy, and this was the first time that she had shown any literary talent. It is true while

young she had sent some girlish verses to a Boston paper, but her first mature poem, *Lifted Over*, and signed "Marah," was written after her bereavements. The anguish and grief here portrayed will touch any heart, particularly a mother's heart similarly bereaved.

After years of seclusion she became her own sunny self again. She had always liked society, and in a short while won many friends by her charming manners. She began now to make a study of literary style and methods; she invited criticisms on her work and asked the privilege of criticising others in turn. The first poem which appeared, signed "H. H." was *Tryst*. Her prose sketch *In the White Mountains* had borne her full name.

In 1875 she married William Sharpless Jackson, and thenceforth her home was in Colorado Springs. Later she went to California for her health and while there her pen was kept busy. She wrote three hundred and seventy-one articles for the "New York Independent," besides her contributions to "Century." Her sketches are full of wonderful descriptions. A *New Anvil Chorus*, describing the beautiful scenery about the mining towns which she visited on her way West, was much admired.

She was asked to review books sent to publishers. This complimented her and encouraged her in her own ability to criticise. She ignored pen and ink, for her thoughts could be kept pace with only by using a pencil.

Her friends urged her to send her poems to various magazines that they knew would be glad to publish them, and "to ask a good price for them, as there was no use to throw away such talent as she possessed." The answer was, "They are already overwhelmed with bad poetry. I will not inflict mine upon them." Finally she concluded to send one of her poems to James T. Fields. He thought the price demanded high, but he read the poem. "Good poem," he said; read it again: "Indeed it is a good poem," and selected it without hesitation.

She made no reputation as a novelist until her *Ramona* appeared. This is a beautiful Indian story. Much of her time

in late years was spent in helping the Indians. She interested herself greatly in their behalf, and was appointed by the United States Government to report on the Missions in California. In order to do this she visited the Indian tribes and studied the history of the old Spanish missions. She founded the "Ramona School" in Santa Fé on account of her great sympathy with the Indians. Cheyenne Falls was a favorite resort of hers, and when some one purchased the land in front of the Cañon and built a fence around it, charging admittance to the Falls, her indignation at the "meanness of the action" knew no bounds. By force of tongue, pen, and friends she battled until the fence was taken away.

She did not sympathize with the woman suffrage movement until she heard Lucy Stone speak. She went to write a satire upon the proceedings, but came away in full sympathy. She always preferred colored servants around her, but never as equals. In 1885 she died and was buried above the beautiful Falls that she loved so in life, "The Beautiful Cradle of Peace." It was she who named "The Garden of the Gods" in Colorado. Riding through the settlement in the early days, she noticed a beautifully kept garden in which two negroes, a man and a woman, were working. In answer to a question, the man informed her that his name was Jupiter, and the woman's Juno; whereupon she exclaimed, "Then this must be the garden of the gods."

Many thought that "H. H." wrote the "Saxe Holm" tales, but she always denied it. Critics who were skilled in detecting such matters insisted that there are points of resemblance which are unmistakable, and that she must have written them in conjunction with some one else—hence her power to deny. At any rate this has been the best kept of all literary secrets. "H. H." reaches the popular heart best in a class of poems easy to comprehend, thoroughly human in sympathy; poems of love, of motherhood, of bereavement; poems such as are repeated and preserved in many a Western cabin, cheering and strengthening

many a heart. The highest type of this class of Helen Jackson's verses may be found in her noble poem, *Spinning*, which begins:

" Like a blind spinner in the sun—
 I tread my days:
 I know that all the threads will run
 Appointed ways;
 I know each day will bring its tasks,
 And, being blind, no more I ask."

Her works are:

Verses,
 Bits of Travel,
 Bits of Talk about Home Matters,
 Bits of Talk for Young People,
 Bits of Travel at Home,
 Nelly's Silver Mine,
 Mammy Littleback and Her Family,
 The Hunter Cats of Connorloa,
 Glimpses of Three Coasts,

Hetty's Strange History,
 Letters from a Cat,
 A Century of Dishonor,
 The Training of Children,
 Sonnets and Lyrics,
 Between Whiles,
 Mercy Philbrick's Choice,
 Ramona,
 Zeph.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who became President after Lincoln's death?*
2. *Was the change a good one for the South?*
3. *What was the Thirteenth Amendment?*
4. *What act was passed over the President's veto?*
5. *Why was President Johnson impeached?*
6. *Was he convicted? Why not?*
7. *What bills were passed over the President's veto?*
8. *What was the "Civil Rights Bill"?*
9. *What was the Freedman's Bureau?*
10. *What was the "Tenure-of-Office Bill"?*

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

CONCORD, MASS.

1817.

Monroe.

1862.

Lincoln.

WORKS.

A Week on the Concord and
Merrimac Rivers,
Excursions in Field and Forest,
Cape Cod,

Walden, or Life in the Woods,
A Plea for Captain John Brown,
The Maine Woods,
Letters to Various Persons,

A Yankee in Canada.

"Hail to thee, O man ! who hast come from the transitory place to the imperishable."—
Ellery Channing.

Of all the authors who have made Concord so famous—Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, Margaret Fuller, and Thoreau—not one was born there but Thoreau. To him it represented the universe, and was the only place worth living in.

He had in his veins Scotch, French, and Puritan blood. He inherited a certain kind of shrewd wisdom, independence and wit; he had a keen way of looking at life with a fair amount of every-day sense and a poetic taste. His mother was a very peculiar woman. She was handsome, high-spirited, accomplished, after the manner of those days, and had a remarkable voice. She was fond of dress and had a weakness for bright colors, for which weakness an aunt of Emerson once reproved her. Mrs. Thoreau was seventy, Miss Emerson eighty-four; the younger called upon the elder in Concord wearing bright yellow bonnet ribbons. During the call Miss Emerson kept her eyes shut. When Mrs. Thoreau rose to leave, she said, "Perhaps you noticed that I closed my eyes during your call. I did so because I did not wish to look on the ribbons you are wearing, so unsuitable for a child of God and a person of your years." Mrs. Thoreau was noted for "sudden flashes of gossip and

malice" which never amounted to ill-nature, but which greatly provoked the prim inhabitants of Concord. Her gift of speech was proverbial, and wherever she was, the conversation was monopolized by her. "She fully verified the Oriental legend which accounts for the greater loquacity of women by the fact that nine baskets of talk were let down from Heaven to Adam and Eve in their garden, and that Eve glided forward first and secured seven of them." Mrs. Thoreau was said to have been the most unceasing talker ever known in Concord.

Her husband, John Thoreau, on the other hand, was a grave and silent man, who always gave way to his wife, "taller and older than himself." He led a quiet, plodding, unambitious life, educating his children, associating with his neighbors, and keeping clear of the quarrels which his wife and her sister Louiza agitated in the little village. He was a pencil-maker by trade, and his son Henry was for a time in the same employment. The Thoreau children, Helen, John, Henry, and Sophia had peculiar opportunities for education, and as they grew up all became teachers, and each displayed special gifts in that profession. To meet one of them was not the same as meeting any one else. "Without wealth or power, or social prominence they still held a rank of their own in scrupulous independence." "They lived their life according to their genius, without fear of man, or of the world's dread laugh."

There was an uncle Charles, two years older than Thoreau's mother, a man of eccentricities whom Thoreau describes in his *Walden*—a man who "goes to sleep shaving himself, and is obliged to sprout potatoes in a cellar Sundays in order to keep awake and keep the Sabbath." He was a privileged jester and an unprofessional juggler. One of his tricks was to swallow all the knives and forks and some of the plates at the tavern table, and then offer to restore them if the landlord would forgive him the bill.

Henry Thoreau's mother boasted that when a baby he never cried. His aunt Sarah Thoreau taught him to walk at an early

age. When four years old, on being told that he must die, as well as the men in the New England Primer,

" Xerxes did die,
And so must I,"

and having the joys of heaven explained to him, he said that he did not want to die because he could not take his sled to so fine a place, and then added, "The boys say heaven is not shod with iron, and not worth a cent." At six years of age we find him driving his mother's cows from the pasture, and at ten carrying his pet chickens for sale to the tavern-keeper and being so distressed because he saw the necks wrung as they were taken from the basket.

He studied at the village school until prepared for Harvard. Upon his return from college he asked his mother what profession she wished him to choose. She said pleasantly, "You can buckle on your knapsack, dear, and roam abroad to seek your fortune"; but the thought of leaving home made the tears roll down his cheeks. Then Helen, standing near, tenderly put her arm around him and kissed him, saying, "No, Henry, you shall not go: you shall stay at home and live with us." And this indeed he did. His expenses at college had been in part defrayed by this sister, who had already begun her teaching life.

A lady connected with Mr. Emerson's family was visiting at Mrs. Thoreau's while Henry was in college, and the conversation turned on a lecture lately given in Concord by Mr. Emerson. Miss Helen Thoreau surprised the visitor by saying, 'My brother Henry has passages in his diary containing the same things that Mr. Emerson said.' This remark was questioned, the diary was produced, and sure enough the two passages were found to be very similar. The incident was reported to Mr. Emerson and he desired that the lady should bring the lad to see him, which was soon done, and thus their intimacy began. Thoreau wrote for "The Dial," and became a Transcendentalist. He believed in the vegetarian diet, which it is thought shortened his life, and he was in full sympathy with the Brook Farm movement.

He was a bitter abolitionist, and wrote his *Plea for John Brown* which showed his earnestness in this matter. "He went to prison rather than pay his tax which went to support slavery in South Carolina, and when his friend Emerson came to the cell and said, 'Henry, why are you here?' the reply was, 'Why are you not here?'" His best friends denounced this act as "mean and sneaking."

After his college days were over he became a surveyor, and was held in the highest regard for his practical knowledge of lands and boundaries. Any one who knew Thoreau at all knew about his hermitage at Walden Pond. It was about two miles from his mother's door, on Emerson's land, and Alcott and Channing helped to cut down the trees with which the little house was built—a house so small that in order to be cleaned everything had to be set out of doors. He lived there two years. It was an experiment, and he delighted in the freedom from conventional ways which this seclusion gave him.

He was a naturalist, and his life and work are of consequence as having given an impulse in that direction. He had a faculty for attracting dumb animals. He would thrust his hand into the water, and softly raise before the astonished eyes a large bright fish which would lie as contentedly in his hand as if he were an old acquaintance. He never used a gun, but would capture animals in the same gentle way. Squirrels would run up his arm; partridges, the shyest of birds, would lead their broods to his cabin door. He knew the ways, the haunts, the times and seasons of the wild creatures of the woods and waters; to him they were never wild but came at his bidding.

Thoreau never married. Unfortunately he and his brother John loved the same woman and his celibacy was due to his self-abnegation. He never had a reputation as a writer during his lifetime. His first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*, was a failure. He sold only about two hundred and fifty copies, gave away fifty and the other seven hundred were sent back to him. He laughingly said that he had a fine library

of nine hundred books, seven hundred of which were written by himself, and "Is it not well that the author should behold the fruits of his labor? My works are piled up in my chamber, half as high as my head, my *opera omnia*. This is authorship. These are the works of my brain."

It is common to speak of his life as a failure, but as time goes on "the dross is melting from his writings and the gold is seen."

He died at forty-four without having achieved fame or fortune. He was buried in Sleepy Hollow and a brown stone marks his grave.

His manuscripts were collected, and published after his death.

Henry James, Jr., said of Thoreau, "Whatever question there may be of his talent, there can be none, I think, of his genius. It was a slim and crooked one, but it was eminently personal. He was imperfect, unfinished, inartistic; he was worse than provincial—he was parochial; it is only at his best that he is readable."

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who first attempted to lay the Atlantic Cable?*
2. *How many attempts were made?*
3. *When was the first successful message sent?* 1876
4. *Who was elected President in 1868?*
5. *Give sketch of Grant.*
6. *What three States were not allowed votes when Grant was elected?* *Vt. Me. Mass.*
7. *What did reconstruction signify?*
8. *When was Horace Greeley candidate for President?*
9. *Give a sketch of his life.*
10. *What caused the Panic of '73?*

BAYARD TAYLOR.*

KENNETT SQUARE, PENN.

1825.

John Quincy Adams.

1878.

Hayes.

"What unknown way is this that he has gone,
Our Bayard in such silence and alone?
What new strange quest has tempted him
once more
To leave us?"

—T. B. Aldrich.

"Nobody could read one of his books without feeling the influence of this virtue. Nobody could know him without perceiving that this high literary merit was a reflex of an earnest and simple nature."—*The Tribune*.

"I am just as old as the railroad," wrote Bayard Taylor, "for I was born on the 11th day of January, 1825, the year when the first locomotive successfully performed its trial trip," and with the railroad he went whizzing over the surface of the earth, and therefore is known to many simply as the traveller. But he did not care to be known in this character; his ambition was to be a poet, and he said that in travelling his observations were those of a poet seeking the whole, not those of a statistician only bent on discovering particulars. He always felt that he could not depend upon his books of travel for lasting fame, and nothing disgusted him more than to be called "the great American traveller."

He succeeded in more departments than any other man of letters in this country. He was editor, teacher, newspaper correspondent, lecturer, translator, writer of books of travel, poet, novelist, and dramatist.

He was of Quaker parentage and grew to boyhood in the midst of fresh air, and hard farm work. His mother Rebecca Way was a refined intelligent woman, who seeing her boy's fondness for books rather shielded him from picking up stones and hoeing corn by putting him "to mind the baby." One day on hearing the infant scream she ran in to find Bayard absorbed in his book and rocking furiously his own chair under the delusion

*See illustration.



J. G.
HOLLAND.

BAYARD
TAYLOR.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Press Engr. Co. N. Y.

that he was rocking the cradle. She saw at once that though her boy might become a fine literary man he never in the world would do for a baby-tender.

A genuine healthy-natured boy he was, who took great delight in any out-of-door-life, and had a craving which nothing could put aside to go everywhere and see everything. This spirit of adventure was born in him. From childhood, he tells us he always had a desire to climb upward, and take a wide sweep of the world. His passion was first gratified when looking out of the garret window one day, while quite a small boy, he spied some slats which the carpenters had not removed after repairing the roof. Here he felt was his chance to look abroad into the world. Up and up he climbed and was soon seated upon the sharp ridge of the roof. The view was boundless and he saw in the distance a white object, probably a barn, but he thought it was Niagara Falls, and so shouted out to the frightened servant girl below. He did later in life stand upon the high places of the land and take in the widest sweep of vision not only in his own country but in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

It would be consoling to that class of mortals who have never shown any decided precocity in youth, to find some of the literary men who were like other people, but Bayard Taylor was not an exception to the rule. He was reading at four years of age, and at twelve had devoured the contents of a small circulating library. He went fishing by torchlight and gathered nuts and lobelia and sumach to provide himself with pocket money to buy his books. After he had attended to all his work, such as foddering the cows, etc., then he sat down to his beloved books. He read every one he could lay his hands on, but delighted most in books of travel. He was always planning journeys to Europe which seemed at that time far from being realized, but he began taking ideal journeys, and prepared himself for them. At fifteen he had mastered the French and Spanish languages, which knowledge in after years served him so well.

His favorite poets were Milton, Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth, and his mother used frequently to hear him repeating their poetry to his little brother after they had gone to bed. He was always ambitious, and a letter, in answer to a request for an autograph, from Dickens who was lecturing in this country fired him "with a desire to become, too, a light, a star, among the names of his country." At sixteen he began to teach in the Academy where he had attended school. He had talent for engraving and if only the money had not been lacking, our traveller, our poet, our novelist might have been an etcher on steel and wood as well.

He tried his hand at poetry, but found no money in it; he did not like teaching, so of course could not succeed at that; he apprenticed himself for four years to a printer, and during that time used every spare moment for reading and writing poetry.

He walked thirty miles to get a publisher for his poems, but he was unknown then and the request was refused. Rufus Griswold advised him to have them sold by subscription, which he did and dedicated them to his adviser. He then decided that he would travel in Europe. The "Post" and the "United States Gazette" each paid him fifty dollars in advance for twelve foreign letters, and he sold some poems for about forty dollars, so with these amounts he sailed for Liverpool. He was compelled to take steerage passage and in every way had to deny himself.

Horace Greeley had told him that he was "sick of descriptive letters," and would have no more of them, but as soon as he learned enough of German customs he would be glad to have letters from him relative to German life and society, not, however, before he had really learned something about the matter. "If your letters are good, you shall be paid for them," he said. Taylor sent eighteen letters to him, for which he was well paid. He was only nineteen at this time, and it cost him a real pang to leave behind him not only his devoted mother, but Mary Agnew his sweetheart and playmate from boyhood. He was not allowed

to correspond with her because her parents refused to encourage him on account of his poverty. He had confided in his mother, and she counselled patience and hope, and so at the end of three years all objections were removed, and he went home to become engaged to the idol of his heart. She was an intelligent and beautiful girl, and to him she seemed more angel than human, with her dark eyes and soft brown hair. He showed her all his poems, and she became his inspiration and critic. He said: "One word from thee is dearer to me than the cold praise of all the critics in the land."

He taught some literature classes in a young ladies' school; then Mr. Greeley offered him a place on the "Tribune." He was sent to California to write of the gold discoveries, and these letters were afterwards published under the title *Eldorado*.

At twenty-five he was out of debt and ready to marry, but his beautiful and loved Mary Agnew was a victim to consumption. The bridal day in May was postponed on account of her failing health; but in October he insisted upon the ceremony being performed. Only two months she was spared to him, and her loss unfitted him for a time for any work. "Another such winter will kill me, I am certain. I cannot work with any spirit. I shall leave next fall on a journey somewhere—no matter where," he wrote to a friend. He did start again on his travels, and visited Egypt, Asia Minor, India, and Japan. Two years he remained, writing letters which made him famous the world over. He then accepted calls to lecture, and the profit from these and from his three books of travel made him for a time independent.

Bayard Taylor once accepted in a very unique way an invitation to dine with some friends. He executed a neat pen and ink drawing of the dial of a clock with the hands pointing to the hour named, then simply wrote beneath it, "Coming," and signed it "Bayard Taylor."

His next journeying was to Northern Europe, and he was accompanied by his two sisters and a brother. Seven years after Mary Agnew's death he met at Gotha Marie Hansen, the daughter

of a distinguished astronomer, Peter A. Hansen, founder of the Erfurt observatory. She was a lady of great culture, and consented to marry him. They spent the following year in Athens, Greece. He was tired now of travelling, and longed for a quiet home for his wife and for little Lilian who had been born in Greece. He erected a beautiful house on his old home place. He had purchased the land adjoining, so that "Cedarcroft" was built in the midst of two hundred acres of land. It was a home to delight a poet and give pleasure to a poet's friends, but the expenses went beyond the expectations, and instead of the long desired rest he had to begin again to toil and struggle in order to pay off the debts.

He set to work with hearty good will, and earned more than ever by his books and lectures. He was appointed Secretary of Legation at Russia just as the Civil War began. On his return he translated "Faust," which will ever stand as a monument to his learning and literary skill. It is upon this work that his fame chiefly rests. His health had begun sometime before this to fail, so that when in 1878 President Hayes appointed him Minister to Berlin he gladly accepted, thinking it would give him an opportunity to recover, and finish his long-desired work, *The Lives of Goethe and Schiller*. Germany rejoiced to have a lover of her literature sent to her borders. Emperor William gave him a cordial welcome, and Bismarck made him a friend. His overworked brain and body gave way in a short while, and in dying he said: "I want—I want—oh, you know what I mean, that *stuff of life!*" It was too late. Although but fifty-three years of age "the poet lay dead among his books."

His body was brought back to America, and lay in state at the City Hall at New York. He was then buried at "Cedarcroft," surrounded by sorrowing relatives and literary friends. His wife edited his *Life and Letters*, assisted by Horace E. Scudder. She also translated several of his books into German.

Bayard Taylor was a "a devoted student, a successful diplomat, a true friend, a noble poet, a gifted traveller, a man whose life will

never cease to be an inspiration." *Prince Deucalion*, his most ambitious poetical work, appeared a few days before his death. His metrical translation of "Faust" is a marvel of poetic diction, and is said to be the best annotated edition yet given of this greatest of German poems.

His works are :

Ximena and Other Poems,
A Voyage to California,
The Land of the Saracen,
The Poet's Journal,
John Godfrey's Fortunes,
Byways of Europe,
Lars, a Pastoral of Norway,
Home Pastorals and Other Poems,
A Journey to Central Africa,
A Visit to India, China, and Japan,
Summer and Winter Pictures of Sweden,
Denmark, and Lapland,
Egypt and Iceland,
Beauty and the Beast,
The National Ode—(1876),
Rhymes of Travel, Ballads and Poems,
Prince Deucalion ; a Lyrical Drama,
Handbook of Literature and Fine Arts,
The Echo Club,
Epicedium,

Views Afoot ; or Europe seen with Knap-
sack and Staff,
At Home and Abroad,
Hannah Thurston,
The Story of Kennett,
The Masque of the Gods,
The Prophet (a tragedy),
Eldorado ; or Adventures in the Path of
Empire,
Northern Travel,
Travels in Greece and Russia,
Travels in Arabia,
The Boys of other Countries,
The Picture of St. John,
Joseph and his Friend,
Translation of Faust,
School History of Germany,
Illustrated Library of Travel,
Ballad of Abraham Lincoln,
The Quaker Widow.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What anniversary was celebrated in 1876?*
2. *Where was the exhibition held?*
3. *How many acres did the main building cover?*
4. *How long did the exhibition last?*
5. *What caused the war with the Sioux?*
6. *Give views on the treatment of the Indians.*
7. *What book was written in their defence?* *Some*
8. *Who was General Custer? What was his fate?*
9. *Were the Indians defeated?*
10. *What was the date of Custer's death?* *June 25, 1876*

FRANCIS ROBERT GOULDING.*

LIBERTY COUNTY, GA.

1810.

Madison.

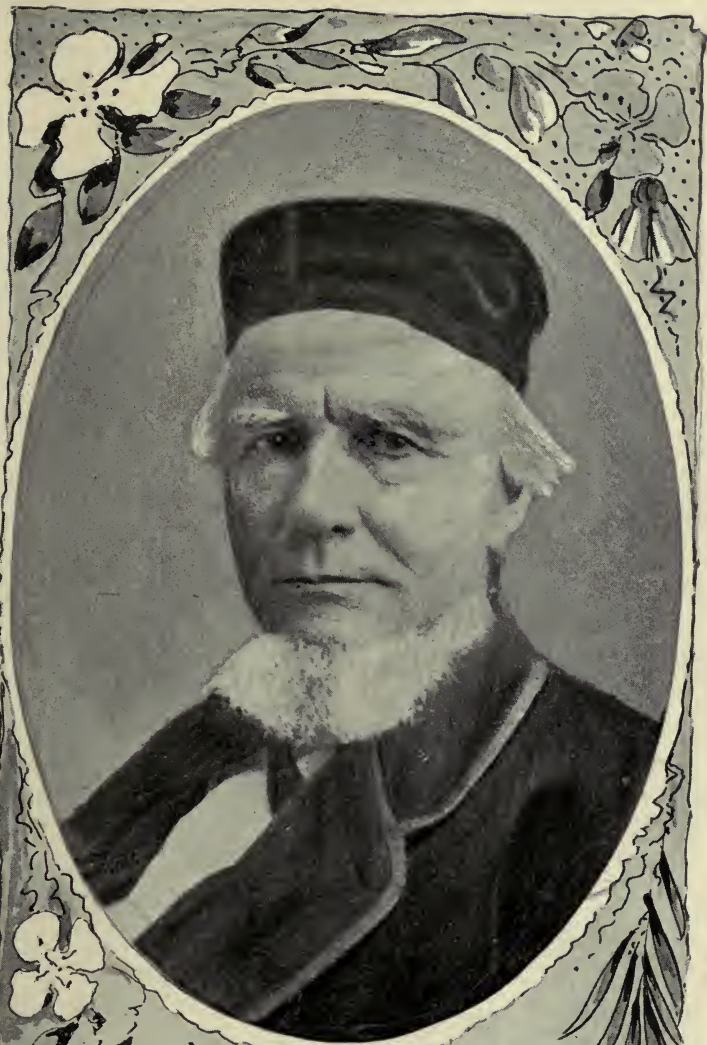
1881.

Garfield.

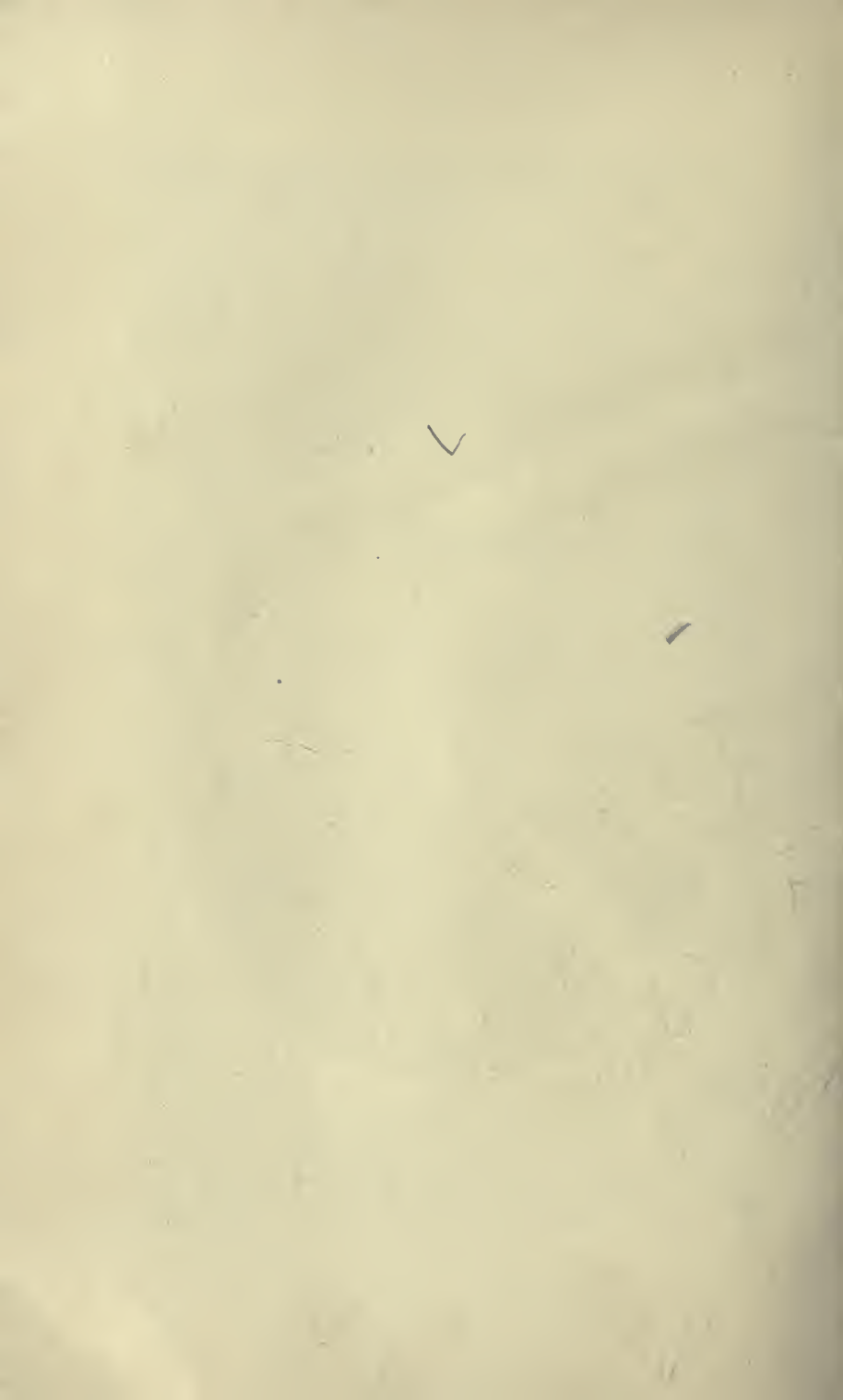
The writer of *Young Marooners* has done for American literature what Daniel De Foe has done for English literature. He wrote a book that every boy and girl delights to read, and one confesses himself ignorant of juvenile literature by acknowledging that he has not read it; and like "Robinson Crusoe" one can read it, and read it again with renewed interest. It is a helpful and charming story, well told and in the main truthfully told, for it is founded upon facts connected with the life of the author and his own family. Robert and Frank were his own sons, and Mary that "scalded the bear" was his daughter, now Mrs. Helmer, of Macon, Ga. The incident about "Blue-eyed Mary" happened to his own wife when she was a child. Harold was his nephew, for many years an inmate of his family, and his real name was Jett Howard. Judy the faithful old servant is drawn from life, and is now (1894) living in Atlanta, Ga., on Piedmont avenue, "Betsy Rucker, the church's mother," as she is styled. She is as loyal to the family to-day as she was in the days of *Young Marooners*. When the Federal troops took possession of Macon she left her own children, then quite young, and hurried to the hospital where Miss Mary Goulding was acting as matron, and with arms clasped around her young mistress stood guard until she knew all danger had passed. Afterwards she begged to be allowed to give all of her wages to the support of the family who were then impoverished by the war, and was really grieved when this request was denied her.

The encyclopædias give very little of the life of Dr. Goulding. From acquaintances and friends of the family, the following facts are gained:

*See illustration.



FRANK R. GOULDING.



His father was Rev. Thomas Goulding, D.D., a Presbyterian minister, and the first of that denomination that was a native of Georgia. He was also the first President of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C. He was descended from the old Puritan Colonists, who founded Dorchester, Mass., in 1630, and who subsequently settled Dorchester, S. C., and the Midway district in Georgia. Such a strong love of liberty had been handed down to these settlers in Georgia that, before the colony had declared its independence, the Parish of St. John, into which the Midway district had been merged sent Dr. Lyman Hall to the First Continental Congress. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and in commemoration of this the county was called Liberty. This was the birthplace of Francis Robert Goulding, but his early childhood was passed upon the seacoast near Savannah, Ga.

His mother was Ann Holbrook, of Walcott, Conn., the daughter of Nathan Holbrook of Revolutionary fame, who bravely fought from the battle of Bunker Hill to the surrender at Yorktown.

When Frank was only ten years old his parents moved to the up country, near Lexington, Ga. He was sent to Athens to enter a preparatory school. There he remained until fitted for Franklin College, afterwards the University of Georgia. He entered the Sophomore Class in 1827 taking a high stand and was graduated in 1830. After this he took a two years' course in the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C., his father having founded the institution. Graduating in 1833 he married Miss Mary Wallace Howard of Savannah. She proved a helpmeet indeed for him, for becoming interested in Foreign Missions she expressed a willingness to go with her husband to this field of labor, if he thought that his duty called him there. At her request Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" was set to music by Dr. Lowell Mason. She had a fine soprano voice, and it is said that when she sang it in the choir of the Independent Presbyterian Church at Savannah, it

was its first presentation to the world. Physical infirmities prevented her and her husband from undertaking the missionary work ; but has she not accomplished by this song much good, since it has re-echoed from every quarter of the globe where American missionaries have gone ?

Dr. Goulding entered upon his ministerial work, taking charge of the churches at Concord and Harmony in Sumter County, S. C. During the first year he had calls from Columbus, and Greensboro, Ga. He declined the former in favor of his father, but accepted the latter where he remained two years and then went to Washington, Ga. Becoming an agent for the Bible Society soon after, he had ample opportunity for the study of nature, and of acquiring those habits of observation which enabled him to write so helpfully afterwards.

In 1842 while in Eatonton, Ga., he conceived the idea of the sewing machine. Simultaneously, yet without the knowledge of the other, was the idea worked out by Howe of Massachusetts, and Thimonnier of France, but to this Georgian is due the first practical sewing machine that was ever known in the South. During 1845 the year before Howe's patent was issued, Goulding's sewing machine was in use. He said in his Journal, "Having satisfied myself about this machine, I laid it aside that I might attend to other and weightier duties," and thus it happened that no patent was applied for.

In 1843 he took his family now consisting of six children to Bath, a small village near Augusta, Ga. He spent eight happy and useful years there, and as his pastoral duties were very light he devoted his leisure time to writing. In 1844 he published *Little Josephine* a story of the early piety of a little girl Josephine Anderson whom he knew in Washington, Ga. The American Sunday School Union published this book. Then he began his *Young Marooners* upon which his fame chiefly rests. It was the habit of the author to read aloud to his wife and children what he would write during the day, profiting by her literary culture, and revising what the critical jury of the little

people found difficult to understand, and cutting out those portions which tired and failed to interest them.

The book was first called *Robbins and Cruisers Company*, afterwards *Robert and Harold, or the Young Marooners*. Three years were spent in revising and correcting it, and it was originally much longer than it is now. The family has always regretted that it was not published as it was first written. The manuscript was burned during the war. Finally in 1852 William Martin & Co. of Philadelphia consented to publish it.

The manuscript was first sent to a New York house but rejected, then finally it was sent to Philadelphia. The reviewer glanced at it; then listlessly put it aside for another review. Later as listlessly he picked it up again, handed it to his little daughter who literally devoured it. He, like Louisa Alcott's publisher, argued that what will interest one child will interest many. Then he read it himself and, becoming interested in it, could not lay it aside until long after midnight. Early in the morning he hurried to the publishers, and insisted upon the book, being brought out at once. Three editions followed rapidly the first year, and it was reprinted in England and Scotland. He reserved the copyright until 1887 when Dodd & Mead, the present publishers, bought it.

His wife's health failed, and in order to restore it, Dr. Goulding moved his family to Kingston, Ga., hoping that the mountain air would benefit her. In the summer of '53 she died, leaving six children. Her husband then opened a select school for boys in Kingston, devoting his leisure moments to notes on the *Instincts of Birds and Beasts*. He knew Professor Agassiz, and frequently conferred with him upon this and kindred subjects.

In 1855 he married Miss Matilda Rees, the daughter of Ebenezer Rees, of Darien. His wife owned a beautiful home in Darien, so they moved there soon after their marriage, as his heart had longed to return to the scenes of his boyhood. He resumed his pastoral duties, alternating for six years between Darien and Baisden's Bluff. He spent many years studying

the subject of Light, corresponding with Faraday and other scientists. The result of these researches was his paper on *What is Light?*

Broken down by study and malaria he was forced every summer to seek the air of the mountains to recuperate. When the "War between the States" began he took active measures to relieve the sick and suffering soldiers that were encamped around Darien. In 1862, when the town was evacuated and burned by the Federal forces, Dr. Goulding's library was totally destroyed. He "refugeed" to Macon, and opened a select school for young ladies. There too he ministered to the sick and suffering soldiers in the hospitals around Macon.

Friends urged him to revise *Young Marooners*, which he did, and had an edition published in Macon. Then he compiled a *Soldiers' Hymn Book* for use in the Confederate army, and afterward sent articles to the Army and Navy Journals entitled *Self Helps and Practical Hints for the Camp, the Forest, and the Sea*.

The war ended—the financial resources of the South were completely exhausted—his own resources were entirely gone, so his pen was all that was left to obtain a support for his family. He became a contributor to the various literary journals and moved to Roswell, near Atlanta. The scenery in this beautiful hill country of upper Georgia he has graphically described in his later works. Friends urged him to write a sequel to *Young Marooners*, which he did and called *Marooner's Island*. *Frank Gordon* followed. This contained scenes from his childhood upon the seacoast. Lorenzo Woodruff, his dearest boy friend, upon whose memory he delighted to dwell, is described in the *Woodruff Stories*.

His last years were a struggle for life, on account of asthma. He felt that death was inevitable, and he was prepared for it. His sufferings were intense. In the early morning of August 22, he calmly passed away. He is buried in the little cemetery at Roswell.

Of his first family he left two sons and two daughters, and of

the second a widow and two daughters. His personal appearance was not unattractive. He was of medium height and was well proportioned. He had a genial winning manner, and a wonderful fund of information. His love for young people led him to devote his time to works that would give them pleasure, rather than to the domain of science which would have given himself the most pleasure. Combining with unselfish traits of character, unaffected piety, his life has proved one of unusual usefulness.

His other works are :

Sapelo, or Child Life in the Tidewater, Nachoochee, or Boy Life from Home,
Tahlequah, or Life Among the Cherokees.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What was Hayes's Southern policy?*
2. *What bill did Congress pass in 1878?*
3. *What treaties were made by the United States in 1880?*
4. *Give an account of Garfield's life.*
5. *By whom and when assassinated?*
6. *Who succeeded him?*
7. *What changes did he make in the Cabinet?*
8. *What two noted literary men were sent as Foreign Ministers during this administration?*
9. *What State is called the Centennial State? Why?*
10. *How many States are there?*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.*

HAVERHILL, MASS.

1807.

1892.

Jefferson.

Benjamin Harrison.

WORKS.

Legends of New England,
The Chapel of the Hermits,
Literary Recreations,
The Panorama and other Poems,
Home Ballads and Other Poems,
The Stranger in Lowell,
Supernaturalism in New Eng-
land,
Maud Muller,
Snow Bound,
Tent on the Beach,
Songs of Labor and Other Poems,
The Pennsylvania Pilgrim,
Hazel Blossoms,
The Bay of Seven Islands,
Skipper Ireson's Ride,
Old Portraits and Modern Sketches,

Justice and Expediency,
Mogg Megone,
Ballads,
Lays of my Home and Other
Poems,
In War Times and Other Poems,
National Lyrics,
The Bridal of Penacook,
The Voice of Freedom,
Leaves from Margaret Smith's
Journal,
Among the Hills,
Mabel Martin,
The King's Missive,
Barbara Frietchie,
In School Days,
Laus Deo.

"There was ne'er a man born who had more of the swing
Of the true lyric bard, and all that kind of thing."

—*James Russell Lowell's Fable for Critics.*

"From this far realm of pines I waft thee now
A brother's greeting, Poet, tried and true;
So thick the laurels on thy reverend brow,
We scarce can see the white locks glimmering through!

O pure of thought! Earnest in heart as pen,
The tests of time have left thee undefiled;
And o'er the snows of three-score years and ten
Shines the unsullied aureole of a child."

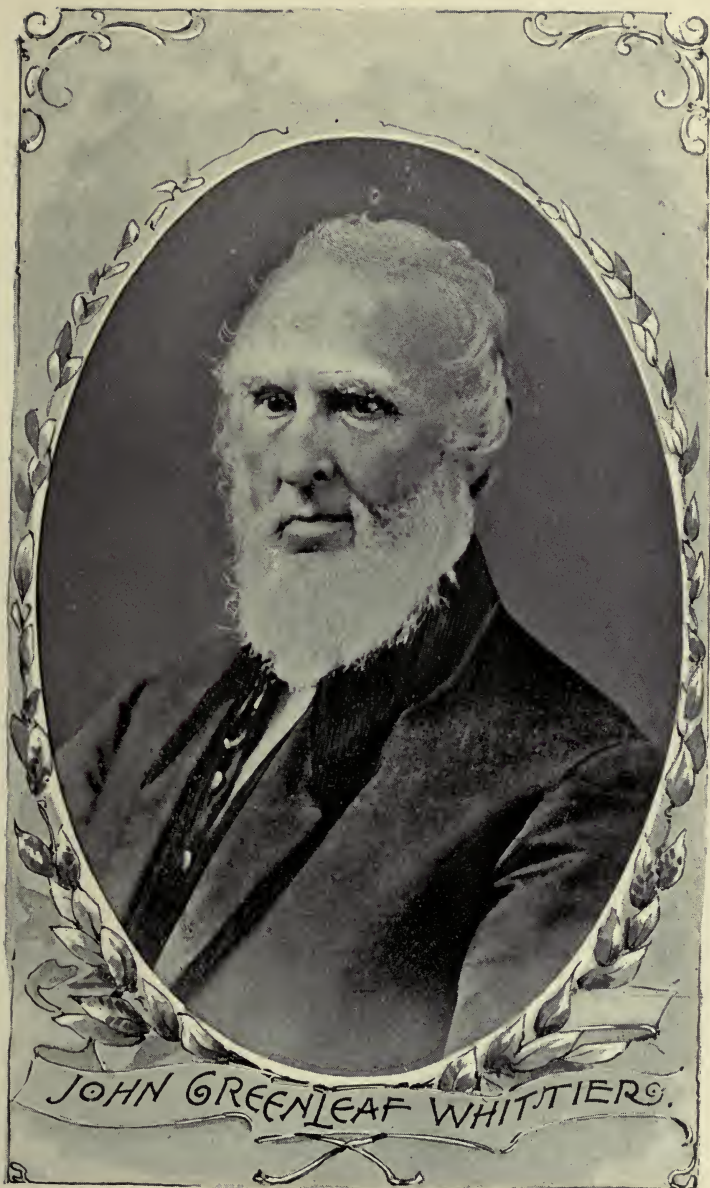
—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

"Whittier, on the whole, has lived nearer the homely heart and life of his Northern countrymen than any other American poet, save Longfellow."—*Charles F. Richardson.*

"From youth to manhood, manhood to old age—
If age at seventy years is counted old—
His is a life to honor and extol,
Entitling him to take conspicuous rank
Among the benefactors of mankind,
And with the choicest poets of all time."

—*William Lloyd Garrison.*

*See illustration.



Whittier when asked for some facts regarding his life wrote the following letter :

AMESBURY, 5th Mo., 1890.

DEAR FRIEND :

I am asked in thy note of this morning to give some account of my life. There is very little to give. I can say with Canning's knife-grinder: "Story, God bless you! I have none to tell you!"

I was born on the 17th of December, 1807, in the easterly part of Haverhill, Mass., in the house built by my first American ancestor, two hundred years ago. My father was a farmer, in moderate circumstances,—a man of good natural ability and sound judgment. For a great many years he was one of the Selectmen of the town, and was often called upon to act as arbitrator in matters at issue between neighbors. My mother was Abigail Hussey, of Rollinsford, N. H. A bachelor uncle and a maiden aunt, both of whom I remember with much affection, lived in the family. The farm was not a very profitable one; it was burdened with debt and we had no spare money; but with strict economy we lived comfortably and respectably. Both my parents were members of the Society of Friends. I had a brother and two sisters. Our home was somewhat lonely, half hidden in the oak woods, with no house in sight, and we had few companions of our age, and few occasions of recreation. Our school was only for twelve weeks in the year,—in the depth of winter, and half a mile distant. At an early age I was set at work on the farm, and doing errands for my mother, who, in addition to her ordinary house duties, was busy in spinning and weaving the linen and woolen cloth needed in the family. On First-days father and mother, and sometimes one of the children rode down to the Friends' Meeting-house in Amesbury, eight miles distant. I think I rather enjoyed staying at home and wandering in the woods, or climbing Job's hill, which rose abruptly from the brook which rippled down at the foot of our garden. From the top of the hill I could see the blue outline of the Deerfield

Mountains in New Hampshire, and the solitary peak of Agamenticus on the coast of Maine. A curving line of morning mist marked the course of the Merrimac, and Great Pond, or Kenoza, stretched away from the foot of the hill towards the village of Haverhill hidden from sight by intervening hills and woods, but which sent to us the sound of its two church bells. We had only about twenty volumes of books, most of them the journals of pioneer ministers in our society. Our only annual was an almanac. I was early fond of reading, and now and then heard of a book of biography or travel, and walked miles to borrow it.

When I was fourteen years old my first schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, the able, eccentric historian of Newbury, brought with him to our house a volume of Burns's poems, from which he read, greatly to my delight. I begged him to leave the book with me; and set myself at once to the task of mastering the glossary of the Scottish dialect at its close. This was about the first poetry I had ever read (with the exception of that of the Bible, of which I had been a close student), and it had a lasting influence upon me. I began to make rhymes myself, and to imagine stories and adventures. In fact I lived a sort of dual life, and in a world of fancy, as well as in the world of plain matter-of-fact about me. My father always had a weekly newspaper, and when young Garrison started his "Free Press" at Newburyport, he took it in the place of the "Haverhill Gazette." My sister, who was two years older than myself, sent one of my poetical attempts to the editor. Some weeks afterwards the news-carrier came along on horse-back and threw the paper out from his saddle-bags. My uncle and I were mending fences. I took up the sheet, and was surprised and overjoyed to see my lines in the "Poet's Corner." I stood gazing at them in wonder, and my uncle had to call me several times to my work before I could recover myself. Soon after, Garrison came to our farm-house, and I was called in from hoeing in the corn-field to see him. He encouraged me and urged my father to send me to school. I longed for education, but the means to procure it were wanting.

Luckily, the young man who worked for us on the farm in summer, eked out his small income by making ladies' shoes and slippers in the winter; and I learned enough of him to earn a sum sufficient to carry me through a term of six months in the Haverhill Academy. The next winter I ventured upon another expedient for raising money, and kept the district school in the adjoining town of Amesbury, thereby enabling me to have another academy term. The next winter I spent in Boston, writing for a paper. Returning in the spring, while at work on the farm, I was surprised by an invitation to take charge of the Hartford (Ct.) "Review," in place of the famous George D. Prentice, who had removed to Kentucky. I had sent him some of my school "compositions," which he had received favorably. I was unwilling to lose the chance of doing something more in accordance with my taste, and, though I felt my unfitness for the place, I accepted it, and remained nearly two years, when I was called home by the illness of my father, who died soon after. I then took charge of the farm, and worked hard to "make both ends meet"; and, aided by my mother's and sister's thrift and economy, in some measure succeeded.

As a member of the Society of Friends, I had been educated to regard Slavery as a great and dangerous evil, and my sympathies were strongly enlisted for the oppressed slaves by my intimate acquaintance with William Lloyd Garrison. When the latter started his paper in Vermont, in 1828, I wrote him a letter commending his views upon Slavery, Intemperance and War, and assuring him that he was destined to do great things. In 1833 I was a delegate to the first National Anti-Slavery Convention, at Philadelphia. I was one of the Secretaries of the Convention and signed its Declaration. In 1835 I was in the Massachusetts legislature. I was mobbed in Concord, N. H., in company with George Thompson, afterwards member of the British Parliament; and narrowly escaped from great danger. I kept Thompson, whose life was hunted for, concealed in our lonely farm-house for two weeks. I was in Boston during the great mob in Washington Street, soon after, and was threatened

with personal violence. In 1837 I was in New York, in conjunction with Henry B. Stanton and Theodore D. Weld, in the office of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The next year I took charge of the "Pennsylvania Freeman," an organ of the Anti-Slavery Society. My office was sacked and burned by a mob soon after, but I continued my paper until my health failed, when I returned to Massachusetts. The farm in Haverhill had, in the meantime, been sold, and my mother, aunt and youngest sister, had moved to Amesbury, near the Friends' Meeting-house, and I took up my residence with them. All this time I had been actively engaged in writing for the anti-slavery cause. In 1833 I printed at my own expense, an edition of my first pamphlet, *Justice and Expediency*. With the exception of a few dollars from the "Democratic Review" and "Buckingham's Magazine," I received nothing for my poems and literary articles. Indeed, my pronounced views on Slavery made my name too unpopular for a publisher's uses. I edited in 1844 "The Middlesex Standard," and afterwards became associate editor of the "National Era," at Washington. I early saw the necessity of separate political action on the part of Abolitionists. And was one of the founders of the Liberty Party—the germ of the present Republican Party.*

In 1857 an edition of my complete poems up to that time was published by Ticknor & Fields. *In War Time*, followed in 1864; and in 1865, *Snow Bound*. In 1860 I was chosen a member of the Electoral College of Massachusetts, and also in 1864. I have been a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, and a Trustee of Brown University. But while feeling, and willing to meet, all the responsibilities of citizenship, and deeply interested in questions which concern the welfare and honor of the country, I have, as a rule, declined

*An anecdote told about Whittier is that just after the war an enthusiastic friend and admirer collected some bullets, from one of the battle-fields around Atlanta, and moulded for him a leaden inkstand. It was sent nicely packed and addressed. When it reached Whittier's home, great consternation followed. Friends advised that the box be buried at once as it must contain dynamite. Whittier knowing how intense the feeling was against him at the South felt sure that this must be true, so quietly and carefully buried the box. It was sometime afterwards before the truth was disclosed.

overtures for acceptance of public stations. I have always taken an active part in elections, but have not been willing to add my own example to the greed of office.

I have been a member of the Society of Friends by birth-right, and by a settled conviction of the truth of its principles and the importance of its testimonies, while, at the same time, I have a kind feeling towards all who are seeking, in different ways from mine, to serve God and benefit their fellow-men.

Neither one of my sisters is living. My dear mother, to whom I owe much every way, died in 1858. My brother is still living in the city of Boston. My niece, his daughter, who was with me for some years, is now the wife of S. T. Pickard, Esq., of Portland, Me. Since she left me I have spent much of my time with esteemed relatives at Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass., though I still keep my homestead at Amesbury, where I am a voter.

My health was never robust; I inherited from both my parents a sensitive, nervous temperament; and one of my earliest recollections is of pain in the head, from which I have suffered all my life. For many years I have not been able to read or write for more than half an hour at a time; often not so long. Of late, my hearing has been defective. But in many ways I have been blest far beyond my deserving; and, grateful to the Divine Providence, I tranquilly await the close of a life which has been longer, and on the whole happier, than I had reason to expect, although far different from that which I dreamed of in youth. My experience confirms the words of old time, that "it is not in man who walketh to direct his steps." Claiming no exemption from the sins and follies of our common humanity, I dare not complain of their inevitable penalties. I have had to learn renunciation and submission, and

"Knowing
That kindly Providence its care is showing
In the withdrawal as in the bestowing,
Scarcely I dare for more or less to pray."

Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Whittier died in his eighty-fifth year, September 7, 1892. His body was borne by loving hands to the garden at the back of his home, where the funeral services were held; then they buried him in the Friends' burying-ground near.

Upon his last birthday, December 17, 1891, Holmes wrote him a beautiful letter. We cannot give this in full on account of its length.

MY DEAR WHITTIER :

I congratulate you on having climbed another glacier and crossed another crevasse in your ascent of the white summit which already begins to see the morning twilight of the coming century. A life so well filled as yours cannot be too long for your fellow-men and women. In their affections you are secure, whether you are with them here or near them in some higher life than theirs. I hope your years have not become a burden, so that you are tired of living. At our age we must live chiefly in the past—happy is that man who has a past like yours to look back upon. * *

We were on deck together as we began the voyage of life two generations ago. A whole generation passed, and the succeeding one found us in the cabin with a goodly company of coevals. Then the craft which held us began going to pieces, until a few of us were left on the raft pieced together of its fragments. And now the raft has at last parted, and you and I are left clinging to the solitary spar, which is all that still remains afloat of the sunken vessel. * * Long may it be before you leave a world where your influence has been so beneficent, where your example has been such an inspiration, where you are so truly loved, and where your presence is a perpetual benediction.

Always affectionately yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

His sister ELIZABETH HUSSEY WHITTIER, Mass., 1815–1864, was also a poet, and aided her brother in his *Hazel Blossoms*.

Whittier wrote just before his death,

"I would not if I could, repeat
 A life which still is good and sweet;
 I keep in age, as in my prime,
 A not uncheerful step with time,
 And grateful for all blessings sent,
 I go the common way, content
 To make no new experiment.
 On easy terms with law and fate,
 For what must be I calmly wait,
 And trust the path I cannot see—
 That God is good sufficeth me.
 And when at last upon life's play
 The curtain falls, I only pray
 That hope may lose itself in truth,
 And age in Heaven's immortal youth,
 And all our loves and longing prove
 The foretaste of diviner love."

"He being dead yet speaketh."

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What nation invented the type-revolving printing press?*
2. *Who invented the sewing machine?*
3. *What Georgia writer was using one a year before this date?*
4. *Why did he not receive the honor of its invention?*
5. *When did Thimmonier of France invent his?*
6. *Name the principal Union Generals.*
7. *Name the principal Confederate Generals.*
8. *Who said, "I would rather be right than President"?*
9. *When were Clay, Webster, and Calhoun in Congress?*
10. *What General died at the moment of victory?*

WALT WHITMAN.*

WEST HILLS, LONG ISLAND.

1819.

James Monroe.

1892.

Benjamin Harrison.

WORKS.

Leaves of Grass,
Drum Taps,
Memoranda during the War,
Democratic Vistas,
Specimen Days, and Collect,
November Boughs,

Passage to India,
Burial Hymn to Lincoln,
After all, not to Create Only,
As Strong as a Bird on Pinions:
Free,
Sands at Seventy,

Complete Poems and Prose.

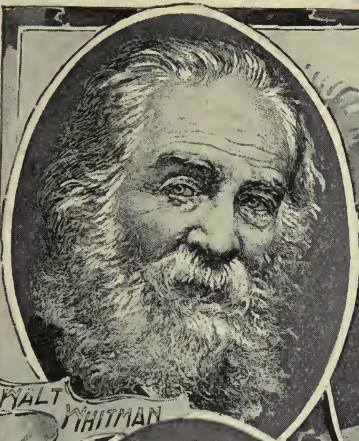
"Wherever there was human suffering, human misfortune, the sympathy of Whitman bent above it as the firmament bends above the earth."—*Robert G. Ingersoll*.

"Whitman is like a large shaggy dog, just unchained, scouring the beaches of the world and baying at the moon."—*Robert Louis Stevenson*.

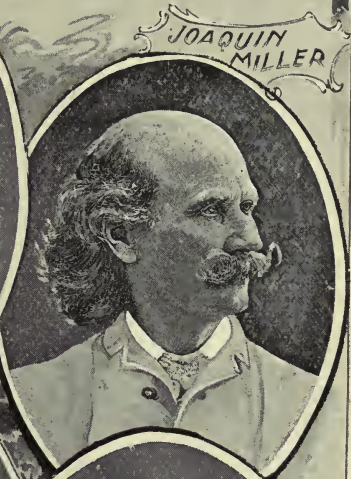
"Whatever we may think of his chantings, the time has gone by when it was possible to ignore him; whatever his ground may be, he has set his feet squarely and audaciously upon it, and is no light weight. Endeavor then to judge him on his merits, for he will and must be judged."—*Edmund Clarence Stedman*.

Walt Whitman can never reach the refined circle of humanity. Poet he may have been, if the opinion of critics is to be taken, but withal a coarse poet. He appeals to the worst part of our nature, not the best; he gloried in doing this; he exulted in that he had gained the commendation of some of our ablest critics. In his early writings he prostituted his genius to subserve his own passionate nature, and continued to lay bare in an unblushing way his own coarseness. He may become a popular poet, but to the pure he can never be "The Good Gray Poet." An Englishman declared that it was not America, but the literary class in America, that persecuted Whitman. If by persecution is meant a clamoring after all that he has written then he is "persecuted." What opposition he really incurred has done him no harm, for there is scarcely an editor or an author on this

*See illustration.



WALT
WHITMAN



JOAQUIN
MILLER



T. MARION
CRAWFORD



EDWARD
EGGLESTON



WILLIAM
DEAN
HOWELLS

side of the Atlantic who did not do reverence to the "Sage of Camden" and "do honor to his genius," while they cannot and will not excuse the coarseness shown in his first edition of *Leaves of Grass*.

"Nature covers her slime, her muck, her ruins, with garments that to us are beautiful. She conceals the skeleton, the framework, the intestinal thick of life, and makes fair the outside of things. Whitman failed to perceive that she respects certain decencies, and that what we call decency is grounded in her law." Whitman tried to rob nature of her most charming qualities. "The ivy trails over the ruin, the Southern Jessamine covers the blasted pine, the moss hides the festering swamp," so artists and poets should learn a lesson and not seek to disclose what nature is wise enough to conceal.

The Whitmans, originally English, moved to America over three hundred years ago. Walt Whitman's mother belonged to the Van Velsors an old Dutch family. His parentage was the best and he was proud of it, boasting that he was purely American, "my tongue, every atom of my blood, formed from this soil, this air. Born here of parents born here, from parents the same, and their parents the same, well-begotten and raised by a perfect mother."

He grew up at West Hills, Long Island, and went to the public schools of Brooklyn, and then entered a printing office. He taught school a while, then edited a newspaper, then worked at the carpenter's trade, then began writing essays, stories and poems for the magazines. His first story was *Franklin Evans*, which by the way was lost, and his next work was *Leaves of Grass*, the first edition of which appeared as early as 1855, and nine editions have since followed. The last has been expurgated and much that had been so severely criticised has been omitted.

In the second year of the War between the States his blood grew warm, and he went to Washington City. He became a nurse in the hospitals and devoted himself assiduously to the care

of the sick and dying. He was known as a tender and sympathetic nurse. A severe illness was brought on by his exertions at this time, so he was offered a position as clerk in the Interior Department. On account of the immorality depicted in his *Leaves of Grass* he lost his position, but this instead of proving a disaster to him, proved a blessing in disguise, for an over-enthusiastic friend wrote such a vindication of "The Good Gray Poet," as he called him, that it brought to a climax the discussion regarding his merits and demerits. He was given another position which he held for nine years.

In 1873 he had a severe paralytic attack, from which he never fully recovered, and died in the seventy-third year of his age. There is a marked change in his later writings. He had intended following *Leaves of Grass* with a book dealing only with the spiritual side of our natures, but he never did it. He said, "When I first began to write, the literary world had its feet on my neck and its heart hardened against me. But I have had my day and the world has given me a hearing and I feel like Rousseau. When his writings were sharply criticised he said, 'Well this is what I have done and what I abide by.' I have been called a sensualist, taking no thought of the spiritual essence and spiritual needs of humanity. I am the poet of the body and I am the poet of the soul. In that book you will find the soul is celebrated equally with the body, the mind equally with the heart, the spirit equally with the sense. Then, I have been accused of infidelity though I say :

'A mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.'

Francis Howard Williams, of Germantown, wrote to him a year or two ago, "There has been a deal of howling and shuddering conventionally about you, dear Walt; a deal of holding up of hands in shocked amazement—the dear people all the while forgetful of the fact that in reading Whitman they were looking into a clear mirror which showed them the reflection of themselves and which didn't make them look prettier simply because the mirror was not cracked; and amid all this thunder-shower

of vituperation you calmly went on your way saying, 'I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood. I see that the elementary laws never apologize.' To-day there are signs that the vindication for which you waited thirty-five or forty years has come, and in the right way—from without. And it has come from those compelled thereto by inexorable truths." This praise pleased him coming as it did when pleasant criticisms were the exception.

He frequently quoted Goethe's words and applied them to himself: "He is pure, he is innocent, and whatever is permitted to innocent nature is permitted also to him. If thou who readeest and hearest him art no longer innocent, and if thou canst not momentarily become so by his purifying presence, it is thy misfortune and not his. He did not sing for thee."

How fortunate it is that we may choose our own singers! With some Walt Whitman's songs will never have an abiding place in hearts and homes.

Thomas Hughes said: "You ask me about Walt Whitman; but I really am not competent to give an opinion upon his works. I tried them but could not get on,—could really form no idea what he was aiming at, and his cataract of big words only confused me. Moreover, to parts of it, I feel a very decided dislike, as bad in morality as in taste."

Richardson, in his *American Literature*, said: "Whitman is not the worst author in the world, even in an increasingly fastidious era. There are some poets, who, without especially indecent illusion, throw around and from their books a mephitic atmosphere more deadening than Whitman's frank and unblushing animalism."

Colonel Ingersoll, in delivering the eulogy at his grave, (and what a eulogy it was,—not one word of God or eternity!) said that he "uttered more supreme words than any other writer of our century, and possibly of almost any other." Critics are more divided in their opinion of Whitman than of any other

writer. Only time can prove the rank he will hold in literature. He died in 1892.

Whitman's style was peculiarly his own. Some critics have not yet been able to discover any poetic thought in his poems, unless an exception be made of *My Captain*, while on the other hand some have given him high praise.

" I know I am deathless,
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass;
I know I shall not pass like a child's curlecue cut with a burnt stick at night;
My foot-hold is tenoned and mortised in granite;
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the eternal amplitude of time."

Again,

" What do you think has become of the young men and old men?
And what do you think has become of the women and children?
They are alive and well somewhere;—
The smallest sprout shows there is no death,
And even if there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end
to arrest it;
And it ceased forever the moment life appeared.
All goes onward and upward,—nothing collapses;
And to die is different from what any one supposed and luckier.
Has any one supposed it lucky to be born?
I hasten to inform him or her that it is just as lucky to die, and I
know it."

He said again,

" I bequeath myself to the dirt, to grow from the grass I love;
If you want me again, look for me under your boot-soles.
You will hardly know who I am, or what I mean:
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fiber your blood.
Failing to fetch me at first, keep encouraged;
Missing me one place, search another;
I stop somewhere waiting for you."

He was buried in the tomb built for him in the Harleigh Cemetery, near Camden, and presented to him during his life. He frequently rode out to see it. It is of massive granite blocks, and is fashioned after the walls of King Solomon's temple. The entrance to the tomb is three feet six inches by six feet, and the vestibule in front is eleven feet three inches wide, seven feet deep, and eight feet high.

WALT WHITMAN.

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 327
Full note
Tyler
1. What Vice-Presidents became Presidents? *Arthur*
 2. What Presidents died in office? *Lincoln + Garfield*
 3. What Presidents had tragic deaths? *Lincoln + Garfield*
 4. Whose administrations were the most popular? *Washington*
 5. What father and son were Presidents? *Adams*
 6. How many Presidents were military men? *Grant Taylor*
 7. How many Presidents were Virginians? *Washington*
 8. What State has furnished the greatest number of Presidents? *Virginia*
 9. Who was "Rough and Ready"? *Z. Taylor*
 10. Who was the "Sage of Monticello"? *Jefferson*

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1824.

John Quincy Adams.

1892.

Benjamin Harrison.

WORKS.

Lotus-Eating,
Nile Notes of an Howadji,
The Howadji in Syria,

Prue and I,
Trumps, a Novel,
Manners upon the Road,

The Potiphar Papers.

"You do not find here the sinews and thews, the brawn and muscle of literature, but another and essential part, refinement, elegance, delicacy, quiet humor, something subtle and evasive; what odor is to the tuberose, what poetry is to language."—*Amanda B. Harris.*

Another member of the Brook Farm Community was George William Curtis. He had lived, however, only a year and a half at West Roxbury when he moved to Concord and was thrown again with the most literary and philosophical people. In 1846 he travelled abroad in Italy, Germany, Syria, and Egypt, and upon his return was made a member of the editorial staff of the "New York Tribune." He was one of the editors of the first series of "Putnam's Monthly." When that magazine became insolvent he gave up all his private property to pay its debts. He then edited the "Editor's Easy Chair" in "Harper's Magazine." He began a series of lectures and gained quite a reputation as an orator. Republican in sentiment, he did much to advocate the cause in the presidential campaign of 1856, but when in 1884 Blaine was nominated for President, Curtis changed the policy of his paper and waged a relentless war against this candidate. He attained a national reputation as a politician, wielding a mighty pen in the interest of his party.

He was not only a great journalist, but also a lecturer, a public speaker, and a contributor to the literature of the day. As an orator he was constantly in demand for addresses before

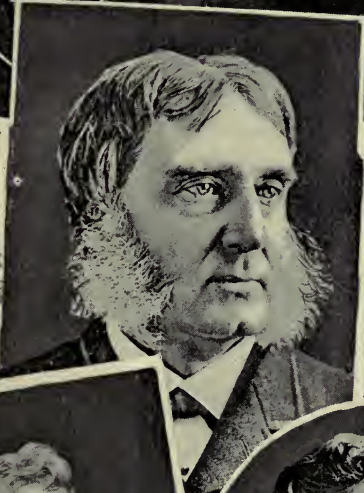
* See illustration.



JAMES T. FIELDS.



THOMAS BAILEY
ALDRICH.



GEORGE
WILLIAM
CURTIS.



DONALD G. MITCHELL.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

societies in colleges and universities. His attractive presence, his finely modulated voice, and his polished manners made him one of the most popular platform orators in America.

His introduction to the Harpers happened in this way : Upon his return from one of his foreign tours he applied to Harper Brothers to publish his two books of travel in Syria. "We have just published a book on Syria," said the proprietor, scrutinizing Curtis critically. "Then," said the author, "you will not need mine," and he rose to depart. "Stop, young man," said Mr. Harper, "don't be in such a hurry. Let me look at your manuscript." He glanced rapidly over the manuscript, and then added, "We will undertake your book, and you may bring us all the manuscript on Syria you choose, if written as well as this."

This introduction paved the way to subsequent arrangements between Mr. Curtis and the Harpers. He at the time of his death occupied the "Easy Chair" of the Magazine, and besides was the editor-in-chief of the "Weekly" and a frequent contributor to the "Bazar." His books belong to the period of his early manhood, but the same qualities which distinguish the man are found in all his works.

His home was on Staten Island, and near it is a little Gothic church where sometimes he read a sermon. His clear pronunciation was remarkable.

He died August, 1892, and Mr. Parke Godwin, in an address delivered before the Century Club of New York, speaking of his editorials while filling the Editor's Easy Chair, said, "What pleasant companionship he helped us to form with the forgotten poets! How we would visit with him at the Brownings in Florence, or go to supper with that grim old ogre and cynic Titmarsh! How he made the stately Everett come before you and speak over and over again one of his pieces, with all the attitudes and gestures rightly put in; or the fiery Phillips wield his keen, incisive, glittering rapier—but bloodless now!

Now and then he would take you aside and whisper slyly into

your ear the gossip of the sylphs of the season at Newport, or turn the key into enchanted chambers where the echoes still linger of voices long silent. You may say, perhaps, that any editor of a periodical can do that. Yes, but not with the variety of matter, or the inimitable grace of manner of Curtis. When he was taken away the literary world asked, 'Who can take his place?'"

Well might the world feel kindly towards him, for in all these forty years he made and left no rankling wound. If any one was to be reproved, he reproved with a smile that took away the sting.

For a certain sustained elevation and dignity of manner, for a certain uniformity of grace in action, and for a certain unbroken felicity of charm in utterance, Mr. Curtis had few peers. The greatest effort of his life was a eulogy delivered upon Bryant, the President of the Century Club. For an hour and a half he held that vast and diversified audience as if by a spell. Not a silvery word, nor a golden image was lost; and when he closed, there was a solemn hush, as if all were expectant of more, a pause that called to mind Milton's passage,

"The angel ended ; and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

In his *Prue and I* may he not have given us an insight into his own heart and life? Or as Dr. Holmes said may this not be the key to the side-door of his heart?

Another Curtis is known in literature, though not so well as George William. He is GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, no relative probably of the other, and twelve years his senior. He was born in Waterford, Mass., in 1812, and was a graduate of Harvard. He began the study of law, but his tastes led him to historical investigations and he gave to the world a number of books, his last in 1887 being *Creation or Evolution*.

He became excessively unpopular with the Abolitionists, because in 1851 he returned Thomas Sims, a runaway slave, to his

owner. For this conscientiousness of conviction he was persecuted in many and endless ways. Prior to this he held the office of United States Commissioner, and was sent two or three times to the Massachusetts Legislature. But politics to him was only a secondary consideration to his literary work.

He published a *Digest of English and American Admiralty Decisions, Rights and Duties of Merchant Seamen, American Conveyances, Law of Copyrights, Law of Patents, History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, Life of Daniel Webster, and Life of James Buchanan.*

BENJAMIN ROBBINS CURTIS, also a writer, brother of George Ticknor, was made Judge of the Supreme Court in 1851, and dissented from the opinion of the court in the "Dred Scott" case. He always argued that Congress had a right to abolish slavery, and that Africans could become citizens of the United States. He was prominent also in the impeachment trial of President Johnson. His answer to the articles of impeachment lasted two days and was commended for legal soundness and clearness. He wrote a *Digest of the Decisions of the Supreme Court, Memoir and Writings, Miscellaneous Writings*, edited by his son Benjamin R. Curtis.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. In whose administration was the largest number of States admitted into the Union? *Na. 1845*
2. Who said, "Give me liberty or give me death"? *J. T. Paine*
3. Where is the "Cradle of Liberty"? *Mass.*
4. What battle was fought after peace was declared? *Appomattox*
5. Name the Presidents in order.
6. What President never married? *B. Monroe*
7. How many of the Presidents were poor boys?
8. How many served two terms?
9. When did General Grant die? *1885*
10. How many political nominees for President in 1884? *4*
Name them.

*na - republican
T. Paine - democrat
Mass. - birth of liberty
Appomattox - war - monopolist*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

1819.

1891.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Monroe.

Benjamin Harrison.

"His prose lacks the charm of Hawthorne and the neatness of Holmes; in poetry he is not a Druid like Bryant, nor a preacher like Whittier."—*Truman J. Bachus*.

"The writer who stands to my mind head and shoulders above his contemporaries, and the peer of our greatest English authors, is Mr. Lowell."—*Thomas Hughes*.

Cambridge fifty years ago was not the noisy and populous place that it is now. It was a quiet country village, resembling the country villages of England. It was not linked to Boston by the endless chain of cars which now connects them day and night. One coach carried all the passengers between the village and the city, and there everybody knew everybody else.

"About this time a youth named Oliver Wendell Holmes, a sprightly versifier, had just gone to Paris to study medicine, and the poetical attainments of another young man named Longfellow had been heard of in the community. Ralph Waldo Emerson was preaching in Boston, and John Greenleaf Whittier, a young Quaker of Haverhill, was filling an editor's chair and sending out verses that thrilled with the promise of genuine lyric feeling, but James Russell Lowell, the subject of our sketch, was only a little schoolboy, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes open to all the world around him."

His home was Elmwood, about a mile from Harvard Square, and it was there he was born February 22, 1819. His father Dr. Charles Lowell was a Unitarian clergyman, who was descended from a long line of prosperous people that came from Bristol, England. The city of Lowell was named for one of the family, and Lowell Institute was founded and endowed by another.

*See illustration.

Our poet's mother Harriet Spence was a woman of liberal education and literary capacity, and just as soon as her children could read she opened to them the treasures of English literature. Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton were familiar to them at an age when most children are reciting nursery rhymes. In Lowell's case, as so frequently happens, the son inherited the mother's tastes and qualities of mind.

He was the youngest of five children, and his home was full of good books, which were not allowed to lie dusty and unused upon the shelves. Access to them under the direction of a wise mother was in itself an education to the young poet. But this was not deemed sufficient education, for at an early age he was sent to a classical school in the neighborhood to be prepared for Harvard.

Lowell was a boy without malice, and with strong attachments, a dutiful son and a devoted friend. Although moody at times he would struggle against his cloudy hours and would give his sunshine to his friends. He was quite fond of poetry, and when very young his faculty for versification was notable. His wit flashed in a way that startled the dull and whetted the edge of the bright. His tastes were simple and free from all display. He learned his lessons with ease, though he was never a close student, and it has been said of him that he read assiduously all books *except* those prescribed by his teachers.

He entered Harvard in his sixteenth year and was graduated in the class of 1838. After this he entered the law school, intending to make law his profession, but the old melodious lays proved more fascinating to him, and as his circumstances were such that he was not compelled to work, he turned his attention to literature. He published a little book of verse, and at twenty-four started a magazine. He had decided political views even at this time. He was a Whig from principle, for he thought Democracy a pretense and not the embodiment of doctrines accordant with the name. He was a great champion

of temperance, advocating it as a safeguard against temptation, and he was always devout and conservative in his religious views.

Lowell is a shining example of all that man ought to be in the tenderest and most sacred relations to woman. His first wife, Miss Maria White, was a beautiful and learned woman, and yet so modest and so simple that all who knew her were drawn to her by an irresistible charm. She was likewise a poet and wrote some exquisitely tender songs that showed her mind had not been overpraised. She lived only nine years after marriage, dying at thirty-two, but she left a memory that still lingers in Cambridge. Beautiful children came to gladden their home for a little season, but all except one died in infancy. For many years a pair of baby shoes half worn hung over a picture frame in the poet's study and told the sad tale of the little one that had gone before. Happily, a daughter was spared to him, and added interest and pleasure to her father's life as long as he lived. She is now Mrs. Edward Burnett.

Lowell was inconsolable at the loss of his wife. It happened that on the day of her death a child was born to Longfellow, and upon this circumstance Longfellow wrote a beautiful poem, "The Two Angels," and sent it to his friend.

In 1854 Lowell was appointed to fill the chair of Belles Lettres in Harvard University, a position which Longfellow had held, and for which Lowell was undoubtedly fitted by nature and training. He went abroad for two years to study at Dresden. During his absence he secured Miss Francis Dunlap, of Portland, Me., to take charge of his daughter's education. This cultured lady became his second wife upon his return in 1857. He continued to reside at Elmwood until he was appointed Minister to Spain during President Hayes's administration, and afterwards he was transferred to England.

Few American ladies have ever been more warmly welcomed by the English than Mrs. Lowell his second wife, and few representatives have been more praised than Mr. Lowell himself. There seems to have been much wonder in court circles that

America could produce so polished a gentleman, and too "they wondered at his delightful public speaking." The English with their heavy, labored style were greatly impressed with the ease of this polished American, and they never wearied of listening to his graceful oratory. They called upon him on all occasions to address them, and very keen regret was felt in England when he was recalled.

Mrs. Lowell died during their residence in London, and great sympathy was expressed for the bereaved husband in his affliction.

In personal appearance Mr. Lowell was of medium height, rather slender. His eyes were clear blue with gray tones. While fixed on study they were grave and penetrating; in ordinary conversation they were bright and merry, and during excitement lighted up wonderfully. His facial expression was very fine. As a conversationalist he was unrivalled. His wit irradiated his whole conversation, and his *Fireside Travels* was pronounced by Bryant to be the wittiest book ever printed. His brilliant conversation and his charm of manners made him, it is said, the most fascinating companion in the world. It was considered fun enough to have Lowell and Holmes pitted against each other. No finer display of mental pyrotechnics could have been asked for.

The first of his writings to attract attention was his *Biglow Papers*. These were a series of rhymed satires upon the government and the war, written in Yankee dialect by a supposed Hosea Biglow. The Mexican war was in progress and the Abolitionists declared it was waged to obtain new territory for the extension of slavery, and by this means to counterbalance the growing power of the Northern States. Polk was elected to carry out the scheme.

When the first paper appeared society was puzzled. Politicians thought it vulgar. The more cultivated Abolitionists were in ecstasies. Charles Sumner said, "That Yankee poet has the true spirit, but I wish he would use good English."

The pieces were all collected at the close of the war and published in a volume. For comic completeness this is without a parallel. In this volume appeared *The Courtin'* which did not rightfully belong there, but was put in as it were to fill up. Lowell saw that the little poem had attracted attention and afterwards added several verses, for originally there were only six.

He was an indefatigable worker. His *Vision of Sir Launfal* was composed in forty-eight hours. The effect of this upon the public was immediate and powerful. Then came *The Present Crisis*, an ardent poem often quoted by public speakers. His *Fable for Critics* is as full of puns as a pudding is of plums. Some contend for this reason that Lowell's style is not pure. One pun particularly gave offence. He said Milton was the only poet who ever got much poetry out of a cataract, and that was a cataract of the eye. In his *Fable for Critics* he speaks of himself thus,

"There's Lowell who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme,
He might get on alone spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction twixt singing and preaching;
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of a shell
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last New Jerusalem."

In 1865 he published a second series of *Biglow Papers*, written during the Civil War. Some of these poems are fully equal to those that appeared at first, especially his *Jonathan to John*, which is a remonstrance with England for her unfriendly attitude to the North.

We quote a verse or two to give an idea of the style of the *Biglow Papers*.

"We were gettin' on nicely up here in our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war and pillage,
And thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've got folks to tell us
 The rights an' the wrong o' these matters, I vow—
 God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
 To drive the world's team wen it gits in a slough ;
 Fer John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez the world'll go right, ef *he* hollers out Gee!"

He early announced his anti-slavery views and allied himself to Wendell Phillips. He exerted a powerful influence in favor of sustaining the government in the prosecution of the war, and in urging the emancipation of the slaves. He suffered very much himself by the war, having lost in battle three favorite nephews. His *Commemoration Ode*, said to be the finest poem Lowell ever wrote, commemorated their death. The effect of the poem was overpowering, for many other hearts were bleeding at the time. It took high rank from the first. William M. Story came over from Rome purposely to hear him deliver it.

Lowell edited at one time the "Atlantic Monthly" and at another "The North American Review." As a critic he ranked first among living writers. His style lacks simplicity, but scholarly readers take great pleasure in it.

Lowell died in 1892.

His works are :

Class Poem,	My first Client,
Biglow Papers, { First Series, }	Conversations with some of the Old Poets,
{ Second Series, }	A Legend of Brittany,
The Vision of Sir Launfal,	Fable for Critics,
Fireside Travels,	Fitz Adam's Story,
Under the Willows, and Other Poems,	Among my Books,
My Study Windows,	Democracy and Other Addresses,
Poems,	Life of Keats,
Poetical Works,	Mason and Slidell, a Yankee Idyl,
The President's Policy,	Commemoration Ode,
The Courtin',	The Literary World,
	A Year's Life.

WISE SAYINGS OF LOWELL.

Truth needs no champion ; in the infinite deep
 Of everlasting Soul her strength abides.

Yet care I not where in Eternity
 We live and love, well knowing that there is
 No backward step for those who feel the bliss
 Of Faith as their most lofty yearnings high.

Earth's noblest thing, a WOMAN perfected.

Beauty hath no true glass, except it be
In the sweet privacy of loving eyes.

Be NOBLE! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

Folks never understand the folks they hate.

To say why gals act so or so,
Or don't 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

True Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen ware;
It is a thing to walk with hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world.

God sends us teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race.

Love bides longest in a woman's heart,
And flutters many times before he flies,
And then doth perch so nearly, that a word
May lure him back, as swift and glad as light;
But Duty lingers even when Love is gone,
Oft looking out in hope of his return;
And after Duty hath been driven forth,
Then Selfishness creeps in the last of all,
Warming her lean hands at the lonely hearth.

We call our sorrows Destiny, but ought
Rather name our high successes so.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What forms of government existed among the colonies prior to the Revolution?*
2. *Define each.*
3. *Name the colonies adopting each.*
4. *When adopted, and what was the resolution to form a Confederation?*
5. *What fault was found with the Articles of Confederation?*
6. *What Convention was held in 1787?*
7. *What was accomplished?*
8. *How many States were necessary to ratify the Constitution?*
9. *When was it adopted?*
10. *What States rejected it?*

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

NEWPORT, R. I.

1780.

1842.

Washington.

Van Buren.

"Channing is unquestionably the finest writer of the age. From his writings may be extracted some of the richest poetry and richest conceptions, clothed in language, unfortunately for our literature too little studied in the day in which we live."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

"He constantly grew upon my respect, until I came to regard him as the wisest as well as the gentlest apostle of humanity."—*Lydia Maria Child*.

"His position as the pioneer apostle of Unitarianism in America gave him professional prominence, and his ability and culture as a thinker and writer raised him to a high position among men of letters both at home and abroad."—*Charles M. Barrows*.

Channing's boyhood was passed in Newport, and his strong religious impressions were received from the preaching of Dr. Samuel Hopkins. Though small in stature and sensitive as a woman, he seems to have had a resolute nature, showing from childhood a marked quality of moral courage and mental sincerity. His love of truth became proverbial, and he was said to have shown a tolerant spirit towards those who differed from him, as well as a sincere love for all mankind.

At Harvard he won the devotion of his classmates and their admiration for his literary attainments. He became prominent in his debating society and a noted political enthusiast.

In 1798 he accepted a position as private tutor in the family of D. M. Randolph, of Richmond, Va. There he became greatly impressed with the charm of Southern manners and hospitality, but at the same time in the capital of the State witnessed a phase of slavery—the Block—which gave him a horror of that institution and made him a strong advocate for its abolition—although he never adopted the extreme opinions or approved the characteristic modes of action of the party known as Abolitionists. His life at the South had taught him better and clearer views on the subject.

He became a Unitarian minister and vigorously disciplined himself by an ascetic life, by exposure to hardship, to cold, to fatigue, to scant diet, to insufficient clothing, and to excessive study—all of which served to undermine a naturally strong constitution, and caused a painful dyspepsia and other troubles, so that he was said to have had not one day of “unimpaired vigor.”

His pulpit oratory was of rare quality and power. “From the high old-fashioned pulpit his face beamed down, it may be said, like the face of an angel, and his voice floated down like a voice from higher spheres. It was a voice of rare power and attraction, clear, flowing, melodious, slightly plaintive, so as curiously to catch and win upon the hearer’s sympathy. Its melody and pathos in the reading of a hymn was alone a charm that might bring men to the listening, like the attraction of sweet music. Often, too, when signs of physical frailty were apparent, it might be said that his speech was watched and waited for with that sort of hush as if one was waiting to catch his last earthly words.”

He died of fever in 1842 and was buried at Bennington, Vt.

His nephew, WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, JR., was a poet of some reputation, born in Boston, Mass., in 1818, and was educated at the Boston Latin School, where he was taught by Charles Sumner. He went to Illinois and lived for eighteen months in a log hut built by himself on the prairie. He afterwards moved to Cincinnati and became interested in literary work, connecting himself with “The Gazette,” but in 1842, the year his uncle for whom he was named died, he returned to Massachusetts and married the sister of Margaret Fuller, settling at Concord.

Emerson sent some of young Channing’s verses to Carlyle, who found them “worthy indeed of reading,” as he expressed it, the poem on *Death* particularly being “the utterance of a valiant and noble heart.” Carlyle thought to ‘hear more of him in rhyme or prose.

His Miltonic line,

"If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea,"

"like the best poetic product of Emerson, Thoreau, and their associates, was meritorious because it packed more thought in verse than prose could express." He contributed to the "Dial" essays called *The Youth of the Poet and Painter*. He has published five volumes of poems, *The Woodman, Near Home, The Wanderer*, two volumes of prose *Conversations in Rome between an Artist, a Catholic, and a Critic*, and *Thoreau, the Poet and Naturalist*.

His son EDWARD CHANNING, for a long time Professor of History in Harvard, is the author of *Town and Country Government in the English Colonies of North America, Narragansett Planters, and Companions of Columbus*. He holds many important memberships in historical societies, and is regarded as a man of great culture and information.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, nephew of William Ellery Channing, Sr., is chiefly known as his uncle's biographer. He, too, was a Unitarian minister. He was more rationalistic than his uncle, but just as fervent, if this were possible, in his pulpit. He became celebrated for his oratory, and it has been said his eloquence has never been surpassed in this country. He lived in England for many years, being pastor of the Hope Street Chapel, Liverpool. His eldest son made a brilliant record at Oxford, and became a member of parliament. His eldest daughter married Edwin Arnold, England's noted poet and journalist. He was born in 1810, and died 1884.

He has written the *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller* and the life of his cousin, *James H. Perkins*. His own life was written by Octavius B. Frothingham. After the war he lived in England, only visiting America in 1880. He died in London, December, 1884.

William Ellery Channing's works are :

Remarks on the Life and Character of
Napoleon Bonaparte,
Essay on the Character and Writings of
Fénelon,
Addresses on War,
Evidences of Christianity,
A Tract on Emancipation,

Remarks on the Character and Writings
of John Milton,
Essay on Self-Culture,
Essay on the Importance and Means of a
National Literature,
The Slavery Question,
The Duty of the Free States,

The Perfect Life (sermons).

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What President received every electoral vote?*
 2. *How many States voted?*
 3. *What departments of government are established under the Constitution?*
 4. *Define each.*
 5. *Of what does Congress consist?*
 6. *What is an elector?*
 7. *Who compose the House of Representatives?*
 8. *How old must one be to become a Representative?*
 9. *How long must he have been a citizen of the United States?*
 10. *What else is requisite?*
-

LOUIS AGASSIZ.*

FRIBOURG, SWITZERLAND.

1807.

Madison.

1873.

Grant.

"His investigations and discoveries in the natural sciences have placed him among the foremost men of all time."—*Hart's Am. Literature.*

America's pride in Agassiz makes her claim him as her child. By rights Switzerland is his birthplace, although America was his home. His father and grandfathers for six generations were ministers. His mother was Rose Mayor the daughter of a physician in Cudrefin. This mother was a woman of high endowments and rare culture, and she it was who directed the early studies of the boy. His full name was Louis John Rudolph Agassiz, and he was born at Fribourg, Switzerland. At ten years of age he and a younger brother were sent to Berne to school, and it was at this school he acquired that taste and knowledge for the ancient and modern languages which proved so valuable to him in later investigations.

The mother of Agassiz lived to a very old age. Louis was her favorite son, and she trained him with the utmost care. It was a great grief to her that his love for science should take him so far from her. Longfellow in his poem read on the fiftieth anniversary of Agassiz's birth alludes to this.

"And the mother at home says, Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return."

It is related that when the poem was read, Agassiz, whose head had been bent at first, raised his flushed face when this verse was reached, and made no effort to keep back the gathered tears.

When Professor Silliman of Yale visited her in 1857, she handed him on leaving, a bunch of pansies—"Take these to my

* See illustration.

boy" she said, "and tell him *Mes pensées sont toutes pour lui*" (My thoughts are all for him).

When a mere lad he would collect all sorts of specimens, showing a curiosity to know more of them. His first collection of fishes dates from this period. While his father was pastor at Orbe, in the canton of Fribourg, Agassiz made the acquaintance of a young clergyman Fivaz who encouraged him in his scientific studies, interesting him particularly in botany. He continued his studies at Lausanne, then went to Zurich to study medicine, but it was at Munich, several years later, that he was enabled to devote his time to his favorite study, zoölogy. There he organized a club called the "Little Academy," and he became its presiding officer. Many famous scientists have emanated from this little club. Martius persuaded Agassiz to write a description of the fishes that he had collected in his expedition to Brazil, and the work, arduous as it was, was so well done that it brought him at once to the notice of geologists, who ranked him as one of the best ichthyologists of the age. He then devoted special attention to fossil fishes.

After receiving his degree in medicine and his degree in philosophy, he commenced his *Natural History of the Fresh-water Fishes of Europe*. This was published in part in 1840.

Paris, however, was the center of scientific investigation in Europe, and the ambitious young man longed to go there. By the liberality of an uncle and a friend this wish was at last gratified. It was in Paris that he met the specialists in every department, the distinguished Humboldt leading the brilliant circle of scientists. Agassiz had dedicated his first book to Cuvier the great French naturalist, so he received an enthusiastic welcome from him, who not only admitted him to his family circle, but placed all the valuable treasures of the museums in Paris at his service. He also transferred to his young disciple all the material collected for his own work on fishes after seeing the drawings of the young naturalist, and he aided him in every other way. Humboldt became too a firm friend and patron. One can easily trace the influ-

ence of these two men upon the life-work of Agassiz. Both violently opposed the development theory as advanced at that time by Geoffroy, and later by Darwin. Agassiz was always uncompromisingly opposed to this theory. "He insisted that genera, species, families, orders, and classes were natural, not arbitrary divisions; that there were no transitions from one to the other, as the theory of evolution supposes; and as firmly insisted that a personal Deity presided over successive creations, and that the connection to be traced in successive inhabitants of the globe, as found in geology, was in the mind of the Creator only, and not a physical genetic connection."

Agassiz's greatest work was his *Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles* (Work upon Fossil Fishes). He spent several summers in the Alps and collected his material for *Études sur les Glaciers* (Studies upon the Glaciers). He erected a station on the middle of the Aar glacier, eight thousand feet above the sea and twelve miles from any human habitation, and from this point he took his observations.

It was in 1846 that he came to this country with a twofold object. The first was to study the geology and natural history of this country, and the other was to deliver, at Humboldt's suggestion, a series of lectures on *Comparative Embryology* at the Lowell Institute in Boston. Agassiz spoke with a slight accent, but nevertheless his lectures were appreciated; so much so indeed that he was urged to deliver a course on glacial phenomena. He took a cruise along the coast of Massachusetts, then a more extended trip to the coral reefs of Florida, and the cordiality shown him, and the enthusiasm which greeted him, made him determine thereafter to make the United States his home. He accepted the Professorship of Zoölogy and Geology at Cambridge, Mass.,—a chair specially created for him by Mr. Lawrence. There he attracted many brilliant young men of the day who have since become leading naturalists in the country; among them may be mentioned his own son Alexander. During one of the summer vacations he took twelve of his pupils on an

exploring jaunt around Lake Superior and the result was his book entitled *Lake Superior; Its Physical Characteristics*. He had already prepared a text-book on Zoölogy.

His health failed and he was advised to take a sea voyage. Through the liberality of Mr. Thayer of Boston he visited Brazil. Then in 1871, when the Coast Survey sent out the new steamer "Hassler" around Cape Horn, Agassiz was invited to take the trip in the interest of science. He gained very much valuable information about the phenomena of South America, made careful observations about deep sea soundings and the temperature of the water, and collected rare specimens in natural history.

In 1873 John Anderson gave the Penikese Island and money sufficient to endow there a school of Natural History. This carried out a long desired project of Agassiz and the first summer was in every way a success, teacher and pupils being enthusiastic about the work.

Whittier gives us in his "Prayer of Agassiz" a beautiful idea of the founding of this school:

" On the isle of Penikese,
 Ringed about by sapphire seas,
 Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
 Stood the master with his school.
 * * * * *
 Said the master to the youth;
 ' We have come in search of truth,
 Trying with uncertain key
 Door by door of mystery;
 We are reaching through His laws,
 To the garment-hem of cause,
 Him the end'ess, unbegun,
 The unnamable, the one
 Light of all our light, the source,
 Life of life, and force of force.
 As with fingers of the blind
 We are groping here to find
 What the hieroglyphics mean
 Of the unseen in the seen,
 What the thought which underlies
 Nature's masking and disguise.
 * * * * *
 Of our weakness made aware
 On the threshold of our task,
 Let us light and guidance ask,
 Let us pause in silent prayer.' "

DEATH OF AGASSIZ.

" In the lap of sheltering seas
 Rests the isle of Penikese ;
 But the lord of the domain
 Comes not to his own again ;

* * * * *

He alone could fitly speak
 And one name forevermore
 Shall be uttered o'er and o'er,
 By the waves that kiss the shore."

He returned to his home in Cambridge and after a few months' illness died. He was buried at Mount Auburn and a large rough boulder brought from the Aar Glacier is his monument, and there it stands shaded by beautiful pines from Switzerland.

He had received every honor that the scientific man could desire. He was a member of the French Academy of Science,—indeed, he was a member of nearly every scientific society in Europe. He had conferred upon him before he was thirty years old the degree of LL.D. by the Universities of Edinburgh and Dublin.

His wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Cary Agassiz, aided in editing "Louis Agassiz ; His Life and Correspondence." She married him in 1850, and now resides in Cambridge, Mass. She travelled with him in Brazil, and was associated in many of his studies and writings, so was especially qualified for this work. She has written "A First Lesson in Natural History," besides editing "Geographical Sketches."

Agassiz was a very lovable man, childlike in social intercourse, generous, and broad. When absorbed in the investigations of some subject Agassiz could, as it were, suspend the functions of his body—neither sleep nor eat for days—only smoke. A collapse would naturally follow. It was this that shortened his days, although naturally he was a very robust man.

Besides the works already mentioned he wrote :

The Structure of Animal Life,
 Geological Studies,
 Nomenclator Zoologicus,

Methods of Study in Natural History,
 Journal in Brazil,
 Bibliographia Zoologicus.

FANNY FERN (MRS. PARTON).

PORTLAND, ME.

1811.

1872.

WRITER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Madison.

Grant.

“Fanny Fern” is not so much talked about now, but once her writings were very popular. Sara Payson Willis, born in Portland, Me., 1811, was educated by Miss Catherine Beecher, who had charge of the school at Hartford, Conn., and her sister Harriet Beecher, now Mrs. Stowe, assisted her. At twenty-three Sara married Mr. Charles Eldridge, the cashier of one of the leading banks in Boston. He was an extravagant man, living far beyond his income, so that at his death he left his young widow in very straitened circumstances with two children to support. She was a brave little woman and set to work at once to earn a living with her needle. She remembered, however, that at school she had been praised for her compositions, so determined to see what she could do now with her pen. She wrote some sketches for a Boston paper and signed her name “Fanny Fern.” Her first production was refused, but she was not discouraged; she sent another, and finally all that she sent were accepted and copied widely throughout the country. The compensation was very meagre, however, as they only paid her two dollars a column.

Every one kept asking, “Who is Fanny Fern?” but she was enabled to conceal her residence and personality until one day Mr. James C. Derby, a leading publisher in New York, went to Boston to confer with “Fanny Fern” about publishing her articles in book form. He had great difficulty in finding her, but finally reached her humble home and made a proposition to give her one thousand dollars for her articles, or to pay her a royalty on each copy. He foresaw the popularity of the writer

and her works, so rather advised the latter proposition, while she was inclined to accept the former. She took his advice, and at the end of the first year her profits were ten thousand dollars.

Her brother, N. P. Willis, advised her to "stick to her needle," for that was a sure living, and there was much uncertainty in literature; but when she refused his advice and entered the literary field, he was the first to offer his congratulations. He was misjudged by his sister, who portrayed in *Ruth Hall* his character as "Hyacinth"; a brother who paid one hundred dollars for a vase while his sister was starving, and as soon as she became famous was then ready enough to say "God bless you!"

The truth was, after the death of Mr. Eldridge Willis did aid his sister in her struggles for support, but when she contracted the marriage with Mr. Farrington, from whom she was divorced, he ceased to have any communications with her. His literary tastes, not his jealousy, caused him to refuse his sister's articles to the "Home Journal." Mr. James Parton, who was a man of marked literary ability, was then sub-editor of the paper. He, wiser than Willis, did see merit in the articles and insisted upon their publication. The acquaintance brought about in this way finally resulted in a marriage in 1856. Mr. Parton of course had to retire from the paper, and Mr. Aldrich was appointed in his place.

After her death Mr. Parton married Miss Eldridge, a daughter of Fanny Fern by her first marriage, causing an unusual state of affairs by being step-grandfather to his own children, and step-father to his own wife.

"Fanny Fern's" chief works are *Fern Leaves*, *Little Ferns for Fanny's Little Friends*, *Ruth Hall*, *Rose Clark*, *Fresh Leaves*, and *The Play-day Book*. Before her death she received one hundred dollars a column for her stories. She died in 1872 at her home in New York. Her last words were some directions about the care of her little granddaughter. "Put her to bed early, and if I die in the night don't wake her to tell her before morning. It will soon be over."

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

CHESTER COUNTY, PENN.

1822.

Monroe.

1872.

Grant.

When Thomas Buchanan Read's father died in 1839 his mother apprenticed him to a tailor, but he ran away and hired himself to a cigar-maker in Philadelphia, and finally the young boy of seventeen went to Cincinnati and took a position in the studio of Clevenger the sculptor to study art. - There he learned to paint signs and attended school at intervals. He afterwards learned to paint in oils. He rapidly attracted the attention of eminent persons by painting the portraits of some of the distinguished men of the day, such as Benjamin Harrison who afterwards became President of the United States. He decided to move to New York in 1841, thinking he could find a wider field for his art. He was then under twenty years of age, and a year afterward he went to Boston, and shortly to Philadelphia, moving about in a restless sort of way, occasionally writing for periodicals; his real literary work began in 1843, when he published a series of lyrics in the "Boston Courier." These poems were collected and published in Boston four years later, and the following year his *Lays and Ballads* appeared in Philadelphia.

He wrote a prose romance entitled *The Pilgrims of the Great Saint Bernard* which came out in successive numbers of a magazine, but was afterwards published in book form in Philadelphia. It was not until 1855 that his longest work, *The New Pastoral*, appeared. This consisted of thirty-seven books in blank verse and described those beautiful regions of Pennsylvania along the banks of the Susquehanna, and the habits of the primitive farmers. This poem also portrays the pioneer life of a family of emigrants, and consists of sketches of rural and home life so truthfully drawn that it is no less valuable to history than it is

attractive as poetry. His verse is always musical even when irregular. His earlier poems are the inspiration of foreign song and story, and one of the most exquisite of all these is *Drifting*, written after a visit to Naples in 1867.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks
It sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies;
O'er veiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

O happy ship
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip
O happy crew
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

He went abroad in 1850 and 1853. During the last visit he was accompanied by his wife and daughter. Both died suddenly in Florence of a prevailing disease. The last years of his life were spent in Rome, Italy.

During the War between the States he came over to America and gave some public readings for the benefit of the soldiers and

recited his war songs in the camps of the Union army. He died while on another visit to this country in 1872.

Thomas Buchanan Read is as much known in art circles as he is in literature. His paintings have attracted considerable attention. Many of them deal with mythological and allegorical subjects. The best known of these are "The Lost Pleiad," "Undine," "The Spirit of the Waterfall," and "The Star of Bethlehem." His painting of "Longfellow's Children" has been widely photographed and copied.

His other literary works not mentioned above are :

The Home by the Sea,
A Voyage to Iceland,
Rural Poems,
Sheridan's Ride,

Sylvia, or the Lost Shepherd and Other
Poems,
The Wagoner of the Alleghanies,
A Summer Story,

The Good Samaritans.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who was the President of the Confederacy?*
2. *Where was the first great battle of the war fought? Which side was victorious?*
3. *When was the battle of Bull Run? Who was victorious?*
4. *When and by whom was New Orleans taken?*
5. *Who commanded at Vicksburg? What was the result of the battle?*
6. *What vessels were engaged at Hampton Roads? Which was victorious?*
7. *Who invented the Monitor? What called?*
8. *Who succeeded General Joseph E. Johnston in command of the Confederate forces?*
9. *Who succeeded General McClellan in command of the Union Army?*
10. *What generals commanded at the Battle of Antietam?*

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

NORFOLK, VA.

1827.

John Quincy Adams.

1887.

Cleveland.

In enumerating the poets of America the author of *The Charge of Balaklava* must not be omitted. He was a native of Norfolk, Va., and was educated at William and Mary College. Before the war he was admitted to the bar and practiced in Elizabeth City. He had won some literary distinction from a series of poems that he had published in a Baltimore periodical, using the pen-name of Henry Ellen, Esq. He entered the Confederate army in 1861, and was captain and quartermaster, serving during the entire war. At the close, when the conquered soldiers returned to their homes penniless and with spirits almost crushed, James Barron Hope was roused to action by being chosen to assume the charge of the public schools in Norfolk, his native town. At the same time he edited the Norfolk "Landmark" a daily newspaper. On the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, a joint committee of the United States Senate and House of Representatives invited him to deliver an address entitled *Arms and the Man*. This afterwards appeared with other poems. His writings include *Leoni di Monota*, *Elegiac Ode*, and *Other Poems*, and *Under the Empire*, but not one has any more poetic merit than *The Charge of Balaklava*. "This," as the "Literary Messenger" said, "combines all the wild and incongruous elements of battle, victory, defeat, death, and glory in its triumph and rhythm."

It is almost impossible by short extracts to give a full conception of the beauty of his poems. In *Leoni di Monota* there are thought, dramatic effect, and the evidences of swift observation, but all so closely linked that the poem cannot be judged by fragments.

In *Summer Studies* one is reminded of summer sounds and sylvan scenes. His devotion to the lost cause is shown in his memorial songs. From one recited at the Dedication of the Warrenton, Va., Memorial Shaft the following lines are quoted:

" We come to raise this mournful shaft
Above the consecrated dust
Of heroes, who laid down their lives
For what they deemed most just.

Antigone herself was not
More tender in her pious care
Of her dead brother, than to-day
Virginia's daughters are.

They need no Almoners of fame
To give them laurel crown or bust;
Their deeds will live when shaft and urn
Have crumbled into dust!

A Roman Emperor, when death
Stood full before his steadfast eye,
Cried out and said, 'Come lift me up,
For I would standing die.'

And they died standing in the cause
Of the great South, on Honor's field—
Here every patriot hero sleeps
On unsundered shield."

There is not one commonplace line in his Yorktown Centennial poem. In his own words it has been said of him,

"A King once said of a Prince struck down,
Taller he seems in death;
And this speech holds true for now as then,
'Tis after death we measure men.
And as mists of the past are rolled away,
Our heroes who died in their tatters gray
Grow taller and greater in all their parts,
Till they fill our minds as they filled our hearts.
And for those that lament them there's this relief,
That Glory sits by the side of Grief,
Yes, they grow taller as the years pass by
And the World learns how they can do and die."

JANE TANDY CROSS.

HARRODSBURG, KY.

1817.

Monroe.

1870.

Johnson.

Jane Tandy (Chinn) Cross was born in Harrodsburg, Ky., 1817. Her father was Judge Chinn of that place. She was educated at Shelbyville, Ky., at Mrs. Tevis's boarding-school. She was scarcely eighteen when she married Hon. Ben Hardin of her native State, and accompanied him to Cuba, where he was forced to go for his health. He lived only seven years after marriage, leaving her with three little children to support. In six years she married Dr. Joseph Cross, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Every one knows the life of a Methodist minister's wife. From that time, as she expressed it, her life was as roving as an Arab's, yet happy withal, for true happiness consists in duty faithfully performed. The crowning glory of Mrs. Cross's life was her Christianity. She was devoted to her church, full of faith and good works, and a helpmeet to her husband.

Two years were spent in Kentucky, two in Tennessee, five months in Alabama, and four years in South Carolina. Then they travelled in Europe a year and returning to Spartanburg engaged in teaching. In 1859 they moved to Texas, where she remained until she "refugeed" to Georgia during the Civil War.

Her Southern sentiments were so intense that she and her daughters were imprisoned at Camp Chase for six months. *Six Months under a Cloud*, a series of letters filled with amusing and pathetic incidents of prison life, was written after they were released, and received with enthusiasm by her readers. She was known to the literary world before this, for while in Europe she had sent charming letters to the "Christian Advocate," "Charles-

ton Courier," and other periodicals. While in Georgia she published *From the Calm Center*. Her books were mostly written for little children, *Heart Blossoms*, *Wayside Flowerets*, *Bible Gleanings*, and *Drift-Wood*.

She spoke French, Italian, and Spanish fluently. Her translation of a Spanish story gives us an idea of her knowledge of that language. Her poetry is usually very sad. The poem *To Mariana Cross* is touchingly beautiful. It was written in memory of her only child by her last marriage who died in her fourteenth year. Mrs. Cross herself died in 1870. The following tribute is paid by one of her old pupils, Mrs. E. B. Smith, of Georgia:

"Mrs. Cross was a remarkable woman in many respects. Her genial feeling, and her elegant manners rendered her a delightful companion. As a conversationalist she was unequalled. She was for more than twenty years a teacher, and she was eminently qualified for that profession. She seemed to discover intuitively the mental caliber of her scholars, their strong and weak points, and inspired them with ambition and zeal. Her sympathy and interest in their duties, her lectures, reading and varied means of imparting information, assured her a success rarely equalled. Her personal magnetism was great, and she gave an impetus for good to many who have since taken their places as useful and exemplary members of society. Rest thee, sweet spirit! Thy blessed words, thy prayers, thy tears, thy holy life will purify and point many to an immortality with thee in Heaven."

MONTHLY REVIEW.

1. What noted writer was said to have been "either crazy or a fool"? Emerson
2. Who was noted for great personal beauty? Hawthorne
3. Of whom was it said, "That boy was not made for nothing"? Greeley
4. What book did James T. Fields rescue from oblivion? Searchlight
5. Who could pick up fish and game without frightening them? Thoreau
6. Who founded a school of Natural History on an island? Seaside
7. Who was Ruth Haskins? Emerson's mother
8. Who made it a rule never to go in debt? Greeley
9. Who rocked his own chair thinking he was rocking the baby's cradle? Taylor
10. Who put "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" to music? Lyman Beecher
11. Whose teacher was Worcester the maker of the dictionary? Hawthorne
12. Who was reproved for wearing ribbons too bright for her age? Margaret Fuller
13. Whose singing master advised him to stay at home? Emerson's
14. Who was Patty Lee? Alice Cary
15. In what was Thoreau eccentric?
16. Who said he was as old as the railroad? Taylor
17. Who wrote "Young Marooners"? Hawthorne
18. Who insisted on eating pie for breakfast? Emerson
19. Who was the son of a sea-captain? H. Hawthorne
20. Who was Annabel Lee? Poe's wife
21. Relate the circumstances leading to the poem "Two Angels." 334
22. What was Margaret Fuller's fate? H. H. Thoreau
23. Who was Lyman Beecher? Henry Ward Beecher
24. Who said, "At Emerson's house it is always morning"? George Curtis
25. Who learned a valuable lesson from his teacher of mathematics? Henry H. Thoreau
26. What author was lame for three years? Hawthorne
27. Whose aspiration was "to climb upward"? Taylor
28. What did Matthew Arnold consider the best prose work of this century? Emerson's
29. Whose father was burned to death? Poe
30. Who was Greenough? Poe's wife
31. Who was "Blue-eyed Mary"? Hawthorne
32. Who was asked if he were "a man or an angel"? Hawthorne
33. Upon the lintels of whose door should hospitality have been graven? Emerson
34. Whose husband was James Parton? Taylor
35. Who was paid \$500 a night for his lectures? Henry Ward Beecher
36. Who worked a butterfly over an ink spot on her husband's dressing gown? Hawthorne
37. Where did Willis get his middle name? His mother - Mrs. Willis
38. Of whom was it said, "He'll never know more than enough to come in out of the rain"? Hawthorne
39. Who advocated buying the slaves from the South? Greeley
40. Who were members of the Brook Farm Community? Hawthorne, Taylor, Curtis, Greeley, Thoreau
41. What was Hughes's opinion of Lowell? 332
42. Who was Fanny Fern? Fanny Fern
43. Who was Sophia Peabody? Hawthorne's wife
44. Who was H. H.? Name her two husbands.
45. Who cried when his pet chickens were killed? Thoreau
46. Whose memory failed him? Emerson
47. Who tried "to yoke the off ox on the near side"? Hawthorne
48. Who wrote "Order for a Picture"? Alice Cary
49. Who wrote "Spinning"? H. H.
50. Who said, "If my bark sinks, it is to another sea"? Hawthorne
51. What author of this period has a son writing now? Julian Hawthorne

52. Who was Agassiz's mother? *Rose Mayor Emerson's*
53. To whose funeral was a harp of yellow jonquils sent? *Emerson's*
54. What was the "Little Academy"? *SHH*
55. Who made Emerson laugh too much? *Margaret Fuller*
56. Who was called the "Prince of American Literature"? *Poe* By whom? *Kier*
57. Who was a pupil of Catherine Beecher? *Fanny Fern*
58. Who wrote "Scarlet Letter"? *Hawthorne*
59. Who spoke with a slight accent? *Asa*
60. Who first advocated Woman's Rights? *Fuller*
61. Who was Virginia Clemm? *Poe's wife*
62. Who had "the seeing eye, but not the working hand"? *Emerson*
63. Who had Sunday gatherings? *Cary's*
64. Who was the first editor of "Youth's Companion"? *Shelley's father*
65. How did Poe get Allan in his name? *from his uncle that adopted*
66. Who wrote the "Potiphar Papers"? *Currier*
67. What is pantheism? Who was accused of believing in it? *Emerson*
68. Whose mother was an actress? *Poe*
69. Who was buried above Cheyenne Falls? *H. H.*
70. Who was Lady Blessington? Friend of what author? *Shelley's friend*
71. Who wrote "Biglow Papers"? *Loewell*
72. Who were members of the Transcendental Club? *233 Emerson Channing*
73. Who was tow-headed? *Fuller*
74. Who were the two sisters Whittier describes? *Cary's*
75. Who believed in spiritualism? *H. H.*
76. Who wrote the "Woodruff Stories"? *Howland*
77. How long did Phoebe Cary outlive Alice?
78. Who fell in love with his brother's sweetheart? *Shoreman*
79. Who wrote "Fable for Critics"? *Howell*
80. Who teased Margaret Fuller about her Woman's Rights views? *Howe*
81. Who had to make their own lights to study by? *Cary's*
82. Who was known as "the traveller" when he wished to be known as "the poet"? *Poe*
83. What was "Young Marooners" first called? *Poe's*
84. Who went upon Jefferson Davis's bond? *Currier*
85. Whose face "beamed from the pulpit like the face of an angel"? *Channing*
86. Who lived in Athens, Greece? *Taylor*
87. Who invented the sewing machine, but received no credit for it? *Howland*
88. Who were imprisoned at Camp Chase? *Cary's*
89. Who married his daughter's governess? *Howell*
90. Why did Thackeray dislike Willis? *acc. to*
91. Who painted her face? *H. H.*
92. Who befriended the Indians? *H. H.*
93. Who was expelled from College? Why? *Poe - 267*
94. Who did not believe in a hell? *Fuller*
95. Who was reproved for reading Shakespeare on Sunday? *M. Fuller*
96. Whose home was "Idlewild"? *Fuller*
97. Who was to American literature what Jeffrey was to English literature? *Poe*
98. Who was said never to have had a well day? *Channing*
99. Who married an Italian? *H. H.*
100. Who wrote "Ramona"? *H. H.*

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PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. What President was probably talked to death? *Lincoln*
2. Who was called the "Father of Greenbacks"? *A. A. Chase*
3. Who first used the expression "Almighty Dollar"? *Washington*
4. Who was the last President to wear the cocked hat? *Monroe*
5. Who first wrote "United States of America"? *John Paul Jones*
6. What President wrote his own invitations? *Cleveland*
7. Who was the first mother of a President to reside at the White House? *Marshall*
8. The White House is a copy of what building across the Atlantic? *Duke of Lancaster*
9. What President received every electoral vote but one? *Monroe*
10. When was the "Era of Good Feeling"? *Monroe*

CHAPTER IV.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.*

CHARLESTON, S. C.

1830.

Andrew Jackson.

1886.

Cleveland.

"Paul Hayne the sweetest songster of our Sunny South."—*Montgomery Folsom.*

"One loves Paul Hayne at first sight, just simply because he can't help it."

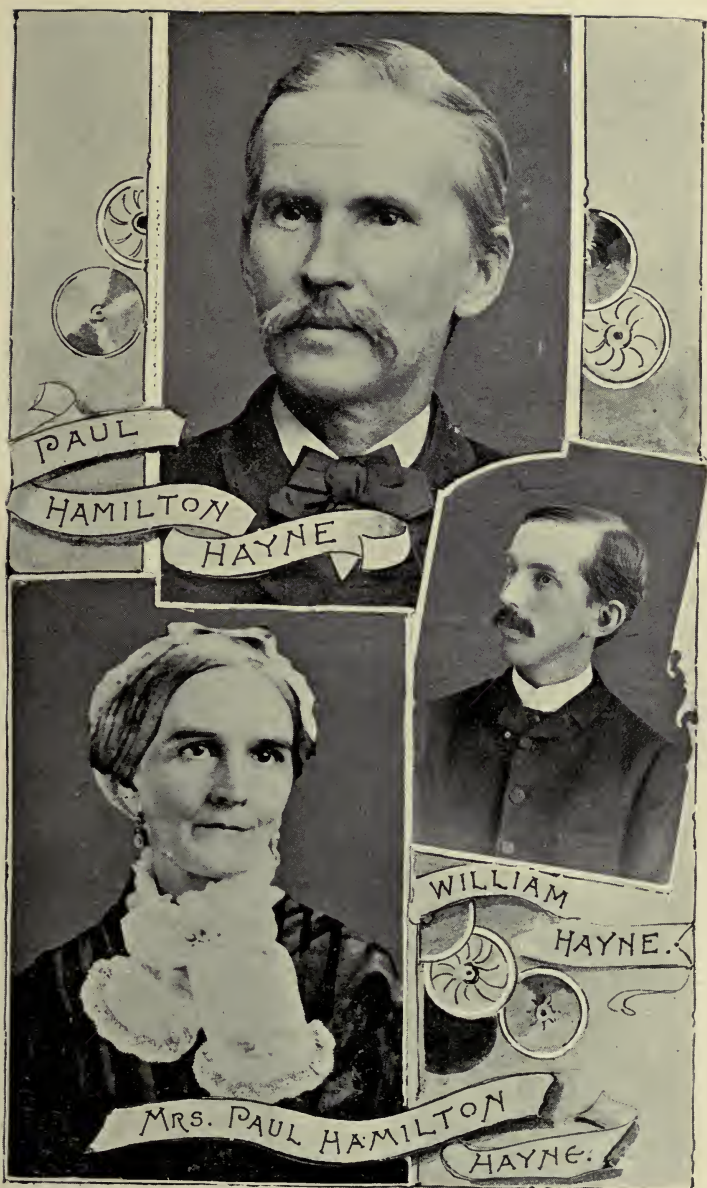
"Sunshine and music are the poet's dower;
He sings and lo! the land is wed to fame;
It may have wealth and excellence and power;
But o'er them all, men write the poet's name;
'Tis Burns's land, or Schiller's clime or Hayne's—
O'er every ruler's right the poet reigns."

—*Benj. S. Parker.*

Paul Hamilton Hayne—God's New Year gift to his parents and their rich legacy to the world—was born in Charleston, S. C., January 1, 1830, but having spent the last twenty years of his life in Georgia is claimed by "The Empire State" as her best beloved adopted son. In colonial times his English ancestors settled in South Carolina—of which State his uncle Robert Y. Hayne, the distinguished statesman and orator, was once Governor. The poet's father Lieutenant Hayne, a naval officer, died at sea when his only child and namesake was an infant. His saintly mother lived with the son at "Copse Hill," his noted home among the pines, until her death a few years ago. In his poem dedicated to her, he thus expresses his appreciation of the encouragement she gave him when first he tried his wings soon after his ninth birthday:

"Thou didst not taunt my fledgling song,
Nor view its flight with scorning;
The bird thou saidst grown fleet and strong,
Might yet outsoar the morning."

*See illustration.



John Stuart Mill taught that the ideal marriage is the result of the blending of the lives of people not bound alone by heart ties but also possessing corresponding intellectual gifts—congenial tastes and oneness of purpose being implied requisites. Such a union was solemnized when Paul Hayne, May 20, 1852, clasped as his own the hand of Mary Middleton Michel—the hand he afterwards immortalized as *The Bonny Brown Hand* in the poem which ends with these beautiful lines:

“That little hand, that fervent hand of bonny brown,
The hand which points the path to Heaven, yet makes a Heaven of earth.”

The devotion to his wife, whose name is inseparable from her husband's fame, is expressed in other of his poems, *To My Wife*, *An Anniversary*, *Love's Autumn*, *Apart*, *A Little While I Fain Would Linger* Yet, and in the following lines:

“O deathless love that lies
In the clear midnight of those passionate eyes!
Joy waneth! Fortune flies!
What then? Thou still art here, soul of my soul, my wife!”

—From *the Woods*.

Mrs. Hayne's father, Dr. Wm. Michel, of Charleston, was the youngest surgeon in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte. In 1864 Napoleon III. presented him with a medal in recognition of his “services under fire on the field.”

Before Paul Hayne's marriage he was admitted to the bar, but he relinquished the practice of his profession for a literary career. Delicate from childhood he was incapacitated for field service during the Civil War, therefore became an aide on Governor Pickens's staff, and with his devoted pen, “mightier than the sword,” by such appeals as the poem entitled *Charleston* encouraged his countrymen to noble deeds and nobler dying for “Our South,” as he termed his beloved land. His unswerving allegiance to her in war and peace, as well as his genius, won him the title of “The Poet of the South.” He is also known as “The Poet of the Pines,” “The Longfellow of the South,” and “The Lament of the South.” His loyalty gained him universal respect and entitles him to the love of every true Southerner.

Speaking of "Copse Hill," his home near Grovetown, Ga., Maurice Thompson says: "Glancing at the little dingy house you cannot realize that here lives one of the most famous poets of the world—Paul H. Hayne, the friend and peer of Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier. The rough interior of this home completely transformed by the skillful hands of his loving wife is the wonder and admiration of all who visit it. The walls of his study are covered with well chosen illustrations from art journals and weeklies. Copies of fine pictures in this homely form and likenesses of the good and great men and women of these and other times attract immediate attention. The unique home-made furniture, the carpenter's bench used in building the cottage changed into the poet's desk, bookcases made of boxes, all tastefully covered and ornamented with papering corresponding to that on the walls, fascinate the beholder. That the dainty and frail-looking little wife could accomplish such work and at the same time, soon after the war, do the cooking and washing for the family, was a miracle of love, otherwise it would have been impossible. Later on, with the burden of domestic service greatly lightened, as her husband's amanuensis she averaged a thousand letters a year, besides was his valued critic, and often suggested names for his poems."

Writing of him, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston said, "There is no poet in America who has written more lovingly or discriminately about nature in her ever varying aspects. We are sure that in his loyal allegiance to her he is not a whit behind Wordsworth, and we do not hesitate to say that he has often a grace that the old Laker lacks." Her favorite among his poems is *Unveiled*.

Edwin P. Whipple, the great Boston critic and essayist, said, in his review of *Legends and Lyrics*: "It contains the ripest results of the genius of the most eminent of living Southern poets. *Daphles, Cambyases and the Macrobian Bow, Fortunio, The Story of Glaucus the Thessalian*, and especially *The Wife of Brittany* would, if published under the name of the author of 'The

Earthly Paradise,' obtain at once a recognition on both sides of the Atlantic. We cannot see that the American poet is one whit inferior to his accomplished English contemporary in tenderness and ideal charm, while we venture to say he has more than Morris the true poetic enthusiasm and unwithholding abandonment to the sentiment suggested by his themes. We congratulate the South on possessing such a poet."

In indorsing what Whipple said of Mr. Hayne as a narrative poet, William Cullen Bryant wrote, "This is high praise, but it is well merited and Mr. Hayne is even more happy in his lyrical than in his narrative poems. Grace, tenderness and truth are characteristic of them all." Bayard Taylor said in reference to these poems, "I prefer Mr. Hayne's atmosphere to that of William Morris, the latter's is Novemberish while Mr. Hayne's is the breath of May."

In regard to his versatility the distinguished Herman Grimm of Germany wrote of the *Complete Edition of his Poems*, "The circle which the poems embrace is great, and the poet's spirit is everywhere at home."

Eugene L. Didier, one of Poe's biographers, said, "His many delicious sonnets have earned him the title of 'The Sonnet Writer of America,'" and added, "He has touched all the chords of his lyre." In *The Mountain of the Lovers* we enjoy a glimpse of the quaint charm of the old chronicles. In *Five Pictures* he is intensely realistic. Thomas S. Collier, the poet and story-writer, said, "Mr. Hayne has the lyric gift and his shorter poems have a ring and richness that recall the glories of the grand Elizabethan period. In fact he has the true poet's ready facility in all forms of verse from the sonorous periods of the ode to the swiftness and ring of the music waking sonnet, and in each shows the same careful and artistic workmanship."

Mr. Hayne's correspondence for a number of years with such congenial spirits as Blackmore, Wilkie Collins, Philip Bourke Marston, and others in this country gave him great pleasure. After his death a letter arrived from Wilkie Collins in which he

expressed great solicitude to know how his friend fared during the Charleston earthquake. Being off on a cruise the sad news was slow in reaching Collins.

Those who had the privilege of Mr. Hayne's personal acquaintance were drawn to him regardless of rank and condition. Many people loved him who were incapable of appreciating his genius, but who always felt sure of his sympathy in sorrow and trouble, and of his kindly interest at all times. From a memorial editorial the following tribute has been taken: "It has been said that the critics of posterity will write him down amongst the noblest bards. But it is not among the critics or the great ones that he will be best remembered and best understood. In the heart where sorrow has entered on its mission of mildew in the soul, Paul Hayne and his dove-like threnodies of song will have the warmest welcome and make the longest stay. With all his triumphs Paul Hayne's heart was not here. He was an humble Christian over whom Heaven bent so low that he reached up and put his treasures there. Amid our tears we can rejoice that he has inherited the wedding garment of white and a part in the first Resurrection."

Mr. Hayne received an anonymous letter expressing gratitude for his *Lyric of Action* which the writer said had saved him from suicide.

Several of the testimonials of affection received by Mr. Hayne were from children. A boy who had never seen him, stinted himself to send him five dollars from his small earnings, and expressed the wish that he would buy with it something that he would "use all the time." A napkin ring with the poet's name on one side and the appreciative little friend's on the other was chosen as a daily reminder.

Among his namesakes is a most promising Indian boy of the Sioux tribe, who corresponds with Mrs. Hayne. His first letter to her began, "My Dear Loving." A poor and uneducated woman asked for one of his poems, "because," she said, "he was so good to my little cousin." None can read his poems for

children and fail to understand his love for them. At one of the receptions given him in his reply to the poetic greeting he said,

"If Christ's pure favorites love me, all is well,
Let Fame's proud trump trump its lordlier echoes cease,
And graven on my pastoral tomb
Be these brief words traced in the sunrise bloom,
His lays though marred, yet bore one Heavenly spell,
The children loved him, so he sleeps in peace."

The following lines from *On the Decline of Faith* illustrate his child-like trust :

"O man ! when faith succumbs, and reason reels,
Turn to thy heart that reasons not, but feels ;
Creeds change ! shrines perish ! still (her instinct saith),
Still the soul, the soul must conquer Death,
Hold fast to God, and God will hold thee fast."

E. P. Roe said of *Face to Face* the Poet's Death Song: "I shall carry it with me in my pocketbook, so that I may often read it, and think of its truth. It is one of those poems which minister to life as well as prepare for death."

July 6, 1886, "God's Angel of Perfect Love" bore the soul of our beloved poet to his Heavenly home.

His body rests in the cemetery in Augusta, Ga. The Memorial Church at Grovetown; the dedication in Blackmore's "Spring-Haven" which reads, "To the memory of my revered friend—Paul Hamilton Hayne, Poet, Patriot, and Philanthropist"; the naming for him in Birmingham, Ala., of what, when completed, will be the largest and handsomest school building in the South; the literary societies bearing his honored name; and the monument to be erected in Augusta, Ga.—all tributes of love—will keep him in mind with those who have not embalmed his memory in their hearts.

Unwavering faith in the happy reunion awaiting her sustains Mrs. Hayne in her sorrow.* She continues to live at "Copse Hill" with her gifted and devoted son. Much of her time is spent in furnishing material for sketches of her husband, of whom she loves to talk and write; and in corresponding with his.

* Since this sketch was written Mrs. Hayne has died. See William H. Hayne.

literary friends and acknowledging, when practicable, the endless tributes paid to him.

Visitors wishing to see the home always receive a cordial welcome. There nothing save the actual presence of the lamented poet is missed, as everything impresses one with his personality.

The best pictures of him adorn the walls of his study, and although successful in portraying the Grecian regularity of his features, artists have failed to catch the soulful tenderness of his wonderfully expressive eyes.

In lines to his son he says,

"I pray the angel in whose hands the sum
Of mortal fates in mystic darkness lies,
That to the soul which fills these deepening eyes,
Sun-crowned and clear the spirt of song may come;
That strong winged fancies, with melodious hum
Of plumed vans, may touch to sweet surprise
His poet nature, born to glow and rise
And thrill to worship though the world be dumb."

That this prayer has been answered none will doubt who read the exquisite poems of Wm. H. Hayne.

Edmund, Mr. Hayne's faithful colored servant for many years, still serves Mrs. Hayne and her son. An eminent lawyer says no sketch of Paul Hayne would be complete which did not mention his gift of oratory. Like the silver-tongued Webster he held his audiences spell-bound. None who have had the privilege of hearing him read will ever forget the mellow tones of his musical voice.

In a recent periodical, a Northern writer says, "Paul H. Hayne, well known as a Southern poet, belonged to the whole country—North as well as South, East as well as West recognized his genius. And to-day no true American, no matter where he lives, hears the mention of the sweet singer's name without sentiments of love and reverence for his memory, and a feeling of pride that so grand a man, so true a poet was born upon American soil. True, he was named the 'Lament of the South,' and well did he deserve it, for no other Southern writer has done so much for the literature of that section; but the fact

remains that while we of the North gladly accorded to him while living that distinction, and while we say of him now that he was the greatest poet the South has ever produced, yet would we claim him, not as the representative of any particular section, but rather as a representative American poet, and still more, he was one of the world's greatest poets."

JOSEPHINE WALTON.

His works are :

Poems, Volume I., 1855,
Poems, Volume II., 1857,
Poems, Volume III., 1860,
Biographical Sketch of Henry Timrod,
Poem. William Gilmore Simms,
Yorktown Centennial Lyric,
Complete Poems (Lothrop & Co., Boston),

Poem for Charleston Centennial,
Legends and Lyrics,
The Mountain of the Lovers,
The Battle of King's Mountain,
The Return of Peace,
Sesqui Centennial Ode, 1883,
The Broken Battalions.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. What limit is put to the number of Representatives?
2. How many were in the first House?
3. How are vacancies filled?
4. What powers has the House of Representatives?
5. How many members in the present House of Representatives?
6. Are the Territories represented in Congress?
7. What is the "ratio of representation"?
8. What are "Congressional Districts"?
9. Are the officers of the House members of that body?
10. What is meant by impeachment?

SIDNEY LANIER.*

MACON, GA.

1842.

Tyler.

1881.

Grant.

WORKS.

Tiger Lilies, a Novel,
Florida: Its Scenery, Climate and
History,
The Boy's King Arthur,
The Boy's Mabinogion,

Poems, Volume I.,
Poems, Volume II.,
The Boy's Froissart,
The Science of English Verse,
The Boy's Percy,

The English Novel.

"When one reads Lanier, he is reminded of two writers, Milton and Ruskin. More than any other great English authors they are dominated by this beauty of holiness. Lanier was saturated with it. It shines out of every line he wrote."—*William Hayes Ward*.

"Short as was his literary life, and hindered though it were, its fruit will fill a large space in the garnering of the poetic art of our country."

"Sidney Lanier cast the glamour of his marvelous fancy over the common incidents of every-day life, and they became lustrous with supernal beauty."—*W. J. Scott*.

"His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with the hand."

These words of Sidney Lanier are peculiarly applicable to himself. Owing to a singular perverseness of mankind most men must needs die to be appreciated. "For years he prosecuted his literary work under the pressure of disease and in the face of discouragements that would have shaken the constancy of any soul less heroic in its aims and impulses." Now scarcely ten years have passed and his appreciative countrymen are eager to erect a costly monument as a fitting memorial.

We can well believe with his biographer, Mr. Ward, that Sidney Lanier will take rank with "the first princes of American song." Yet poetry was but secondary to music. He was a born musician. As far back as the time of Elizabeth we hear of a Lanier as musical director at court. He was musical by heredity on his mother's as well as his father's side.

* See illustration.



SIDNEY LANIER.

Sidney Lanier was fortunate in his ancestry, for he had in his "make-up" that Huguenot strain which has been the basis of much of our modern civilization in both hemispheres. His mother Mary Anderson was of Scotch descent, a native of Virginia, and gifted in poetry and music.

When a child, Sidney taught himself to play upon many instruments—banjo, guitar, piano, violin, and flute. He was fonder of the violin than of any other instrument, but in deference to his father's wishes, who feared the dangerous fascinations of music, he laid aside the violin and began to study the flute. He afterwards became the "finest flute player in the world," and his auditors were wont to remark the wonderful *violin* tones which he drew from his beloved instrument.

Sidney Lanier was born at Macon, Ga., where his father Robert S. Lanier was a practicing lawyer. As a child he devoted himself to music. "It is an evidence of the sensitive susceptibility of his fine-nerved organization that under the influence of violin music in his boyhood he several times passed into a trance while he was playing. Apparently unconscious he would seem to hear the finest music, and the nervous strain would leave him sadly shaken."

In his fourteenth year he entered Oglethorpe College, near Midway, Ga., and graduated first in his class. One of his teachers there, Professor Woodrow, did much to influence his after life. He said, "To him I owed the strongest and most valuable stimulus of my youth." He excelled in mathematics. Unlike most poets his logical faculties were developed in proportion to his imaginative. During his whole college course it was stated that he never shirked a duty nor a responsibility. He lost one year from school during which he held a clerkship at the post-office at Macon. After graduation he remained in the school as tutor until the breaking out of the war. Sadly he laid aside his books and with his flute as companion he and his younger brother Clifford enlisted as privates in the Confederate army with the

Macon Volunteers of the Second Georgia Battalion. He had quite a taste for military life. When a mere boy he organized a company of his playmates and drilled them so well that "an honored place was granted them in the military parades of their elders." Though offered promotion several times Sidney would never accept as it would have separated him from his dearly beloved brother. "The two were inseparable,—these slender, gray-eyed youths, full of enthusiasm. Clifford was grave and earnest, Sidney, the elder, playful, with a dainty mirthfulness, a tender humor often reminding us of Mendelssohn, most like the great musician as we know him in E. Berger's charming book. He was slight—so slight that he could not have numbered twenty summers, but the heights of eternity were foreshadowed in the forehead's marble dream."

During the first year in camp the life was easy and pleasant. Sidney spent his time in mastering French, German, and Spanish, and in playing his flute. Later on he was in the battles of Seven Pines, Drewry's Bluff, and the seven days' fighting round Richmond. After the fight at Malvern Hill the brothers were transferred to the Signal Service and stationed for a short time at Petersburg. There he felt the first symptoms of consumption against which in after years he fought so heroically. A friend writing of him at this time says, "His letter of introduction to us was a torn piece of coarse Confederate paper tied by a guitar string to our door-knob on which was written,

PORCH, SATURDAY MORNING, 1 o'clock.

Did all that mortal men could do to serenade you—failure owing entirely to inclemency of the weather.

FIELD CORPS.

How often after that did we sit on moonlit nights enthralled by the entrancing melodies of his flute. Child as I was, I felt even then that we sat in the aurora of a sunrise which was to put out all the stars."

He saw service in Virginia and North Carolina and toward the

last of the war the brothers were separated, each being put in charge of a vessel to run the blockade. Sidney's vessel was captured and he was confined for five months at Point Lookout prison. He had concealed his flute in his sleeve and this now became his dearest treasure. It also was the means of procuring him some comforts during his stay there. Near the close of the war he was exchanged and with his flute and a twenty dollar gold piece, which he had when captured, he started for his Georgia home on foot in February, 1865. In March he reached home utterly exhausted from the long tramp and six weeks of illness followed, during which time his mother died of consumption. Recovering he went to an uncle's at Point Clear, near Mobile Bay, where the balmy climate benefited him somewhat. With returning strength he sought for work and accepted a clerkship in Montgomery, Ala. For two years he labored faithfully at tasks that must have been exceedingly irksome to him. The second year he went North to see about the publication of his novel *Tiger Lilies* of which book, describing his life during the war, Dr. Ward has written, "It is a luxuriant unpruned work, written in haste for the press within the space of three weeks, but one which gives rich promise of the poet."

On his return South he obtained the principalship of a school at Prattville and in the same year, 1867, married Miss Mary Day, daughter of Charles Day, of Macon. The union proved a most happy one. Mrs. Lanier ever held a firm unwavering faith in her husband's genius, and of this stimulating belief in him and his abilities Mr. Lanier has written most gratefully. Many of his poems are dedicated to her. In *My Springs*, one of his best, he writes of her thus :

" O Love, O wife, thine eyes are they
My springs, from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion pure
And gray and wise and honour sure,
Soft as a dying violet breath
Yet calmly unafraid of death.

Dear eyes, dear eyes! And rare complete,
Being heavenly sure and earthly sweet,
I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns 'tis then ye shine."

"Never," writes a friend in after years, "never has true conjugal love in its sustaining, ennobling, every-day helpfulness to an artist soul been more truly sung than by Lanier."

He had not been married a year before a violent hemorrhage of the lungs alarmed his friends and wife, and caused him to resign his principalship at Prattville. His father begged him to make Macon his home and enter his law firm. This he did, and for five years studied and practiced law, but the terrible struggle against consumption had fairly begun and his suffering frame was only held here a little while by his great force of will. A racking cough and evident decline in body sent him to New York in search of medical aid and then, by the advice of his physicians, to Texas for a change of climate. Mrs. Lanier and children remained with his father in Macon. This did not bring the desired change, and knowing that at his best his life would not be long, and conscious of his genius, he determined to devote his life to music and poetry. He returned to Macon and convinced his father that the law was not for him, but he felt it a sacred duty to give to the world the songs that pressed him for utterance. "With his flute and pen as sword and staff he turned his face northward where an author had better opportunities for study and observation than in the struggling South, in which pretty much the whole of life had been merely not dying." In Baltimore, where he made his home, he was engaged as first flute in the Peabody Symphony Concerts. Asger Hamerik, his director for six years in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra, thus speaks of him:

"I will never forget the impression he made on me when he played the flute concerto of Emil Hartman at a Peabody Symphony Concert in 1878,—his tall, handsome, manly presence; his flute breathing noble sorrows, noble joys; the orchestra softly responding. The audience was spell-bound. Such distinction, such refinement! He stood the master, the genius."

During this time he was carrying on a course of study in the Anglo-Saxon and the early English texts. For months at a time he would have to give up all work and seek a change of air. He went to Pennsylvania, Texas, Florida and North Carolina, but the winter of 1876 found him again in Baltimore at his old place in the orchestra, studying and writing some of his short poems. Having contracted a fresh cold in November, his physicians ordered him South. In company with his devoted wife he sought the Florida coast and at Tampa was benefited by the balmy air. Slowly he journeyed northward, lingering awhile with friends in Georgia, then after a short stay with his family in Tennessee he returned to Baltimore and for three winters played in the Peabody Concerts.

Now he put his knowledge of Anglo-Saxon to a practical use by delivering a course of lectures to thirty young ladies in private parlors. He also undertook a course of Shakespearean lectures which, though they taxed his waning strength to the utmost, brought no financial reward, but this was the means of procuring him the chair of English Literature at Johns Hopkins. With this appointment came the notice that he would receive a regular salary. This stimulated his flagging energies and aided him to give utterance to his songs. Chief among these were the *Song of the Chattahoochee*, *A Song of Love*, *The Revenge of Hamish*. Truly, as a writer has said, they were written with his life-blood.

Weakened by exhausting hemorrhages, he went for the summer to Rockingham Springs, Va., and here in his feebleness he "did the full work of a strong man." Besides numerous beautiful poems written at this time he sent to press his *Science of English Verse*, written in six weeks. This book is the only one in existence giving a scientific basis of poetry. A severe illness seized him in September, but rallying he returned to Baltimore. The amount of work which the dying man now accomplished was marvelous. He opened three lecture courses in

young ladies' schools, attended constant rehearsals at the concerts, lectured at the University and private schools, besides writing numerous poems which were published at this time.

In January he was again quite ill, and continued to fail until July, when accompanied by his wife and father he went to West Chester, Penn., where a fourth son was born. As the weather grew cooler, fearing the change, he returned to Baltimore. Here, as soon as he could leave his bed, he went in a close carriage to his classes, always sitting while he lectured. So exhausted did he become after each hour that his audience listened with a "fascinated terror," so fearful were they that each breath would be the last.

He was a man of marvelous force of will. *Sunrise*, his greatest poem, he pencilled when too feeble to feed himself, and with a temperature of one hundred and four degrees. As a last resort, tent life in a high, pure climate was decided on, and his brother Clifford came from Alabama to assist in removing the invalid. The site chosen was near Asheville, N. C.; and Mrs. Lanier with her youngest child came to nurse him. His father came also, but was summoned home on important business. As there was no improvement in his condition the patient sufferer made another effort and the husband and wife took carriage across the mountain to Lynn, Polk County, a place highly recommended for consumptives. The father and brother were summoned here by telegram to the dying man. They arrived too late to see him alive.

Of his last hours Mrs. Lanier wrote: "We are left alone August 29th with one another. On the last night of the summer comes a change. His love and immortal will hold off the destroyer of our summer yet another week, until the forenoon of September 7th, and then falls the frost and that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God."

The body was taken to Baltimore. In 1888 a marble bust was erected to his memory in that city, the gift of a kinsman, Charles Lanier of New York.

"Reckoned by the figures on the dial's face, his years were few; but measured by the far-reaching results of his life-work they were like the stars for multitude."

A. W. (SMITH) DAVIS.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. The Senate consists of how many members? *2 from each state*
2. By whom are they chosen? *State Legislatures*
3. How does the mode of electing a Senator differ from that of a Representative? *Rep. election by people*
4. Have large States more Senators than small ones? *No*
5. What portion of the Senate is elected every two years?
6. How are vacancies filled? *elected by Senate*
7. What three qualifications are necessary? *Res. of State, 7 yrs., etc.*
8. Who is President of the Senate? *Vice-Pres.*
9. Who chooses the other officers? *Senate*
10. What sole power does the Senate possess? *acts as a court of impeachment for trial of high public officers*

HENRY TIMROD.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

1829.

Jackson.

1867.

Johnson.

WORKS.

Poems and Sonnets.

"The ablest poet the South had yet produced."—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

"One of the truest and sweetest singers this country has given to the world."—*Paul H. Hayne.*

"Among men of letters, he was always esteemed as a most sympathetic companion ; timid, reserved, unready, if taken by surprise, but highly cultivated, and still more highly endowed."—*J. Dickson Burns.*

Henry Timrod was the son of William Timrod, who was himself a poet, and Miss Prince a beautiful girl "whose perfection of face and form caught the poet's fancy, and whose perfection of character won and kept the poet's heart through twenty-six years of married life." It was from his mother that Henry Timrod derived that intense passionate love of Nature which so distinguished him. "A walk in the woods to her was food and drink, and the sight of a green field was joy inexpressible." The children could recall her love for flowers and trees and for the stars ; and how she would make them notice the glintings of the sunshine through the leaves, and the lights and shadows side by side, and the streak of moonlight on the floor. "She would sit absorbed, watching the tree-branches as they waved in the wind and would say, 'Don't they seem to be whispering to each other?'" And yet to this strong love of Nature she added sound practical sense and such sweetness and gentleness and forbearance of disposition that her daughter said she was without doubt the most perfect character she ever knew.

The father was a gifted man—self-educated, full of information and early attracted the attention of his fellow-citizens by

his brilliant talents. Lawyers, politicians and editors would gather around the shop of this skilled mechanic to listen to his eloquent conversation. He seemed "a provincial Coleridge holding his little audiences spell-bound by the mingled audacity and originality of his remarks." His songs and sonnets prove him a poet of no mean pretensions. Washington Irving said of his ode *To Time* that "Tom Moore could have written no finer lyric." His name lives chiefly, however, through the reputation of his "Blue-eyed Harry" of whom he wrote so feelingly, and who inherited his father's poetic genius.

Born in a city, pent up in its dusty avenues, Henry Timrod longed for the untrammelled freedom of the country. "He doted upon its waving fields, its deep blue skies, and the glory of the changing seasons."

He obtained his primary education at one of the best schools in Charleston. His desk-mate was Paul Hamilton Hayne, his life-long friend, and biographer. They were about the same age, and having similar tastes their acquaintance fast ripened into friendship. His first poem was written in school and submitted to this friend to read. "While," as Mr. Hayne said, "we were hobnobbing together over it, our principal (who united the morals of Pecksniff with the learning of Squeers) meanly assaulted us in the rear, effectually quenching for the time all æsthetic enthusiasm."

Another teacher who appreciated his character and mind thus described him as a boy: "Modest and diffident, with a nervous utterance, but with melody ever in his heart and on his lips. Though always slow of speech he was yet like Burns quick to learn. The chariot wheels might jar in the gate through which he tried to drive his winged steeds, but the horses were of celestial temper, and the car of purest gold." Mr. Hayne in speaking of him says he was "shy, but neither melancholy nor morose; he was passionate, impulsive, eagerly ambitious, with a thirst for knowledge hard to satiate. But too close a devotion to books did not destroy the natural lightness and simplicity of youth.

He mingled freely with his comrades, all of whom respected, while some dearly loved him." He was fond of out-door sports—running, leaping, jumping, swimming, and even *fighting*.

When sixteen or seventeen he entered the University of Georgia. There his poetical powers began to give promise of the future. He composed love verses frantic or tender to every pretty girl's face that he met. Most of these were published in "The Charleston Evening News" over a fictitious name.

He was forced to return to his home before his college course was completed, on account of monetary troubles and his own ill health. He entered upon the study of law, becoming a student in the office of a distinguished lawyer James L. Petigru, Esq. He was a poor speaker, often hesitating and stammering for a word to express his meaning. "But," says Judge Bryan, "Timrod was too wholly a poet to keep company long with so exacting a mistress as the law."

Every writer has a model. This poet's master of song was Wordsworth. He studied his works with such loving earnestness that he caught the spirit of simplicity and truth, so characteristic of the "Old Laker's" style.

Finding the law so distasteful he abandoned it and renewed his classical studies with a view to teaching. He became a tutor in the household of a Carolina planter, and at every opportunity he would rush down to Charleston, to be welcomed by a small "coterie of friends" among whom was no less a distinguished personage than William Gilmore Simms, who always delighted to gather around him the younger literary men of his acquaintance. It was with this group of congenial spirits that the idea originated of starting a Southern literary magazine to serve as an exponent of Southern talent and culture. Mr. John Russell was induced to undertake the practical management of the work, hence it was called for him "Russell's Magazine." In this many of Timrod's best poems appeared. They were afterwards collected in a small volume and published in 1860 by Ticknor & Fields of Boston.

In 1861 he began a series of war poems suggested by the incidents of the great conflict, "and struck a higher and finer note than had ever yet escaped his lyre." He remained in Charleston during the first months of the war, "serving his country more effectually with his pen than he could have served her with his sword."

In 1862 a project was formed by his friends and admirers to have published in London a volume of his poems, beautifully illustrated and highly embellished which they intended to present to the author. The scheme failed, and the poet was bitterly disappointed. He wrote, "The project of publishing my poems in England *has been silently but altogether dropped!* An unspeakable disappointment! So fades, so languishes, grows dim and dies, the hope of every poet who has not money." The disappointment was even still greater to his loving and devoted mother.

After the battle of Shiloh he became "War Correspondent" of the Charleston "Mercury." He was totally unfit for camp life and returned in a short time to his home in Columbia, S. C. In 1864 he married Miss Katie Goodwin, the "Katie" of his poetic visions. She was an English girl who had come over to this country in 1860 to visit a brother who had married Timrod's sister. Her father accompanied her, but having died three months after his arrival she decided not to return to England, but to remain in Charleston with her brother. It was at this brother's house that the poet met her.

Of her he wrote :

" By some strange spell, my Katie brought,
 Along with English creeds and thought—
 Entangled in her golden hair—
 Some English sunshine, warmth, and air !
 I cannot tell but—here to-day,
 A thousand billowy leagues away
 From that green isle whose twilight skies
 No darker are than Katie's eyes,
 She seems to me go where she will,
 An English girl in England still."

The poet's heart had been moved by love before as his poem *The Two Portraits* will show. His suit had evidently been unsuccessful, so when "Katie" came with,

"Loftier charms
Than love e'er gave to mortal arms,
A spell is woven on the air
From your brown eyes and golden hair,
And all at once you seem to stand
Before me as your native land,
With all her greatness in your guise,
And all her glory in your eyes."

One son, little Willie, was given to them as a Christmas gift, but God only spared him to them a few months. He died suddenly, and in that little grave the larger portion of the father's heart was buried. He was never himself again. How different the two letters to his old schoolmate—one was dated December, 1864, the other March, 1866.

"At length, my dear Paul, we stand upon the same height of paternity—quite a celestial elevation to me! If you could only see my boy! Everybody wonders at him! He is so transparently fair; so ethereal!" Then again, "Dear old fellow; heart and hand, body, soul, and spirit, I am still yours! You ask me to tell you my story for the last year. I can embody it all in a few words: *beggary, starvation, death, bitter grief, utter want of hope!*"

A year after Timrod's marriage, Sherman and his troops gained possession of Columbia, S. C. What followed is known to all—the conflagration, the sack, the universal terror and despair! In another letter to Mr. Hayne he wrote, "We have lived for a long period and are still living on the proceeds of the gradual sale of furniture and silver plate. We have—let me see! Yes, we have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge—bedstead!! In a forlorn hope I forwarded some poems to Northern periodicals, and in every instance they were coldly declined.

As for supporting myself and large family—wife, mother, sister and nieces—by *literary* work—'tis utterly preposterous!

Little Jack Horner, who sang for his supper and got his plum cake, was a far more lucky minstrel than I am!

To confess the truth, my dear Paul, I not only feel that I can write no more verse, but I am perfectly indifferent to the fate of what I have already composed. I would consign every line of it to eternal oblivion for—*one hundred dollars in hand.*”

He afterwards received a position of assistant secretary, or clerk, which he said, “ensures me a month’s supply of bread and bacon.”

His health became wretched. The doctors prescribed a change of air. How could he take the prescription with poverty at hand? “I must stay here like a lugubrious fowl and scratch for corn” he wrote to a friend; but finally he did go to “Copse Hill” to visit the Haynes, and a month’s sojourn with them did much to improve his health and spirits. Business forced him to return to Charleston. Two hemorrhages followed; he failed rapidly. To his sister watching by his side he said, “Do you remember that little poem of mine?

‘Somewhere on this earthly planet
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dewdrop and the sunshine
Waits a solemn hour for me.’

Now that hour, which then seemed so far away, has come. May I be able to say thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” In October of ’67 he passed away.

“High-hearted poets, as Bryant, Whipple, Holmes, and Whittier would have recognized at once his genius, as well as his modest worth and purity of temperament, and it is to be greatly regretted that his lot was cast in a time that he could have no personal acquaintance with the New York and Boston literati. Had it been so no doubt his fate would have been wholly different!”

He was buried in the cemetery of Trinity Church, Columbia. “Nature, kinder to his senseless ashes than ever fortune had been to the living man, is prodigal around his grave—

unmarked and unrecorded though it be." Beautiful flowers and verdant grasses are everywhere to be seen.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

THE LILY CONFIDANTE.

" Lily! lady of the garden! Let me press my lips to thine! Love must tell its story, Lily! Listen thou to mine.	" Silly lover if thy Lily Like her sister lilies be, Thou must woo, if thou wouldst wear her, With a simple plea.
Two I choose to know the secret— Thee, and yonder wordless flute; Dragons watch me, tender Lily, And thou must be mute.	Love's the lovers only magic, Truth the subtlest art; Love that feigns and lips that flatter, Win no modest heart.
There's a maiden, and her name is— Hist! was that a rose leaf fell? See the rose is listening, Lily, And the rose may tell.	Like the dewdrop in my bosom, Be thy guileless language, youth; Falsehood buyeth falsehood only, Truth must purchase truth.
Lily-browed and lily-hearted, She is very dear to me; Lovely? Yes, if being lovely Is resembling thee.	As thou talkest at the fireside, With the little children by— As thou prayest in the darkness, When thy God is nigh—
Six to half a score of summers Make the sweetest of the "teens"— Not too young to guess, dear Lily, What a lover means.	With a speech as chaste and gentle, And such meanings as become Ear of child, or ear of angel, Speak, or be thou dumb.
Laughing girl, and thoughtful woman, I am puzzled how to woo— Shall I praise, or pique her, Lily? Tell me what to do.'	Woo her thus and she shall give thee Of her heart the sinless whole, All the girl within her bosom, And her woman's soul.' "

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. What number of Senators is necessary for impeachment? *2/3 of members*
2. What penalties can be inflicted? *removal from office*
3. What power has the Legislature of each State? *select*
4. What power has Congress over State regulations? *may*
5. How often and when does Congress meet? *1st Mon in*
6. What restriction is there upon the time and place of adjournment?
7. Who fixes the salaries of Congressmen? *Law*
8. What special privileges are granted to members of Congress?
9. What offices are Congressmen not allowed to hold? *on*
10. After a bill has passed both Houses what must be done with it? *approved by Pres*

GEORGE BANCROFT.*

WORCESTER, MASS.

1800.

1891.

John Adams.

Benjamin Harrison.

WORKS.

History of the United States,
Literary and Historical Miscel-
lanies,
Memorial Address on Abraham
Lincoln,
The Culture, the Support, and
the Object of Art in the Re-
public (Lecture),
Poems, Lectures, Essays, Ad-
dresses, and Translations,

The Necessity, the Reality, and
the Promise of the Progress of
the Human Race,
A Plea for the Constitution of
the United States of America,
Wounded in the House of its
Guardians,
The Office, Appropriate Culture,
and Duty of the Mechanic,
History of the Colonization of
the United States.

"Thou livest in all hearts; for all men know
This earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man."

"I read last night Bancroft with increasing admiration. What a glorious and interest-
ing history has he given to his nation of the centuries before the independence."—*Baron*
Bunsen.

"Bancroft, Prescott, and Sparks have effected so much in historical composition that no
living European historian can take precedence of them, but rather might be proud and
grateful to be admitted as a companion."—*Von Raumer*.

Aaron Bancroft, the distinguished Congregational minister, was the father of the eminent historian George Bancroft. He took great pride in his son's early education, placing him at Dr. Abbot's Academy at Exeter, N. H., and at thirteen years of age the boy was prepared to enter Harvard. It was doubtless from his father that he obtained that devotion to American history which resulted in giving to the world "the best *History of the United States* which has ever yet been written." His father, a writer of some ability himself, did not encourage the son to pursue literary labors, but earnestly desired him to enter the ministry. This plan was agreeable to George and it was not until he returned from Europe that his purpose was changed.

*See illustration.

He preached a few sermons which gave promise of future distinction, but all the time he cherished dreams of authorship and longed to devote himself to learning and literature.

While at Dr. Abbot's school, Dr. Nathan Parker saw him, and being so much impressed by the boy wrote a letter to his father from which the following extract is taken: "I have this day made a visit at Exeter and spent an hour with George. I found him in good health and perfectly satisfied with his situation. He appears to enter into his studies which he is pursuing with an ardor and laudable ambition, which gives promise of distinction and which must be peculiarly grateful to a parent. He said there were prizes distributed every year, or every term to those who excelled in particular studies. He expressed a great desire to obtain one, but said he was afraid he should not succeed, for he was the youngest but three in the academy, and he did not think he could gain a prize, but he intended to try. I made inquiries of Mr. Abbot about him and he observed that he was a very fine lad; that he appeared to have the stamina of a distinguished man; that he took his rank among the first scholars in the academy, and that he wished I would send him half a dozen such boys." This early promise was fully confirmed by his future life.

He graduated at seventeen years of age and went to Europe to study at the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin. Dr. Cogswell met him while in Berlin and wrote to Mrs. Prescott, "It was sad parting with little Bancroft. He is a most interesting youth, and is to make one of our great men." It must have been this same Dr. Cogswell (J. G.) who in conjunction with Bancroft established a boarding-school at Northampton on the German plan. It was a novel and bold undertaking. There was a farm belonging to the school on which the elder boys performed some labor, and to every four boys was assigned a piece of land to be cultivated wholly by themselves. Then there was a gymnasium, also a swimming place in the Connecticut River and every boy had his shanty which he built himself, and to

this he was allowed to invite his friends to enjoy roast potatoes and apples. The pupils were also taken for long rambles with the teachers. These rambles sometimes extended far up into Vermont and New Hampshire or the mountainous regions of Western Massachusetts. No prizes were given and there was scarcely any punishment. The school was very popular. John Lothrop Motley was a pupil there. He was an eager pretty little boy of eleven. The number of pupils increased to one hundred and twenty-seven, but neither of the principals understood how to manage the finances, and so they were forced to abandon the undertaking. It is to be greatly regretted, as it was calculated to do great good. It was just the school which the country wanted then, and wants now.

It was at Göttingen that he decided to make history a specialty. He then studied at Berlin and afterwards at Heidelberg, and before returning to this country visited England, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. In 1822 upon his return to the United States, he became tutor of Greek in Harvard. He published a small volume of poetry, and began a series of poetical translations of the minor poems of Schiller, Goethe, and other German authors. These translations appeared in the "North American Review," and have since been collected in his *Miscellanies*.

In politics Bancroft was a Democrat, but he had little aspiration as a politician. He was elected to the legislature without his knowledge, an honor he declined, and when urged to be nominated the following year with the promise of being made Senator he again declined. Under President Polk he was made Secretary of the Navy, and then it was that he became instrumental in establishing the Nautical School at Alexandria, and the Astronomical Observatory at Washington. He afterwards became Minister to Great Britain, and Minister to Prussia. In 1849 he returned to the United States and resided in New York, devoting himself to the preparation of his history. No efforts were spared in collecting materials for this work. His rank of

ambassador gave him excellent facilities for research in the government archives of London and Paris. He had access to the most interesting manuscripts not only in the British Museum but also in the collections belonging to various noble families. The special feature of his history is the recognition and development of the elements of liberty. "The history of America is the history of liberty." It is without doubt one of the greatest works of the present age, and has been translated into many foreign languages.

Bancroft filled many posts of honor in the gift of his countrymen. He was preacher, teacher, poet, politician, philosopher, historian, ambassador and orator. He lived a long and useful life and died at the age of ninety-one. The Librarian of Congress in speaking of him in his last days, said, "His is the most beautiful old age I have ever seen. Calm, peaceful, cultured, surrounded by friends and admirers and revered by a whole nation, the drawing to a close of his life is as grand and beautiful and peaceful as the gradual fall of night on a mountain peak."

Four years before his death he lost his wife. She was Miss Elizabeth Davis, but was a widow, Mrs. Bliss, with one son Colonel Alexander Bliss, when Bancroft married her. After her death his home was presided over by the wife of his son J. C. Bancroft, who made a charming hostess and did everything to make the home-life beautiful. His last years were spent in Washington City, with occasional visits to the beautiful cottage at Newport, where he made it a rule always to spend his birthdays. His health was remarkable considering his age. Until a few years before his death his daily habit was to take a long horseback ride, but on account of a fall he was compelled to give up his rides, and then whist-playing became his chief recreation. He was a great and rapid reader. He literally devoured books, and took great pleasure in the late works of fiction. He was noted for his bright wit, his good spirits, his great cordiality, his vivacity of manner, and his unfailing good nature.

Perhaps no man in America was an honorary member of so

many historical and literary societies as Mr. Bancroft. He was the first President of the American Historical Association, and at the time of his death was its Vice-President. He died of old age and his was said to have been "the most beautiful old age in modern times." He wrote to a friend in 1882, "I was trained to look upon life here as a season for labor. Being more than fourscore years old, I know the time of my release will soon come. Conscious of being near the shores of eternity, I await without impatience and without dread the beckoning of the hand which will summon me to rest."

He was buried at the home of his birth, Worcester, Mass., January, 1891. His body lay in state in Washington City, and was literally buried in lovely flowers. The Emperor of Germany sent a magnificent wreath tied with red and black ribbon. The German Minister during the funeral services stepped forward and raising the wreath placed it above the head of "the man who was for so many years the friend of the late Emperor William."

His life witnessed or participated in many notable events. He was at Harvard while Napoleon's career was ended at Waterloo; he was studying at Göttingen when the earthquake destroyed Lisbon; he was a student at Berlin when Frederick the Great quarrelled with Voltaire; he was a friend of Goethe, who lived in the first half of the eighteenth century. Within his lifetime six generations read his books.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. Can a bill vetoed by the President become a law? *8/4 of bc*
2. Name three ways in which a bill becomes a law.
3. What is the salary of a Congressman? *8000*
4. What is the salary of the President of the Senate? *2000*
5. What is the salary of the Speaker of the House? *2000*
6. What is meant by Congress? *House & Senate*
7. What power has Congress over taxes, duties, imports, and excises? *to lay & collect*
8. What is taxation? *act of imposing taxes*
9. What are duties? Imports? Excises?
10. What other powers has Congress? *more money*

*edit of M. P. - reg. com. with for. nation
in money - get post-roads & D. D.*

ANDREW ADGATE LIPSCOMB.*

GEORGETOWN, D. C.

1816.

1890.

Monroe.

Benjamin Harrison.

"One of the most brilliant writers of the South."—*New York Independent*.

"He was identified with the best educational and literary life of the South. His work as an educator and writer has secured for him a high place among the best minds of the nation."—*Methodist Recorder*.

"For 'such as these' 'tis God's pure plan
To leave a child's heart in a man.

For 'such as these' surcease of pain
Brief finite loss, unbounded gain.

For 'such as these' no hint of death,
Such waning of the autumn breath."

—*Wm. H. Hayne.*

"The literary work of Dr. Lipscomb has been of high order, and has secured for him recognition as one of the most forcible and elegant of American writers."

"His philosophical powers, his pure taste, his genius for criticism, his insight into character,—all combined to render him eminently fitted for the study of the 'myriad minded poet' of the world."

He was born September 6, 1816, at Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. His father was Rev. William Corrie Lipscomb, a minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, being one of the first to secede from the Methodist Episcopal Church on account of lay representation. Frank Stockton's father, Rev. William S. Stockton, was another of this band of seceders. Mr. Lipscomb was a godly man, ruling his household in the fear of the Lord. His wife Phœbe Adgate had been quite a society girl in her youth, but renounced all amusements incident to fashionable life and became a consistent Christian. She connected herself with the Episcopal Church at Alexandria, but afterwards joined the church of her husband and aided him in his ministry.

*See illustration.

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ANDREW ADGATE LIPSCOMB

It is said the burning of the Richmond theater, when Poe's father with so many others lost their lives, first brought a consciousness that the life she was leading was not right, and was not preparing her for death whenever it should come. While on the ballroom floor the determination came to her to devote herself henceforth to God's service, and having once reached this determination nothing could change her decision. She was noted for her superior intellect and heart culture, so we can readily see how the son, blessed with such a father and mother, must have inherited the qualities of mind and heart which were so prominent in his own character. From being a frolicsome lad, fond of all out-door sports, he became a thoughtful student; from fretting at being forced to go to school, he became an invalid by too close application to his books. It was not until he joined the church that this change was noticed.

Among the influences which gave impulse and direction to Dr. Lipscomb's early years may be mentioned the association with his aunt Mrs. Maria E. Cox, a woman of superior intellectual ability and high literary culture, and he frankly acknowledged her guiding hand in the formation of his literary tastes. Doubtless it was she who first awakened that unbounded admiration for woman's intellect and capabilities, which made Dr. Lipscomb so conspicuous as the knightly champion of her sex; for he ever sought to elevate and enthrone woman as the queenly mistress of the home and family.

At eighteen Dr. Lipscomb joined the Methodist Conference; he afterwards filled the pulpits in Alexandria, Baltimore, and Washington, and was known as "The Boy Preacher." In 1842 he accepted a call to Montgomery, Ala. Before going South he married Miss Henrietta Blanche Richardson of Baltimore.

After a few years of ministerial work he was forced by failing health to resign his charge. He established in that city the "Metropolitan Institute for Young Ladies." The burning of this school, fully equipped, was a heavy loss to him financially. He then turned his attention more exclusively to literary work.

At that time the editors of "Harper's Magazine" prized highly everything that came from his pen, and paid him liberally.

He lived fifteen years in Montgomery, and then accepted the presidency of Tuskegee Female College. Mrs. Isoline (Minter) Wimberly a pupil of that school thus wrote of him:

"While President, Dr. Lipscomb taught English literature, moral and intellectual philosophy with an enthusiasm never to be forgotten by his pupils. He used Milton's 'Paradise Lost' and 'Thomson's Seasons' as text-books. I remember those delightful half hours,—Dr. Lipscomb's faultless appearance, his fine voice, his criticisms, his analysis and elocutionary readings. The whole class was carried enthusiastically from the fall of Lucifer to the shining height of faithful Abdiel. His criticisms and questions made everything taught clear to his classes. He used often to ask questions like this, 'What, my dear girl, is criticism?' To the reply, 'I know, Doctor, but I can't express it,' he would say, 'No, you do not know anything you cannot tell; you have a vague thought. If you think, perhaps you can tell;' and he would pause until the pupil could give an answer. Thus he patiently endeavored to teach his pupils clear thoughts and accurate speech. If all classes could have such discriminating and conscientious instructors, how much 'vague and shallow thinking' would be reinvigorated and trained to apprehend clearly the grounds of opinion.'

His teachings smoothed the path of duty and cheered and brightened daily life. With the eye of faith he saw and taught others to see in the swept hearth, the smoothed pillow, the trimmed and burning lamp beautiful opportunities to glorify God. The point and simplicity of his words are expressed in this admonition addressed to his class on one occasion: 'Throw the right spirit into your work, my dear girls, and even picking up chips may become as acceptable a service as the archangel performs.' Thus human nature's daily food under his hand was transmuted into Heavenly manna to hundreds of his hearers and pupils going forth to uplift humanity.

Dr. Lipscomb possessed the faculty of developing the best from every nature which touched his own. The factor upon which he laid stress was the cultivation of the heart and its emotions. The keynote to his teaching was his belief that in the lowliest child slumbered the divine fire of truth and love, of devotion and enthusiasm, which the gentle breath of a parent's or a teacher's love might fan into a flame "

A few years after his removal to Tuskegee he lost his wife. She died very suddenly, leaving two children, a daughter Ella and a son Francis Adgate. The bereaved husband continued to devote himself to his work at the school, and in the effort to drown his sorrows undertook more than his health could bear. Again he was forced to rest. He married the second time one of his former pupils Miss Susan Dowdell of Alabama. His home again brightened, and became the center of all that peace, culture, beauty, and love could make it. His failing health compelled him to resign, and he was preparing to go abroad for several years' travel when he was offered the Chancellorship of the University of Georgia. This was in 1860. He wished to decline, but his wife urged him to accept. One of the trustees of the University had heard Dr. Lipscomb's address in Macon to the senior class at Wesleyan Female College. His subject was *The Relations of the Anglo-Saxon Race to Christian Womanhood*. He was so impressed with the literary culture of the speaker that he urged him as a candidate for the vacancy and, although comparatively a stranger, he was elected. That he made a successful chancellor is shown by the numerous tributes from his old pupils. One said, "I like to think of him as my chancellor. I was proud of the matchless dignity of his official character. His commanding and reverential presence subdued all into submission. But while we honored him as chancellor we loved him as teacher. I think of him now as the teacher that taught me the best things I know. No man since Dr. Arnold has had such intellectual sway. But I like to think of him too as my friend.

He was the personal friend of all his pupils. I felt that he could understand me. I was not afraid of him. I loved him."

Another said: "The world will never see his like again. Everybody admired him. Everybody loved him. I do not suppose he ever provoked antipathy. His mission was to love, and he loved everybody. Never by word or insinuation did he detract from the merit of others. He saw good in all, and his universal charity threw a mantle over faults he did not wish to see."

Another said: "His venerable figure, crowned with snow-white curls, 'the front of Jove himself,' is the most vivid recollection of my life at the University. I frequently joined him as he made his way across the campus and listened to his words of wisdom,—pure gold refined in the crucible of an observing and thoughtful life. I attribute my love for Shakespeare to Dr. Lipscomb's enthusiasm for that greatest of poets; for which love and the pleasure it has brought me I shall ever feel profoundly grateful."

He was chancellor fourteen years, but after the death of his son Professor F. A. Lipscomb he resigned, and could never be made to reconsider his resignation. He never was himself after this loss. His poem *Chastened Grief*, written at his grave, is tender and pathetic. It begins, "It is a spot where I may weep." The following is an extract from that poem:

"I thought that thou in coming time
Wouldst be my strength and stay;
I thought to find in thy full prime
Support amidst decay;
No earthly one such help could give,
So tender, strong and wise;
'Twas happiness with thee to live,
Though crushed so many ties.

But I am here to do for thee,
In springtime's early hours,
What thou canst never do for me—
Bedeck my tomb with flowers.
And yet for me a work thou dost,
Which not till late I knew;
God help my heart this hope to trust,
Of all my hopes most true.

My tears thou wouldst not here restrain
Beside his resting place,
Whose life ne'er gave a moment's pain
Or aught else to efface.
I know the loss; I know the gain;
And oft in thought they blend,
Like sunshine gleaming through the rain,
When sudden showers descend."

Dr. Lipscomb afterwards accepted the Professorship of Art and Criticism at Vanderbilt University, but the climate not agreeing with him on account of a weak throat, he was compelled to come back to his home at Athens, Ga. He was made Emeritus Professor, which position he held until his death.

His home "Wee Willie Cottage" was presided over by his widowed daughter, Mrs. Thomas F. Green. There were two children by the second marriage, a daughter Carrie, who died in infancy, and a son Andrew Dowdell Lipscomb. His second wife lived only a few years.

The last years of Dr. Lipscomb's life were spent in literary work of various kinds. His *Studies in the Forty Days* and also the *Studies Supplementary to the Studies in the Forty Days* belong to this period; besides he was a regular contributor to "The Independent," "Methodist Recorder," and "Christian Advocate." It was in the latter paper that his *Musings at Eventide* appeared. He was a great student of Shakespeare, and was considered one of the best Shakespearean critics this country has produced. His lectures delivered at the University of Georgia, Vanderbilt, Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga., and Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., were the means of moulding the thoughtful minds and characters of the many pupils under his instruction.

Dr. Lipscomb's friends were numbered among the great and learned. Longfellow loved and admired him. In a letter inviting him to visit him after the war he said:

"We leave to-morrow or next day for Nahant, where we shall hope *and be very happy* to have you; and where we shall talk about everything but *slavery*; and even that, if I thought we

should get in sight of each other, which, as at present advised, I fear we should not; for while you look upon it as rather a blessing than otherwise, in my opinion it is the meanest form of tyranny. What use can it be to discuss it? I can never make it rhyme with 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' Nor do I think *you* can when you meet it face to face.

One thing I do agree with you about, and that is your estimate of the newspaper as a *power* in our country. Of that we will talk, and of all other things appertaining to literature.

With great regards *quand même* we disagree,

Yours very faithfully,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

Margaret J. Preston wrote: "It is worth while to write poetry when it falls into such sympathetic hands as yours;" and again she said: "You have certainly given two remarkably scholarly books to the Christian reading public. How subtle your thought is, and what depth of Christian philosophy I find in your studies. Your style is so cultured, and you have the æsthetic faculty so largely developed that it takes more than an ordinary reader to follow your discussions. One could think that you had been an art student, so well you seem to understand the somewhat abstruse canons of art. At first blush I wondered how you could find so many studies in the *Forty Days*; but as I come to see how exhaustively you treat the subject, and how many-sided is your way of looking at it, I can better understand how full you find it of Gospel teaching, and how rich a subject it is for elucidation. How vast your reading seems to have been, and what wonderful use you have made of it in the embroidery of your subjects. I cannot now pause over your poetic passages. What a fine one that is at the end of the sixth study of the *Supplement*! but then such abound throughout the book."

The love between Paul Hayne and himself was very beautiful, and when "The Poet of the Pines" died, Dr. Lipscomb's heart was crushed. He had visited "Copse Hill," and had many pleas-

ant memories not only of the poet but of his charming wife and talented son. He wrote a touching tribute to his dead friend.

Not only is Dr. Lipscomb known to the literary world as Shakespearean critic, author of *Studies in the Forty Days*, and the *Supplement*, and contributor to various religious periodicals, but also has won fame as a poet. His *Milton*, published in "Harper's Magazine," was written while writhing in an agony of pain. He has written many beautiful hymns, and his sermons would fill volumes. Among the best known are his *St. Paul*, *St. Peter*, *Virgin Mary*, and *Mary of Bethany*.

The following extract is from the funeral discourse on his friend, Dr. Henry H. Hull:

DISCOURSE.

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.—Job, chapter V, 26.

How many centuries old these words are no man can tell. But their age is as the age of the sun and stars, and their ancientness is only another name for their youth and beauty. This morning they come to us in the fullness of their meaning, never more blessed than now, never with a softer cadence, never with a sweeter and holier inspiration. Nay, more; they have a significance for us they had not for the patriarch to whom they were addressed in his dark probation of sorrow, since it is a far grander thing to die now than it was then. Such is their pathos that they can never be spoken without a tremulous sensibility to their tenderness, and yet they breathe resignation, gratitude and hope, for they speak not of a mere existence but of a life that has been truly and thoroughly lived. And to-day, in the presence of the remains of our loved and honored friend, I can find no language in the Scriptures more befitting the occasion; for he indeed has come to his "*grave in a full age*," and the "*shock of corn*" needed no more rain or dew or sunshine or soil to make it ready for the receiving hand of the Great Husbandman.

Nothing sublimer can be said of a man than that Time as God's servant has done all that it can do for him. If one thinks how Time is measured; what a vast machinery is concerned in the swing of its pendulum; on what a magnificent dial-plate its hours record their flight and with what exactness its seconds are registered; if one contemplates Time under this aspect in the motions of the physical Universe, he cannot but feel the grandeur of duration as conveyed to his mind through such an infinite clock-work. Silent is the rising and setting sun; silent the coming and going of the moon; silent the procession of the nightly stars; silent the motion of the earth in the sweep of its orbit; the depths of space are undisturbed in their everlasting stillness. They seem to have no inhabitant but Almighty God, and, to the senses, appear to share the solitude of his august being. But the moral idea of Time is even more wonderful than this, since it involves our capacity of good or evil, determines what we shall make of ourselves and what do for others, ordains our probation, and touches every instant the irrevocable Throne of Judgment. Where then, shall we find a loftier conception of a human soul than in the idea of the text, that Time as God's agent has fulfilled its entire ministry, that the grave is only reached after a "*full age*" and the "*shock of corn*" could have no more growth here? I stand amazed and awe-struck before the majesty of the human spirit when I read in the text that it may exhaust the possibilities of Time, gather its resources into its capacious bosom, and, at a "*full age*," come to the grave "*like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.*"

"For more than forty years Dr. Lipscomb contributed to literary and religious reviews and other periodicals of the country: and in all this time, and upon the great variety of subjects which he examined as a scholar and philosopher, not one of his articles was ever written carelessly. He never suffered anything to go from his pen attenuated from neglect. He composed rapidly, yet he was always master of style and taste equal to the finest belles-lettres standard. In this respect he was probably in advance of any writer of the day."

He left many unpublished manuscripts and his friends and admirers are urging that his *Shakespeare Lectures*, his *Lectures upon the Cartoons of Raphael* and his *Sermons* shall be given to the world.

Dr. Lipscomb said his father was never so angry with him as when he learned that he had refused to send a sketch of his literary work and facts about his life to the makers of the Appleton's Encyclopædia. "But," said the Doctor in speaking of it, "I could not make up my mind to write such a sketch myself, nor could I ask a friend to do it for me." So it happened that only a meagre notice of one of the South's best writers appears there. May not this same delicacy of feeling explain the absence of many other Southern authors from the pages of this Encyclopædia?

On November 23, 1890, Dr. Lipscomb died. He had been very feeble for some time before his death, but none dreamed that the end was so near.

"The watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming,
They heard no sound of feet;
The gates fly open, and the saint still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street."

Thus the spirit of this Christian hero took its flight, and as his eyelids closed in death, a loving angel woke them into life.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What powers are denied Congress?*
2. *What is a "writ of habeas corpus"?*
3. *What is a bill of attainder?*
4. *What is an ex post facto law?*
5. *What powers are denied to the States?*
6. *What are bills of credit?*
7. *In whom is the executive power vested? Pres*
8. *Who are the presidential electors? chosen by states*
9. *Who are ineligible to office? those who have been impeached*
10. *In case of the death of President and Vice-President who would succeed? Sec of State*

CHARLES C. JONES, JR.*

SAVANNAH, GA.

1831.

Jackson.

1893.

Cleveland.

"The Macaulay of the South." — *George Bancroft.*

Charles Colcock Jones comes from an old family, his ancestors having removed from England to South Carolina nearly two centuries ago. During the Revolutionary War his grandfather John Jones espoused the cause of the patriots, and, as a major in the Continental Army, fell in the conflict around Savannah in 1779. His father REV. CHARLES C. JONES, D.D. was a distinguished minister and was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Savannah when his son the historian was born, October, 1831. A year afterwards he resigned his charge and moved to his plantation in Liberty County, Ga., where he became greatly interested in the religious training of the negroes. To them he freely gave his time, talents and money, and did much for their moral and religious improvement. He was a gentleman of liberal education, a wealthy planter, an eloquent preacher, a well-known teacher, and an author of several works.

The boyhood of Charles C. Jones, Jr., was spent on the two plantations in Liberty County,—one a rice plantation, the other a cotton plantation. There the streams abounded in fish. An indulgent father supplied the boy with guns, dogs, horses, row-boats, sail-boats and fishing-tackle, so that at an early age he became an expert with the gun, the oar, and the line, and ambitious to excel in shooting, riding, swimming and sailing. This outdoor exercise laid the foundation for a strong and vigorous constitution, and the training then received made a lasting impression.

His early studies were pursued at home, generally under pri-

*See illustration.

vate tutors, but occasionally under his father's supervision. His freshman and sophomore years were spent at the South Carolina College at Columbia, then in the zenith of its prosperity, presided over by Hon. William C. Preston. His junior and senior years were spent at Princeton, New Jersey. There he took high rank and graduated with distinction. He selected law as his profession, and went to Philadelphia to study. He then entered the law school at Cambridge and received his degree of LL.B. in 1855. Beside taking the law course he attended the lectures of Agassiz, Longfellow, Wyman, Lowell, and Holmes.

In 1854 he returned to his home in Liberty County, and in the winter of that year entered the law office of Ward & Owens in Savannah. When Ward went abroad as Minister to China, and Owens retired from the firm, Hon. Henry R. Jackson, who had been Minister to Austria, became a member of the firm, which was then Ward, Jackson & Jones.

In 1858 Colonel Jones married Miss Ruth Berrien Whitehead of Burke County, Ga. His second wife was Miss Eva Berrien Eve of Augusta, Ga. Both wives were grandnieces of Hon. John McPherson Berrien, a prominent man during Andrew Jackson's administration.

Colonel Jones was a secessionist and it is believed that one of the earliest addresses on that subject, delivered in Savannah, fell from his lips. When the call was made for troops to defend the South, Colonel Jones joined the Chatham Artillery and was mustered into the Confederate service as its Senior First Lieutenant. He was Chief of Artillery during the Siege of Savannah, which siege he has so graphically described in his work on that subject.

After the war he moved with his family to New York and there resumed his practice of law. His success was gratifying. He derived great benefit from a literary point of view by his sojourn there. His association with literary characters and societies was agreeable, and his opportunities for study and re-

search so much greater than he could have enjoyed at that time in the disorganized South. In 1877 he returned to Georgia and settled at Montrose in Summerville near Augusta, Ga. There he lived until his death in 1893 and carried on his practice of law in the city. Aside from his professional labors he was not unmindful of historical research and literary pursuits. The truth is while he never neglected his practice, law was not to him a very jealous mistress. For him history biography, and archæology presented more enticing attractions.

In 1879 Colonel Jones spent several months in travel. He examined with care, while in England, the records in the British Museum, and the Public Record Office so as to gather valuable material concerning the American Colonies, which information he used in his *History of Georgia*. This history George Bancroft pronounced the finest State history he had ever read and that its high qualities entitled its author to be called the "Macaulay of the South." This work is in two volumes, and shows painstaking study and deep reflection.

In personal appearance Colonel Jones was erect, six feet high, well built, broad shouldered, with a massive head covered with ringlets sprinkled with gray. His countenance was genial, his features handsome, eyes blue and penetrating—indeed he was a man of commanding presence, and the soul of courtliness and grace. To charming conversational powers, affable manners, and social qualities of a high order, he united an interest in everything savoring of intellectual development.

He was a rapid worker—seldom revising or correcting a manuscript until it was finished. His *Siege of Savannah* was written in seven evenings; his two volumes of the *History of Georgia* in seven months; and his *Histories of Savannah and Augusta* in two months. His penmanship was faultless, being not only legible but very attractive. His *Antiquities of the Southern Indians* was the first book to bring him into prominence with European scholars. Since its appearance he has been regarded as the highest authority upon that subject, and stands

high with scientific circles abroad. It will not be an exaggeration to affirm that Colonel Jones was the most prolific writer that Georgia ever produced, and that he stands at the head of historical writers of the South in the present generation.

He was the eldest of his family having only one brother and sister. His brother, PROFESSOR JOSEPH JONES, two years his junior, is himself a noted man. He has made a mark not only in the educational world, but in the medical and scientific world. His achievements as an author command the respect and esteem of all. He is a profound scholar, a skilled professor, and a noted chemist. Colonel Jones's son CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES is also a writer of some prominence. He has furnished some valuable articles to literary magazines.

Colonel Jones's published works number *thirteen*, his independent monographs *six*, his translations *five*, his addresses *twenty-seven*, besides his magazine articles. His works are :

Monumental Remains of Georgia,
Historical Sketch of Tomo-Chi-Chi, Mico
of the Yamacraws,
Antiquity of the Southern Indians,
The Siege of Savannah in December, 1864,
The Dead Towns of Georgia,
The Life and Services of Commodore Tat-
nall,
Memorial History of Augusta,
The Life, Literary Labors, and Neglected
Grave of Richard Henry Wilde,

Historical Sketch of the Chatham Artil-
lery,
Last Days, Death and Burial of General
Henry Lee,
A Roster of General Officers, etc., in Con-
federate Service,
The History of Georgia,
Negro Myths from the Georgia Coasts,
Memorial History of Savannah,
Biographical Sketch of Major John Haber-
sham of Georgia.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. When are the electors chosen? *by people every 4 years*
2. When do they vote for President? *when election falls on Tuesday*
3. What is the President's salary? *\$50,000*
4. Repeat the President's oath.
5. What powers are granted him?
6. What are his duties?
7. How often may he be re-elected? *any number of times*
8. How many terms did Washington serve? *2*
9. What effect has it had on succeeding Presidents?
10. How many have been offered a third term? *none*

*Madison
Washington*

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.*

GERMANTOWN, PENN.,

1832.

1888.

Jackson.

Benjamin Harrison.

"The blade wore thin, and broke, and fell, but there was not a stain upon it."—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

"Her muse was domestic, simple and sociable, the instinct of art she never had. It is difficult to imagine her as pondering a situation deeply, still less as concerning herself about phrase or diction."—*Thomas W. Higginson.*

Louisa May Alcott is universally recognized as the greatest and most popular story-teller for children in her generation. She was the second child of Amos Bronson and Abba May Alcott, and was born at Germantown, Penn., 1832. She had the good fortune to be descended on both sides from high-minded, God-fearing men and women, with keen intellectual instincts. Her father, Amos Bronson Alcott, was clock-maker, peddler, divinity student, school-teacher and philosopher, but a man totally devoid of practical sense, although Emerson wrote of him to Carlyle, "he is a majestic soul with whom conversation is possible." Her mother was the daughter of Judge May of Boston. She loved her husband well enough to give up for his sake a substantial inheritance to enter upon a life of poverty and hard struggle. She was lovely, gentle, cultured, and tasteful, full of faith, hope, and charity. These improvident lovers married and moved at once to Germantown, Penn., where Louisa, the daughter so well known, was born on her father's birthday, November 29th,—a date memorable for giving to the world Christopher Columbus, and Sir Philip Sidney, besides other no less distinguished persons. She showed signs of unusual intelligence at an early age, for at seven we find her writing her poem *To the First Robin*:

Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
Fear no harm, and fear no danger,
We are glad to see you here,
For you sing, "Sweet spring is near."

* See illustration.

Now the white snow melts away ;
Now the flowers blossom gay ;
Come, dear bird, and build your nest,
For we love our robin best.

Her heart blossomed in the family sunshine, and she said one day at the breakfast table: "I love everybody in *dis* whole world;" and one to have seen her in those days of sunny moods would never have supposed that she had any struggles and difficulties. But we learn from her diary that even when quite young she had much to pain and trouble her. She was naturally high-tempered and irritable.

When she was two years old her father moved to Boston and opened his very remarkable school of very remarkable methods, one of which was to cause the pupil who failed in any duty to punish the teacher instead of being punished. He announced the conviction that a negro boy was entitled to the same instruction and surroundings as a white boy, but even Boston was not ready for such views, and after having tried in vain for five years to convert others to his theory he was compelled to give up his school. He moved to Concord, that historic town which is not only identified with the name of Amos Bronson Alcott and his daughter, but linked with the memory of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. It was the place for "plain living and high thinking," and "the very air, full of memories and associations now, must even then have teemed with the ozone of generous thought and high ideals."

"One of my earliest memories," Louisa tells us, "is of playing with books in my father's study, building towers and bridges of the big dictionaries, looking at pictures, pretending to read, and scribbling on blank paper whenever pen and pencil could be found. Many of these first attempts at authorship still exist, and I wonder if these childish plays did not influence my after life, since books have been my greatest comfort, castle-building a never-failing delight, and scribbling a very profitable amusement."

A memory of her fourth birthday is thus given: "We were assembled in my father's schoolroom. All the children were

there. I wore a crown of flowers, and stood upon a table to dispense cakes to each child as the procession marched past. By some oversight the cakes fell short, and I saw that if I gave away the last one I should have none. As I was queen of the revel I felt that I ought to have it, and held on to it tightly till mother said: 'It is always better to give away than to keep nice things; so I know my Lony will not let the little friend go without.' The little friend received the dear plummy cake, and I, a kiss and my first lesson in the sweetness of self-denial,—a lesson which my dear mother beautifully illustrated all her long and noble life."

One day Louisa ran away from home and fell asleep on some steps in Bedford street. She was waked by the town-crier calling out for "a little girl, six years old, in a pink frock, white hat, and new green shoes!" A little voice in the darkness cried out, "Why dats me!" She was carried home and the next day was tied to the arm of the sofa as a punishment for running away, and to give her an opportunity to repent of her wickedness.

She became an Abolitionist at a very early day, and attributed it either to having once been saved from drowning by a negro boy, or to having seen, when quite young, a runaway slave hidden in an oven, which gave her a horror of slavery in any form.

When eight years of age the family moved to "The Orchards." There one day in the garden Louisa picked up a little starved robin and wrote a poem to it. Her mother was so proud that when she read it she exclaimed: "You will grow up a Shakespeare!" She was at this time a real child of nature, fond of all outdoor life, running in the fields, and tossing her head like a colt. She said sometimes she thought she must have been a deer or a horse in some former state, because it was such a joy to run. No boy could be her friend until she had beaten him in a race, and no girl could be a friend if she refused to climb trees or leap fences with her. She tells us: "My wise mother, anxious to give me a strong body to support a lively brain, turned me loose in the

country and let me run wild, learning of nature what no books can teach, and being led, as those who truly love her seldom fail to be,

“Through nature up to nature's God.”

I remember running over the hills just at dawn one summer morning, and, pausing to rest in the silent woods, I saw through an arch of the tree the sun rise over river, hill and wide green meadows, as I never saw it before. Something born of the lovely hour, a happy mood, and the unfolding aspirations of a child's soul seemed to bring me very near to God, and in the hush of that morning hour I always felt that I ‘got religion’ as the phrase goes. A new and vital sense of His presence, tender and sustaining as a father's arms, came to me then, never to change through forty years of life's vicissitudes, but to grow stronger for the sharp discipline of poverty and pain, sorrow and success.”

She was taught to sew very early, and at twelve set up a doll-dressmaker's establishment, placing her beautiful models in the window and hanging her sign at the door. All the children in the neighborhood employed her, and her turbans were quite the rage, much to the dismay of her neighbors' chickens whose downiest feathers were used “to adorn the head-gear.”

Her mother had a habit of writing little notes to her children either to reprove or commend. We find many of these in the *Diary* kept by Louisa at this time. One reads: “Dear Louy,—I was grieved at your selfish behavior this morning, but also greatly pleased to find you bore so meekly father's reproof for it. That is the way, dear; if you find you are wrong, take the discipline meekly and do so no more. It is not to be expected that children should always do right; but oh, how lovely to see a child penitent and patient when the passion is over.” And again, “Dearest,—I am sure you have lived very near to God to-day, you have been so good and happy. Let each day be like this, and life will become a sweet song for you and all who love you,—none so much as your

MOTHER.”

Louisa's father was an "idealist," a visionary man. He advocated a strictly vegetable diet, consequently Louisa never tasted meat until she was grown. Mrs. Alcott did not share in her husband's peculiar ideas, but she loved him so dearly that she helped him to carry them out. He was visionary about all he undertook. He taught school by conversations rather than books. He did not succeed, so gave up his classes and went West, but was as unsuccessful there. When he came home and his family asked if he had made anything, he opened his pocketbook and showed them one dollar, saying, "Only that." Louisa says, "I never shall forget how beautifully mother answered, 'I call that doing *very well*. Since you are safe at home, dear, we don't ask anything more.' Anna and I choked down our tears and took a lesson in real love, and shall never forget the look the tired man and tender woman gave one another."

Jo's picture in *Little Women* is evidently a likeness of Miss Alcott herself. "Jo was very tall, and thin, and brown. She had a decided mouth, a comical nose, and sharp gray eyes, which appeared to see everything, and were by turns fierce, funny, or thoughtful. Broad shoulders had Jo, and big hands and feet, a fly away look to her clothes, and the uncomfortable appearance of a girl who was rapidly shooting up into a woman and didn't like it. Speaking of her life at this period she says, "The trials of life began about this time, and my happy childhood ended. Money is never plentiful in a *philosopher's* home; then prophets were not honored in their own land, and Concord had not yet discovered her great men. It was a sort of refuge for reformers of all sorts whom the good natives regarded as lunatics, harmless but amusing. My father went away to hold his classes and conversations and we women folks began to feel that we also might do something. So one gloomy November day we decided to move to Boston and try our fate again after years in the wilderness."

To Boston they went, and their friends raised a salary for her mother as a missionary to the poor, her father secured some scholars, her sister Anna found a few little pupils to teach, and

Louisa was left to keep the house, feeling as she expressed it "like a caged seagull," washing dishes, and cooking in the basement kitchen. Finally one day perched on her favorite seat the hub of an old cart wheel, she shook her fist at Fate and vowed she would do something. "I don't care what, teach, sew, act, write—anything to help the family, and I'll be rich and famous, and happy before I die, see if I don't."

She soon secured a small school of twenty scholars. This was not her earliest experience in teaching, however, for her first pupil had been a negro boy whom she taught to write with charcoal on the hearth. She afterwards became governess in several families, and it was while acting in this capacity that she wrote her first real book *Flower Fables*. It was the work of a young girl, too florid and full of adjectives. It made little impression. She then wrote a story for "Gleason's Pictorial" for which she was paid five dollars; then followed another story for ten dollars. She dramatized this last *Rival Prima Donnas*, and it was accepted for a Boston theatre, but a quarrel among the actors prevented its being put upon the stage. At length she made up her mind that she would try fortune alone, so she took her small trunk, "full of the plainest clothing," and with only twenty-five dollars in her purse, like Christie in her story *Work* she goes to seek her fortune in the great city of Boston. Like her heroine too she becomes by turns nurse, seamstress, and governess, seizing every chance at night to write those sensational stories which brought a few dollars to her almost empty purse. Then the war came on and she heroically acted as nurse in one of the large hospitals in Washington City. She blessed scores of dying men with her bright presence, and labored unweariedly until she herself was stricken down with typhoid fever. She never fully recovered from the effects of this attack, and her experience is graphically told in *Hospital Sketches*.

At the close of the war she went to Europe in the capacity of governess to a wealthy invalid, and on her return her publishers urged her to write a story for girls. In two months she wrote

the first part of *Little Women*, a story of the home life of herself and sisters. One of the firm of Roberts Brothers carried the manuscript home and gave it to his little girl to read, then he sat off unobserved to watch the effect upon her. She read on and on and could not be induced to lay it down until it was finished. He argued that a story which would interest one girl would probably interest many more, and he was not mistaken. The second part appeared shortly afterwards and she soon found herself famous. She knew nothing after this but success. Manuscript stories which had been rejected and rejected by the publishers were now eagerly sought after, and when *Little Men* was announced there were orders for fifty thousand copies before it left the publishers.

What pleasure it gave her now, not only to provide the necessities, but the luxuries of life for the dear ones at home! Her mother had been taken before the shadow of poverty had been lifted, but there remained an aged father, so dear to her, for whom she could now so bountifully provide. The tender relations she sustained to this father were beautiful and touching. Although he himself was a writer of some note, still his writings were not as successful as hers, and it gave her such delight as she reaped fame and fortune to lay them at her much-loved father's feet. The two were very near to each other, and having lived so closely united for more than half a century could not long be parted, even in death,—the strong, pure soul of the daughter went home on the very day her father was laid in his grave, as if heaven itself pronounced her work well done and called her to rest with the loved ones gone before. He was eighty-eight, her mother was seventy-seven when she died, so it is reasonable to suppose that she who had inherited so many of their gifts should have had long life accorded her.

Ah, what a beautiful life hers was from first to last—living always for others, not for self!

She caught cold going back and forth to see her father during his illness. She was with her physician under treatment while

her father was with his other daughter Mrs. Pratt. Sorrows had come very fast upon her during the last years of her life. Her mother died, then May her loved sister married, then shortly afterwards died leaving a little babe, Lulu Nieriker, for her to care for, and just as she was all in all to her foster mother God took her home. She wrote *Jack and Jill* for little Lulu's amusement. "A story right out of our own little circle and the children are all in a twitter to know what or who is going in; so it will be a true story in the main."

How enduring the fame of Louisa Alcott will be time alone can show. She has done more than any other writer to elevate the juvenile literature of this day, and when she died her countrymen mourned a familiar friend. She has found the rest she wished, "the very rest of God."

Her works are:

Rival Prima Donnas,
Flower Fables,
Hospital Sketches,
Work,
Moods,
Little Women,
An Old Fashioned Girl,
Silver Pitchers,
Under the Lilacs,
Lulu's Library,
Jo's Boys,
Jack and Jill,

Little Men,
Eight Cousins,
Rose in Bloom,
Proverb Stories,
Spinning Wheel Stories,
My Boys,
My Girls,
Shawl Strap Stories,
Cupid and Chow-Chow,
Jimmy's Cruise in the Pinafore,
A Modern Mephistopheles,
Transcendental Wild Oats,

An Old Fashioned Thanksgiving.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *In what is the judicial power vested?*
2. *How long do the judges hold office?*
3. *In what cases does the Supreme Court have original jurisdiction?*
4. *How many judges in the Supreme Court?*
5. *What is the salary of the Chief Justice?*
6. *What is the salary of the Associate Justices?*
7. *When does the Supreme Court meet?*
8. *In what does treason consist?*
9. *What privileges has the citizen of one State in all other States?*
10. *Can a criminal escape by fleeing?*

FATHER RYAN (ABRAM J. RYAN).

NORFOLK, VA.

1834.

Van Buren.

1886.

Cleveland.

WORKS.

Poems: Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous,	\ The Conquered Banner,
Song of the Mystic,	Gather the Sacred Dust,
\ The Sword of Robert Lee,	—— Their Story Runneth Thus,
The Prayer of the South,	Erin's Flag,
	A Crown for Our Queen (prose). "

"The songs of the dead poet will be music to the living until time shall be no more."

"He was a charming poet—one who could rekindle the smoldering embers in the heart, and make them burn with a fiercer flame than those which burned on vestal altars. He combined in one nature the impulsiveness of the Celt and the warm-heartedness of the Southerner, and when he died he was mourned by all, irrespective of creed. A Roman Catholic, he was honored by Protestants; an Irishman, he was loved and admired by native Americans. Outside of race and creed, he was respected for his true manhood."

Like nearly all great men Father Ryan owed much to the early training and example of a Christian mother. It was to his mother he dedicated his poems, or as he expressed it, laid his "simple rhymes as a garland of love" at her feet. What more beautiful offering could be made by a gifted son to a loving mother?

Mrs. Ryan was a woman of great sweetness of temper; her smiles threw much sunshine into his life; her piety had much to do in shaping his character for God. He said in speaking of his childhood days:

"I felt
That when I knelt
To listen to my mother's prayer,
God was with my mother there."

His fine record at college he always attributed to her prayers.

He was born on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, at Norfolk, Va. There has been much discussion as to the place and year of his birth, but from one who heard of the facts in the case from Father Ryan's own lips, it is learned that his parents came from Limerick, Ireland, and settled in Norfolk, Va. At the time of the birth of Abram Joseph there was no priest in Norfolk, so as early as possible his parents took him to Hagerstown, Md. to be baptized. Thus arose the confusion in regard to the place as well as the year of his birth.

The South claims him as her son, and rightfully so, because his heart beat in such sympathy with her hopes and her aspirations, but the entire country claims him as its poet and unites in doing honor to his memory.

When only a lad of seven or eight years of age he went to St. Louis with his parents. It was there he received his early training under the "Brothers of the Christian Schools." Even at that tender age he showed signs of mental activity and poetical genius which led many to hope for great results. His teachers loved him, for he was an apt scholar, and was thoughtful; his schoolmates also loved him, for he was modest and unassuming in character and always kind and just. He had such a reverence for sacred things and places and such an ardent nature that the vocation of priest was at once chosen for him. The youth was perfectly willing to enter this field of labor, and "bent all his energies towards acquiring the necessary education to fit him for this exalted vocation." He soon entered the ecclesiastical seminary at Niagara, N. Y. It was a great trial to part with friends and relatives. "Home and parents are ever dear to the pure of heart," but he entered the seminary all aglow with the fervor that animated him in the pursuit of his holy purpose. He graduated from this school with distinction and was ordained priest and began at once the active duties of missionary life.

When the Civil War began he joined the Confederate army as chaplain, and served in that capacity until its close. He was a

man of deep conviction and a strict adherent to principle, and after the war ended he clung to its memories, and was slow to accept its results, which he believed were fraught with disaster to the people of his section. As a Southerner of the most pronounced kind he would not make concessions to the conquering North. "Their chariot wheels had laid waste and desolate the land, and he for one could not bow and kiss the hands that had caused all this woe." Yet when the dreadful scourge of yellow fever devastated the Southern land and death reaped a harvest in Memphis and elsewhere, and the heart of the North went out in sympathy to the South in its dire affliction, it was Father Ryan who tuned his lyre and sang that glorious melody, *Reunited*.

"The Northland, strong in love, and great,
Forgot the stormy days of strife;
Forgot that souls with dreams of hate
Or unforgiveness e'er were rife,
Forgotten was each thought and hushed;
Save—she was generous and her foe was crushed."

"Thus it was the angel of affliction and the angel of charity joined hands together and pronounced the benediction over a restored Union and a reunited people."

Father Ryan's was an open, manly character, in which there was no dissimulation. He was ever moved by kind impulses and influenced by charitable feelings. He never wrote a line for harm's sake nor for hate's sake as he tells us. He shrank from anything that was mean or sordid. He was generous to a fault; this was the ennobling principle of his nature, the motive power of his actions, and the mainspring of his life. He was faithful in his friendships—was never false to any one nor was ever known to violate an obligation.

At the close of the war when he heard of Lee's surrender he wrote the poem *Conquered Banner*, which alone would have immortalized him.

"Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
 Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
 Furl it, fold it, it is best;
 For there's not a man to wave it,
 And there's not a sword to save it,
 And there's not one left to lave it
 In the blood which heroes gave it;
 And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, hide it—let it rest.

* * * * *

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
 Treat it gently—it is holy—
 For it droops above the dead.
 Touch it not—unfold it never,
 Let it droop there, furled forever,
 For its people's hopes are dead!"

He wrote also about this time his well-known *Sword of Robert Lee*. What bugle blast could have surpassed this stanza among those for whom it was written?

"Out of its scabbard! Never hand
 Waved sword from stain as free,
 Nor purer sword led braver band,
 Nor braver bled for brighter land,
 Nor brighter land had cause so grand,
 Nor cause a chief like Lee."

He lived at one time in Nashville, Tenn., and then moved to Clarksville, Tenn., and later still to Augusta, Ga. He edited the "Banner of the South" for five years, but this work was too regular and exacting. He could only write as inspired. Scott could write "Lady of the Lake," and Tom Moore could write "Lalla Rookh" but neither could edit a paper. Father Ryan failed as they failed.

He took charge of St. Mary's Church in Mobile, Ala., in 1870, where he remained thirteen years. He obtained leave from Bishop Quinlan to lecture in her behalf. While engaged in this work his health failed. He was an inveterate smoker and many think this injured his health. He entered a Franciscan Monastery to rest. While there he started his *Life of Christ*. But before it was finished the Angel of Death called him home.

One act of his connected with the late war deserves to be mentioned in any sketch that is written of his life. When the

smallpox was raging in 1862 in the Gratiot State prison, the chaplain alarmed sought safety in flight. No other was found who was willing to risk his life by ministering to the sick and dying. One day a dying man asked for a minister to pray with him, and the officer in charge sent for Father Ryan. Before the messenger returned Father Ryan was at his post of duty, and for months continued there doing what he could to relieve the suffering.

At the close of the war he lived near Beauvoir, Miss., the home of President Davis, and became an intimate friend of the Davis family.

He was always a great sympathizer with Ireland and her sons. The Emerald Isle was his father's land, and her sons were his brothers. His feelings found vent in *Erin's Flag*.

"Lift it up! lift it up! the old banner of green!
The blood of her sons has but brightened its sheen;
What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
What though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus forever? No, no! God is just."

He had an intense love for music and would sit for hours at the piano, and play sad touching songs. Then the spirit of the music would take possession of him and he would pen some of his finest lines. He wrote always in a hurry. Had he been as painstaking as Gray, the English poet, his name would now be enshrined among the greatest poets of the English speaking world.

Father Ryan seemed to feel that he would die young. He really looked forward to death with satisfaction. He felt to die was great gain. He had some heart trouble, and when the physician, after a thorough examination, told him to prepare for death, he replied, "Why, I have prepared for that long years ago."

“ I am glad that I am going ;
What a strange and sweet delight
Is through all my being glowing,
When I know that, sure, to-night
I will pass from earth and meet Him
Whom I loved through all the years,
Who will crown me when I greet Him
And will kiss away my tears ! ”

He had already won distinction as an orator, a lecturer, an essayist, and poet. “ The chief merits of his poems would seem to be the simple sublimity of his verses ; the rare and chaste beauty of his conceptions ; the richness and grandeur of his thoughts, and their easy natural flow ; the refined elegance and captivating force of the terms he employs as the medium through which he communicates those thoughts, and the weird fancy which throws around them charms peculiarly their own. These and other merits will win for their author enduring fame.” He is said to have written more in the style of Edgar A. Poe than of any other writer—still his style is peculiarly his own. He was a born poet. It requires rare qualifications to be a poet and these he possessed in an eminent degree. “ Fame had selected him as worthy to wear the laurel wreath due to the sons of Genius.” He was, however, himself unconscious of the fact. “ He brought his offerings to the twin altars of Religion and Patriotism and laid them there humbly and devoutly in the spirit of self-consecration, of loyalty, and of adoration.”

“ As the setting sun on a calm eve sinks beneath the horizon, gilding the heavens with its mild yet gorgeous splendor, so did the grand soul of Father Ryan pass into eternity, leaving behind the bright light of his genius and virtues—the one to illumine the firmament of literature, and the other to serve as a shining example to men.”

“ Out of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Into the light of the blest ;
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of a land very weary,
Into the rapture of rest.”

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. How may a new State be formed?
2. What power has Congress over the Territories? *make new*
3. What is the form of government of the United States? *see*
4. How may the Constitution be amended?
5. How ratified?
6. What debts did the United States assume when the Constitution was adopted?
7. What is the supreme law of this land?
8. What oath is required of Senators and Representatives and all executive and judicial officers?
9. Is religion made a test of qualification?
10. When was the Constitution adopted?

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

BELCHERTOWN, MASS.

1819.

Monroe.

1881.

Arthur.

WORKS.

History of Western Massachusetts,
Timothy Titcomb's Letters,
Bitter-Sweet,
Miss Gilbert's Career,
Life of Abraham Lincoln,
Lessons in Life,
The Bay Path,
Letters to the Joneses,
Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects,
Kathrina,

The Marble Prophecy and Other Poems,
The Mistress of the Manse,
Arthur Bonnicastle,
The Story of Sevenoaks,
Nicholas Minturn,
Puritan's Guest, and Other Poems,
Gold Foil,
Every-Day Topics; First and Second Series.

Josiah Gilbert Holland was the son of a farmer and inventor Harrison Holland, who had his full share of "Yankee inventiveness," but little or none of that talent which wins worldly success. He was a lovable man, such as his son has described to us in *Daniel Gray*. But in neither father nor mother do we find those traces of literary instinct or fertility of resources so prominent in the son. Josiah was early familiarized with the discomforts of life and his advantages for acquiring an education.

He entered Northampton High School after a hard struggle, and appreciating his opportunities he studied so hard that his health gave way and he was forced to leave school. He could not afford to be idle so he taught penmanship for a living. This occupation proved so uncongenial, besides brought him in money so slowly, that he turned his attention to photography, and afterwards to copying, and finally to teaching. He was seized with a desire to study medicine, and succeeded in carrying out his plan and began to practice. In one sense he was very successful, for he had many patients, but his distaste for the profession became so great that he gave it up and turned his attention to lit-

erature. He had prior to this time sent some articles to the "Knickerbocker," which had been accepted, and being encouraged he felt that line of labor to be far more congenial to his tastes. He determined to undertake the publication of a literary journal himself, "The Bay State Weekly Courier." This, however, lasted only six months, and he accepted a position to teach in Richmond, Va., and was three months afterwards elected Superintendent of Public Schools in Vicksburg, Miss. He there introduced such a superior graded educational system that the result was every private school in the city was closed. Just at the height of his success family reasons compelled him to go North. He had married Miss Elizabeth Chapin of Springfield, the love of his youth and the inspiration of mature manhood. Her mother was taken suddenly ill, and she felt it to be her duty to go to her, and her husband could not say *no*. She was compelled to remain by the side of that sick mother, so Holland resigned his position and returned to Massachusetts. He settled in Springfield, being then only thirty years of age, and became associate editor of the "Republican." The great popularity of this paper was not due so much to its politics, which made it a power in the State, as to the articles furnished by Dr. Holland, who preached continually social and domestic morality. These articles made it a welcome and loved visitor to every household. *Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Married and Single*, were particularly successful. They were collected and published in book form, and nine editions sold in a few months.

Then Holland travelled in Europe, and while in Geneva conceived the idea of an illustrated magazine. In 1870, when he returned, he began editing "Scribner's Monthly," which later became the "Century Magazine." He held many offices connected with educational institutions, and finally became a member of the Board of Education of New York City, and later on was chosen its President. He was exceedingly popular as a lecturer. He died in New York City in 1881 at the age of sixty-two.

The struggle with poverty had ended some years before his death. He had an annual income of twenty-five thousand dollars; he held a recognized and high position among American men of letters; his work was congenial to his tastes, and his home life happy.

He wrote many books, but none equalled his first writings in popularity, although many have reached a sale of one hundred thousand copies. His most popular works are *Kathrina*, and *Bitter Sweet*. Moral purpose pervades all of Holland's writings. He wrote: "I account the honor of occupying a pure place in the popular heart, of being welcomed in God's name into the affectionate confidence of those for whom life has high meanings and high issues, of being recognized as among the beneficent forces of society, the greatest honor to be worked for and won beneath the stars." He realized this high ideal.

Holland's writings fall into three groups: The poems, the novels, and papers on every-day morals and duties. All are more or less didactic—all convey a lesson, and all have literary value. In spite of detracting critics they assuredly have been a great power in moulding the thoughts and tastes of the young. His *Kathrina* reached a sale in six months unequalled by any other American poem, unless we except "*Hiawatha*." It is open to criticism, yet it is idle to deny that it has merit. He has more praise given him for his prose, however, than for his poetry. There is no book for boys with a purer, healthier tone than *Arthur Bonnicastle*; especially should those chapters dealing with school honor be noted to counteract a false and pernicious view maintained by the young people of the present day.

This must be the story of Mr. Holland's own school life, so naturally do all the experiences come from his heart, and yet we have no authority to say that it is. The model school was called the "The Birds' Nest," probably because Mr. and Mrs. Bird had charge of it. Every week the school held "family meetings," and all who failed in duty were then brought to judgment.

"When boys first come here," said Mr. Bird, "they invariably have those false notions of honor which lead them to cover up all the wrong-doings of their mates; but they lose them just as soon as they find themselves responsible for the good order of our little community. Now we are all citizens of this little town of Hillsboro in which we live. We have our own town authorities and our magistrate, and we are all interested in the good order of the village. Suppose a man should come here to live who is in the habit of robbing hen-roosts, or setting barns on fire, or getting drunk and beating his wife and children; is it a matter of honor among those citizens who behave themselves properly to shield him from the authorities? Why, the thing is absurd. As good citizens—as honorable citizens—we must report this man, for he is a public enemy. He is not only dangerous to us, but he is a disgrace to us. So long as he is permitted to live among us unreprieved and uncorrected every man in the community familiar with his misdeeds is, to a certain extent, responsible for them. Very well: we have in this house a little republic, and if you can learn to govern yourselves here, and to take care of the enemies of the order and welfare of the school, you will become good citizens, prepared to perform the duties of good citizenship. I really know of nothing more demoralizing to a boy, or more ruinous to a school, than that false sense of honor which leads to the covering up of one another's faults of conduct. * *

How can I guard you from an evil if I do not know of it? How can I protect you from harm if you shield the boy who harms you? There is no mischief of which a boy is capable that will not breed among you like a pestilence if you cover it; and instead of sending you back to your homes at last with healthy bodies and healthy minds and pure spirits, I shall be obliged, with shame and tears, to return you soiled and spotted and diseased. Is it honorable to protect crime? Is it honorable to shield one who dishonors and damages you? Is it honorable to disappoint your parents and cheat me? Is it honorable to permit these dear little fellows to be spoiled when the wicked lad

who is spoiling them is allowed to go free from arrest and conviction? * *

I do not wish you to come to me as tattlers. Indeed, I do not wish you to come to me at all. If any boy does a wrong which I ought to know, you are simply to tell him to report to me what he has done, and if he and I cannot settle the matter together, I will call upon you to help us. The school is never to suffer in order to save the exposure and punishment of a wrong-doer."

Can we not see plainly in all of Holland's life, in the purity of all that he wrote, the effect of this teaching? Surely it must be a leaf from his own boyhood!

Holland is helpful in his writing. Read his *Self-Help* and see if it does not nerve you to nobler living and doing.

"No work that God sets a man to do—no work to which God has especially adapted a man's powers—can properly be called menial or mean. The man who blacks your boots and blacks them well, and who engages in that labor because he can do it better than he can do anything, may have, if he choose, just as sound and true a manhood as you have, not only after he gets through the work of his life, but now, with your boots in one hand and your shilling in the other. There is sometimes dirtier work done in politics, and sometimes in the professions, than that of blacking boots."

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What was the first amendment to the Constitution?*
2. *Can a person be tried twice for the same crime?*
3. *Can a criminal be forced to witness against himself?*
4. *Can private property be taken for public use without payment? Why were the slaves taken?*
5. *How is the Indian question disposed of?*
6. *Where do the electors for President and Vice-President meet?*
7. *How do they vote?*
8. *How shall the ballot be made out?*
9. *What must be done with the lists?*
10. *To whom sent? How is the question decided?*

THE DANAS.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

1815.

Monroe.

1882.

Arthur.

Few families have had as many distinguished men of the same name as the Dana family. First, there was Richard Henry a noted jurist, born in Cambridge, Mass., the grandson of the Richard Dana who came from England in 1640. His grandson RICHARD HENRY edited *The Idle Man*, and his son was the RICHARD HENRY DANA the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, who died in Rome in 1882. His son Richard Henry is the present contributor to the "Civil Service Record." Each has distinguished himself in some particular and distinctive way, but it does not prevent great confusion arising oftentimes from all having the same name. A relative of these Danas, CHARLES A. DANA, a descendant of Richard Dana the first of the name to come to the United States, is now (1894) the editor of the "New York Sun."

Then there was JAMES DANA another descendant from the same Richard who was a student of theology and literature at Harvard in 1753. He became involved in the controversy between the "Old Light" and the "New Light" parties which split from the Congregational Church. His patriotic sermons during the Revolution gained many opponents to his side. He became involved in a controversy with Jonathan Edwards soon after his election as pastor of the First Church in New Haven. Besides his published *Sermons* he wrote *Examination of Edwards on the Will* and afterwards *Examination of the Same, Continued*.

JAMES DWIGHT DANA and SAMUEL LUTHER DANA belonged to the same family, and were noted in their departments. James

was the well-known mineralogist and the author of *Reports on Zoöphytes*, *Manual of Mineralogy*, *Manual of Geology*, and *Corals and Coral Islands*. Samuel Luther was the chemist, and in conjunction with his brother JAMES FREEMAN DANA published the *Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology of Boston and its Vicinity*. Then, WILLIAM PARSONS DANA was a celebrated artist chiefly representing marine views.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, the eldest bearing the full name, was born in Cambridge, Mass. in 1787 and became notorious for the part taken in the insurrection against the faculty while a college boy at Harvard. This difficulty was known as the "Rotten Cabbage Rebellion" and its memory is still kept green by the "Rebellion Tree" which now stands on the college grounds. Although an excellent scholar, and a possible honor man, this revolt of his boyhood deprived him of continuing his studies except under private tuition. Fifty-eight years afterwards, however, he received the degree from Harvard, which was proud to claim him as one of her graduates.

He joined the Anthology Club, and was associated with such men as William Tudor and John Quincy Adams. For a time this club issued "The Monthly Anthology," a magazine whose success was of very short duration, and then it was that the "North American Review," which has lasted to the present day, was projected. Mr. Dana's first literary efforts appeared in this Review.

In *Lectures on the English Poets* he was bold enough to recognize the worth of Wordsworth's poems; this act of temerity brought severe condemnation upon him, because of the all prevailing fashion for Pope. His *Dying Raven* was his first poem, but Dana was no poet. He evinced, it is true, decided qualities of imagination but he had no gift of melody, although Kit North said when his volume of poems was first given to the public, "We pronounce it by far the most powerful and original of American poetical compositions."

The greater part of his life was spent in retirement; for fifty

years he was an invalid, although when he did regain his health he was noted for not only physical but intellectual vigor and lived to be ninety-two years old. His prose stories *Tom Thornton* and *Paul Felton* are very gloomy but contain passages of excellence. *The Idle Man* and other essays prove how delicate a faculty he possessed for original criticism.

His son RICHARD HENRY, JR., born also in Cambridge, did not desire to become a literary man, but much preferred the sea and begged very hard to enter the navy. His father and other members of the family persuaded him to enter Harvard and like his father he was forced to leave on account of some difficulty with the faculty. He was, however, afterwards allowed to return and complete his studies which were interrupted off and on by weak eyes. After graduating in 1837 the old love for the sea returned and he resolved to rough it on the Pacific Ocean. Accordingly he became a seaman on the brig "Pilgrim" leaving the port of Boston for a voyage around Cape Horn to the Western coast of North America. While on this voyage, although performing the duties of a common sailor, he wrote his well-known work *Two Years Before the Mast*. He sent the manuscript to his father, who sent it to Bryant. Bryant offered it to various publishers in New York, and finally had to accept \$250 from the Harpers for it. A paltry sum when we consider the value of a book which has been said to be as good as "Robinson Crusoe." Its success was very great, running at once through several editions, and was translated into many languages. This personal narrative of a sailor's life at sea bore the impress of truthfulness and accuracy, so it gained great praise from the best critics of the day. Mr. Whipple said, "In reading it anybody can see that it is more than an ordinary record of a voyage, for there runs through the simple and lucid narrative an element of beauty and power which gives it the charm of romance."

Although Dana studied law under Judge Story and was admitted to the bar, and became a well-known advocate, still he

did not give up his literary work, but published *The Seaman's Friend*, and *To Cuba and Back*. In 1859-'60 he made a voyage around the world. In '66 he was requested to prepare a new edition of Wheaton's "International Law." This brought him subsequent trouble as William Beach Lawrence charged him with stealing the notes for this edition. When in 1876 General Grant nominated Mr. Dana Minister to England the opposition became so great that he was defeated by thirty-one to seventeen. Mr. Dana was greatly mortified but nevertheless went abroad to study international law, for the purpose of publishing a book upon this subject.

On Christmas day, 1881, he joined a merry party of American friends in Rome, caught cold, pneumonia followed and he died January 2, 1882. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery very near the graves of Keats and Shelley.

His son and namesake RICHARD HENRY married Edith Longfellow the poet's daughter. He practiced law with his older brother EDMUND TROWBRIDGE who spent so many years in Europe studying Roman civil law, history and philosophy, and was himself a contributor to the periodicals of the day, but he did not live to become very prominent in letters as he died in 1869.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What is the Thirteenth Amendment?*
2. *Repeat this Amendment.*
3. *Who are citizens according to the Fourteenth Amendment?*
4. *How are Representatives apportioned among the States?*
5. *Why are the Indians excluded as citizens?*
6. *What persons are not allowed to hold office?*
7. *Is there any way to remove this disability?*
8. *Why does the Government refuse to pay the South for its slaves?*
9. *What is the Fifteenth Amendment?*
10. *When adopted?*

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

WINCHESTER, VA.

1830.

Jackson.

1886.

Cleveland.

WORKS.

Leather Stocking and Silk,
Virginia Comedians,
The Youth of Jefferson,
The Last of the Foresters,
Ellie, a Novel,
Henry St. John, Gentleman,
My Lady Pocahontas,
The Maurice Mystery,
Life of Stonewall Jackson,
Life of General Lee,
Surry of Eagle's Nest,
Mohun,
Hilt to Hilt,

Hammer and Rapier,
Wearing of the Gray,
History of Virginia,
Justin Harley,
Professor Pressensee,
Mr. Grantley's Idea,
The Virginia Bohemian,
Stories of the Old Dominion,
Fairfax,
Out of the Foam,
The Heir of Gaymont,
Dr. Van Dyke,
Her Majesty, the Queen,
Pretty Mrs. Gaston, and Other Stories.

If one has never visited the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah he can form no idea of the scenery amid which John Esten Cooke spent his boyhood. As the "surroundings make the man," "Glengary," the old homestead where he was reared, is largely responsible for stimulating the genius that developed into a writer of note. His father, John Rogers Cooke, a noted lawyer of Virginia, to whom were entrusted almost all of the important cases to be argued before the higher courts, moved to Richmond when John Esten was only ten years of age. After leaving school the boy chose his father's profession, studied law, and was admitted to the bar before he was twenty-one. Literature enticed him from the law, for while pleading his cases he became conscious that *Leather Stocking and Silk* had far greater attractions, so he abandoned the one and devoted himself to the other. He became a regular contributor to the two leading

magazines of the day, "Putnam's" and "Harper's," besides writing prose and verse for the "Southern Literary Messenger."

The Civil War called him from his quiet, studious life. Inclination said *write*, but duty said *fight*; he never wavered when called to defend his loved Virginia. After the surrender at Appomattox he returned to the Valley of Virginia to resume his literary work. In 1867 he married Miss Mary Frances Page, and their home was "The Briars," about which he said, "I would rather pass my time quietly here at 'The Briars' in the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah than rule a nation."

His home life was all happiness. He wrote of his wife, "If there was ever a nearer approach to an angel than my wife, then I have never met her." His neighbors were the Nelsons, the Pages, the Randolphs, and others of the best families of Virginia. He enjoyed the free and easy-going life of the Virginia gentleman—plenty of horses, plenty of dogs, with hunting and fishing and reading and writing to vary the monotony. He contended that the morning was the golden time for literary work, and that two hours of early morning were worth more than four hours later in the day. He had his cup of coffee, which served him till breakfast, then he rode over his farm or hunted and fished until luncheon, devoting only the afternoons and evenings to reading. His aim was to paint the Virginia phase of American society, and to do for the "Old Dominion" what Cooper had done for the Indians, what Hawthorne had done for the Puritans, what Simms had done for South Carolina, and what Irving had done for the Dutch.

His war stories recalling the time when the Grays and the Blues were opposed to each other attracted more attention than any of his other writings. The pictures drawn of Lee, of Jackson, and of Stuart are very dear to every Southern heart, and yet while loyal to his own people there was no bitterness nor hate for his enemy. He said, "I think of the past without bitterness—God did it—God the all wise—the Almighty, for his own purpose. I do not indulge in repinings, nor reflect with

rancor upon the issue of the struggle. I prefer recalling the stirring adventures, the brave voices, the gallant faces; even in that tremendous drama of 1864-'65 I can find something besides blood and tears." No books written since the war have been more eagerly read at the South than *Surry of Eagle's Nest*, *Mohun*, and *Hilt to Hilt*.

Just a short time before his death he said, "Mr. Howells and the other realists have crowded me out of the popular regard as a novelist, and have brought the kind of fiction I write into general disfavor. I do not complain of that, for they are right. They see as I do that fiction should faithfully reflect life, and they obey the law while I was born too soon, and am now too old to learn my trade anew. But in literature as in everything else advance should be the law, and he who stands still has no right to complain if he is left behind." Besides the fires of ambition are burned out of me and I am serenely happy. My wheat fields are green as I look out from the porch of 'The Briars', the corn rustles in the wind, and the great trees give me shade upon the lawn. My three children are growing up in such nurture and admonition as their race has always deemed fit, and I am not only content, but very happy, and much too lazy to entertain any other feeling toward my victors than one of warm friendship and sincere approval."

Major Cooke died near Berryville, Va., September, 1886. His grave is in the churchyard of the old Episcopal chapel. The only monument is a pine board with his name roughly pencilled upon it,—not a fitting monument for one of Virginia's most gifted sons.

His brother, PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE, older by fourteen years, was a well known poet. Who does not recall his *Florence Vane*?

"I loved thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane;
 My life's bright dream and early
 Hath come again;
 I renew in my fond vision,
 My heart's dear pain,
 My hopes and thy derision,
 Florence Vane!

 Thou wast lovelier than the roses
 In their prime;
 Thy voice excelled the closes
 Of sweetest rhyme;
 Thy heart was as a river
 Without a main;
 Would I had loved thee never,
 Florence Vane!"

He was born at Martinsburgh, Va., October, 1816. He was graduated at Princeton, and studied law with his father. Like his younger brother, he had little taste for the profession and devoted himself more to literature and field sports. He was known as the greatest huntsman of the Shenandoah Valley. He was a brilliant talker, and impressed every one with whom he came in contact by his dignity of carriage and intellectual ability. His only literary work that took book form was *Froissart. Ballads, and Other Poems*, although he contributed regularly to the "Knickerbocker" and "Southern Literary Messenger." Other poems which have attracted attention are *To my Daughter Lily*, and *Rosa Lee*. He wrote also in prose, the best of his tales being *John Carpe*, *The Crime of Andrew Blair*, and *The Gregories of Hacknow*. He was writing a novel, *Chevalier Merlin*, which was appearing in serial form at the time of his death in 1850.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name one important event in American history in each of the following years: 986, 1001, 1492, 1497, 1512, 1513.

Who were ruling in England and France at the time?

EDWARD PAYSON ROE.

MOODNA, NEW WINDSOR, N. Y.

1838.

Van Buren.

1888.

Benjamin Harrison.

WORKS.

Success with Small Fruits,
Barriers Burned Away,
Play and Profit in my Garden,
What Can She Do?
Opening a Chestnut Burr,
A Day of Fate,
Without a Home,
A Young Girl's Wooing,
An Original Belle,
He Fell in Love with His Wife,

From Jest to Earnest,
Near to Nature's Heart,
A Knight of the Nineteenth
Century,
A Face Illumined,
His Sombre Rivals,
Nature's Serial Story,
Driven Back to Eden,
The Earth Trembled,
Miss Lou,

Queen of Spades.

"No American author has ever left behind him so wide a circle of admirers as the late Rev. Edward Payson Roe."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

All that Roe has written has tended to elevate the moral character of his readers; hence his books, real love stories as they are, are safe books to place in the hands of our young people.

His father was James Roe, a strong abolitionist before the war, hiding runaway slaves and befriending them against the law, but after the war he became conservative. His love for horticulture was early instilled into the son. His mother was always an invalid, but quite a literary woman. Before she was twelve she knew "Paradise Lost" by heart. Her son, in speaking of her, said: "I do not possess one tithe of her intellectual power. In my recollection of her the Bible and all works tending to elucidate its prophecies were her favorite themes of study. If any one repeated a verse of the New Testament she could go on and finish the chapter. Indeed she could quote the greater part of the Bible with the ease and accuracy of one reading from the printed page." She was a great lover of flowers, and, he tells us,

was rarely ever seen without one somewhere about her. A picture of his father and mother is given in *Nature's Serial Story*, one of the best of Roe's novels. He became a minister of the Gospel and was anxious to save the souls of his fellow-beings. Having become convinced that he could better reach the human heart through the medium of fiction than through the pulpit, he resigned his charge and devoted himself to literature. His first writings appeared as magazine articles in "Scribner's Monthly"; *Success with Small Fruits* was afterwards brought out in book form. The Chicago fire suggested the material for his first novel. He went to the city and saw its homeless and houseless condition. He spent many days wandering through its burned districts, talking to the people and taking notes. When he finished his *Barriers Burned Away* he carried the manuscript to Rev. Lyman Abbott, who encouraged him to print it. It came out in the "Evangelist" in serial form, and received many adverse as well as favorable criticisms. He was very sensible about these critics and their verdicts. He said: "When a critic condemns my books I accept that as his judgment; when another critic commends them I do not charge him with lying. My one aim has become to do my work conscientiously and leave the final verdict to time and the public. I wish no other estimate than a correct one; and when the public indicate that they have had enough of Roe I shall neither whine nor write."

Roe was educated at Williams College. While there his mother wrote that his father had denied himself Horace Greeley's paper so that he might be able to meet his expenses at college. The boy knowing what this sacrifice meant to his father determined it should not be made. He immediately contracted to saw nine cords of wood, the hardest job he said he ever undertook, and when paid for it, inclosed the money to renew the subscription, feeling proud and happy that his father should have his cherished paper again; he declared afterwards that no action of his life had ever given him such genuine pleasure. On account of weak eyes

Roe did not stay to receive his degree, but it was afterwards conferred upon him. He studied theology at Auburn and Union Seminaries in New York City. In 1862 he became a chaplain in the volunteer service, where he remained until the close of the war, when he accepted the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Highland Falls. He delivered lectures on the Civil War to raise funds for his church, but his health becoming impaired he determined to turn to literature, feeling that he could accomplish more good in that field. He bought a little home at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, where he not only could devote himself to writing, but could indulge his tastes for the cultivation of small fruits. There were twenty-three acres in this farm, and he employed a well-trained gardener to superintend it. Like Blackmore he was known in his neighborhood more as the "fruitman" than the novelist.

He was an excellent horseman and kept a stable well-filled with horses well-fed and well-groomed. His favorite pleasure was hunting, and almost any day he might have been seen tramping over the hills near his home with his rifle on one shoulder and his hunting bag over the other, with "Zip" his greyhound tagging at his heels.

One needed only to enter Roe's library to guess his literary tastes. Large bookcases surrounding the room were filled with the works of the novelists and poets of every age. Historical and theological works abounded too, and the atmosphere of the room was refined and cultivated. This, however, was not the place where Roe did his literary work. His "workshop," as he called it, was up two flights of steps. It was an oblong room with only two or three chairs, an ordinary work desk, and a small bookcase for its belongings. The floors and chairs and desks were literally covered with manuscript, papers and letters—but while this seeming disorder and confusion prevailed, on the desk was always found a vase of beautiful flowers—fresh cut and well arranged—a daily gift from the author's children.

He was notoriously absent-minded, frequently musing for an hour. His family and servants learned that if they wished to impress any household errand or matter upon his mind they must repeat and repeat it until his musings were over, or he would deny that it had ever been told him.

He suffered with the characters he described. He declared that no one knew the agony he endured in writing *Without a Home*. "I felt from the first," he said, "that Mr. Joselyn was going to ruin with his opium habit, but I could not stop him, and so I suffered with him. I felt the death of Joselyn's daughter almost as much as though she were a member of my own family."

One day in walking through the woods he kicked over a chestnut burr. "There's a story in that burr," he said, "and I must get it out." He thereupon wrote *Opening a Chestnut Burr* and made his wife the heroine.

He visited Charleston, S. C. after the earthquake of 1886 and gained the materials for his *Earth Trembled*. An attack of neuralgia of the heart which lasted only one hour caused his death in 1888. *Miss Lou* was his last novel and *Queen of Spades* his last serial story.

Matthew Arnold's unjust criticism of Roe may have been caused from mistaking another Roe's works for his. Much confusion arose from the similarity of names, and much annoyance was caused E. P. Roe until his death. He thought at one time of getting out an injunction for imitating style of book and initials of name. Friends, however, dissuaded him.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name one important event in American history in each of the following years: 1534, 1541, 1607, 1609, 1614, 1620.

Who were ruling in England and France at the time of each event?

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.*

CRAWFORDVILLE, GA.

1812.

1883.

Madison.

Arthur.

WORKS.

War between the States,	Interviewer Reviewed,
School History of the United States,	Political Speeches,
	Literary Addresses,
Pictorial History of the United States.	

"The lessons of his career are manifold; they reach from the cradle to the grave; they have the same tone and accent, first and last; and the tone and accent are not such as we commonly hear in the voices of the world."

"Alexander H. Stephens, born with a feeble constitution, had not only to fight the battle of life, but fight a battle for life itself. 'Misery stole me at my birth,' was true of him; but still the heroic soul would not 'bate a jot of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer right onward.'" His father and step-mother, whom he loved devotedly, died within one week of each other when the boy was only fourteen. He then made his home with an uncle, Colonel Grier. He became a regular attendant of Sunday-school, and there acquired a habit of reading which he always considered marked an important epoch in his life. He joined the Presbyterian Church at Washington, Ga., where he was attending Mr. Webster's school. So kind was this teacher to the orphan boy that his middle name Hamilton was adopted by his pupil.

A cultured and literary gentleman of Washington, becoming interested in him, was instrumental in sending him to Franklin College afterwards the University of Georgia. Dr. Moses Waddell was at that time President of the College, and Stephens was recognized as the best scholar and the best debater in his class. In alluding to his college days he said, "I was never absent

*See illustration.

from roll-call without a good cause ; was never fined ; and to the best of my knowledge never had a demerit against me."

A society of ladies connected with the Presbyterian Church undertook to defray his expenses while at college, trusting he would eventually enter the ministry. At the end of two years he felt no inclination to enter that field of labor, so asked the privilege of returning the money, and paid his own expenses. After graduation he taught school in Madison, Ga., but gave it up because he had fallen in love with one of his pupils, a lovely girl of sixteen. He was so feeble he knew that he ought not to marry, so he went away without ever telling her of his love, and it was not until forty years afterwards that he even alluded to it. He often said that was his first and only love.

He earned enough by teaching to carry on the study of law, and was admitted after only two months of study. Colonel Wm. H. Crawford, and Judge Jos. H. Lumpkin said that he stood the best examination they had ever heard. The first year after he was admitted to the bar, "he lived on six dollars a month, made his own fires, blacked his own boots and cleared four hundred dollars." He bought a horse the second year but groomed it himself.

He rose rapidly in his profession, and in 1836 was elected to the Georgia legislature. It was then his public life began ; at thirty-one he was sent to Congress as a Representative from Georgia, and after secession he was elected Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy ; in 1873 he was again sent to Congress, and in 1882 was elected Governor of his native State.

Soon after he began to practice law he bought the home at Crawfordville so well known as "Liberty Hall." The house owed its attraction to the man within it. There was no lack of friends coming and going, nor any want of cordial and abundant hospitality on the part of the host. Books were his delight and he had a full library. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to aid some struggling young man to obtain an education, and many are the noble sons of Georgia who can testify to his gener-

osity in this respect. His love and kindness to his neighbors were other prominent virtues of his private life. The poor man loved him, and felt that in him he could always find a friend,

“That best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.”

Mr. Stephens opposed the secession movement of the South as a matter of expediency, but defended the right of it. In politics he was a bundle of contradictions; even his best friends could not always understand him, yet they believed he acted from reason and principle. In 1859 he resigned his seat in Congress, saying, “I saw there was bound to be a smash-up on the road, and I resolved to jump off at the first station.” In 1860 he made a great Union speech, and yet in 1861 accepted the Vice-Presidency of the Confederate States—but he did both from principle.

At the close of the War between the States he was arrested and kept in prison at Fort Warren for five months, but was finally paroled. He contracted rheumatism while confined in a basement room at Fort Warren. His *Journal*, consisting of two large blank books well filled, was written while in prison. Little Mabel Johnson, the daughter of one of the guards, used to go to see him every day and take him flowers.

In 1869 a heavy wagon gate fell upon him, injuring his hip. This with rheumatism made him a cripple for life. His first body servant was Harry, a former slave, and when he became too old and feeble to lift him Alex Kent was hired. Stephens never weighed more than one hundred pounds. He was five feet ten inches tall, but did not attain even this height until after he was twenty-seven years old.

This anecdote is told of his visit to Charleston, S. C., in 1839, where he appeared for the first time before a public audience: “Being fatigued on his arrival at the hotel, Mr. Stephens availed himself of a comfortable lounge, and made the situation as easy as possible. His two travelling companions were Mr.

Thomas Chapin and Dr. John M. Anthony, merchants, who had been frequent guests of the house. The good landlady came in just then, and found the two last-named gentlemen still standing, and what she took for some country boy occupying the easy lounge. Her manner was perfectly kind and somewhat patronizing as she said to him, 'My son, let the *gentlemen* have this seat.' The 'gentlemen' were amused, and the kind landlady was much annoyed, when she afterwards found that the 'son' was the important personage of her house, and very soon the lion of the whole city."

He was fond of dogs, and always had one or two about him. "Rio" is probably the best known of all his favorites. When political discussion was at its height and feeling very bitter throughout the State, Stephens harangued great multitudes, and wrestled often in argument and invective with his opponents; "Rio" was always with him on the platform. During one of these debates a young man as fiery as he was eloquent wound up his speech in words like these:

"Fellow citizens, that man [pointing to Stephens] who has been going about abusing and vilifying the best people—the people who are trying to discharge the duties they owe to God and their country, I give him notice, and I give notice to his friends and partisans, that I intend to *hound* him from one end of this district to the other; and furthermore——" At this juncture Stephens's fine voice like a woman's was heard to say, "Rio, you hear that, old fellow? You're going to have company following Mars Alex about." Upon which the dog set up a most vociferous barking, expressive of deprecation of such companionship, and the audience roared with laughter.

In 1867 Stephens's literary life began and he wrote his *War between the States*. In 1870 his *School History of the United States*, and shortly afterwards his *Pictorial History* appeared. He then became proprietor and editor of the "Atlanta Sun" to defeat Horace Greeley for President, but the paper was a financial failure, and soon swallowed all profits from his books. He vigor-

ously opposed the Civil Rights Bill, and his speech on the unveiling of the painting, "The Signing of Emancipation Proclamation," brought praise from all quarters of the globe, and an old admirer proposed "to send his crutches to Congress even after he himself was unable to go," for in coming down the capitol steps he had sprained his knee very badly. He remained in Congress several years, but finally resigned to accept the nomination for Governor of Georgia. The day he died, March 4, 1883, was the anniversary of his forty-fourth year in public life, his fortieth in Congress, and the fourth month in the gubernatorial term.

He possessed one of the essential qualities for a politician and that was the faculty for remembering not only faces but names. He never forgot a person he had once met, and this gave him unbounded power and influence. General Robert Toombs was one of his warmest personal friends, although they frequently disagreed in politics.

Stephens was the first to secure a charter for a female school for classics and arts, thus giving to Georgia in the Wesleyan Female College at Macon *the first chartered college for women in the world.*

Stephens was ever "an earnest student of the science of government, and his writings in illustration of it possess great philosophical value. His utterances have always commanded the respectful attention of his political antagonists, and his long and brilliant public career by universal consent ranked him among the foremost of American statesmen."

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name one important event in American history in each of the following years: 1623, 1629, 1634, 1635, 1636, 1638.

Who were ruling in England and France at that time?

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THOMAS R. R. COBB. *J.E.B.*



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

THOMAS READE ROOTES COBB.*

CHERRY HILL, JEFFERSON COUNTY, GA.

1823.

1862.

John Quincy Adams.

Lincoln and Jefferson Davis.

"As the fame of Napoleon's Code will outlast even the memory of his battles, so your Cobb could not have built for himself a monument more enduring than his Code, nor left behind a work which could better claim your admiration and gratitude."—*Hon. Seymour D. Thompson.*

"Thomas Cobb had a combination of as many shining gifts as any man whom this country has produced. Young as he was in 1861 he had already done the work of a long life."—*Richard Malcolm Johnston.*

John Cobbs; the grandfather of Thomas Cobb, fought in the Revolutionary War. Mildred Lewis the grandmother was a descendant of George Reade, a member of the House of Burgesses. Augustine Warner, John Lewis, and other ancestors were Royal Councillors and noted men in colonial days. Colonel John A. Cobb, the father of T. R. R. Cobb, was a man of ability and of great wealth. He never engaged in politics, because as a large slaveholder his entire time was required in managing his estates. He was always a kind master and treated his slaves with such consideration as to greatly endear him to them. Sarah Rootes, the mother, was a daughter of a distinguished lawyer of Fredericksburg, Va., Thomas Reade Rootes, Esq., and it is said that the famous grandson and namesake possessed like ability as a jurist.

"If we look for the cause of greatness in any man, one has seldom need to go further than the mother—hence the necessity of highly educated womanhood all over our land." There were eight children in the family, and Howell Cobb, the well-known statesman of Georgia, and member of Buchanan's Cabinet, was an elder brother of Thomas Cobb.

Thomas grew up a spirited lad, quick to resent an insult, but quicker still to forgive an injury. When quite a small boy his

* See illustration.

grandmother's sister, "Old Aunt Thornton," as she was called in the family, insisted upon teaching him to sew in order to keep him out of mischief. He was always an obedient child, and could not refuse to do as he was bidden, although he felt that it was quite beneath the dignity of a boy to sew. Finally he set his wits to work to devise some means of escape without offending his aunt. His repeated requests for needles excited her curiosity, and she asked what had become of the numerous ones she had given to him. Upon being told they had no eyes she investigated the matter and discovered that the child had bitten all the eyes off. Her consternation knew no bounds. Visions of spasms and all sorts of horrible things flashed through her mind. Her nephew seemed little concerned, for he saw his point was gained and no more sewing would be required of him.

"He was an ambitious boy and invariably led his class; but in spite of this fact he was loved and respected by all his classmates, who were too just to be envious. Mean and petty jealousies were never engendered by the prominent stand that he took at school. There could be no competition with him, for he was 'head and shoulders' intellectually above all. In college it was the same, and the old 'roll' of Franklin College to-day shows not a demerit for failure in lessons or in duty during his entire course. When he began the practice of law he was in a short time at the head of his profession not only in his native town but in his State, and it was said of him by older lawyers that he came to the bar 'a full-fledged lawyer.' Most men must wait and toil for years and crawl worm-like to the summit, but he by force of genius and industry sprang as by a bound to a conspicuous place among older and more experienced men."

In 1844 he married Miss Marion McHenry Lumpkin, the oldest daughter of Chief Justice Jos. H. Lumpkin of Georgia. He differed from his father-in-law in politics, so his wife exacted a promise from him that he would never be a politician. It was not until Lincoln was elected and the "War between the States" threatened that he was released from this promise. During the

years prior to the war his pen had not been idle; he had used all his efforts to stay the threatened evil. Alexander Stephens said: "He gave the keynote to the sentiment that really carried secession in Georgia. His religious enthusiasm upon the subject was as great as that of Peter the Hermit for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre." Article after article was written for the "Boston Post" entitled: *A Georgian's Appeal to the People of the Non-Slaveholding States*; these were followed by others to the "Journal of Commerce" called *Letters from an Honest Slaveholder to an Honest Abolitionist*, and in these articles his pen urged a proper and fair consideration of the question. He described the happy life of the negro upon "the old-time plantation" from "hog-killing time (when pigtailed and spare-ribs and backbones abound) to hog-killing time again," and then he told of the big suppers when "Uncle Ben" would play the "fiddle" and all would have a grand dance; and then of the corn-shuckings and the quiltings, when all the neighboring negroes would come in and have a good time; and thus he portrayed the happy scenes so familiar to every Southern man, to prove that the slave was not the "down-trodden," "oppressed" and "hound-hunted" creature he was represented to be. His arguments had great weight at the time, and would have had more had not the tide produced by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" been too great to be resisted. His *Law of Slavery* was published, but before it was fairly launched upon the literary sea the guns had been fired at Sumter and war had been declared. An able Pennsylvania jurist admitted "it was the most masterly discussion on slavery that had ever been produced."

Colonel Samuel Barnett of Washington, Ga. said, "I know not which most to commend in Cobb's *Law of Slavery*—impartiality, ability, style, or erudition—I am delighted with them all. The book should become at once a classic or a standard for ages to come, and should be considered clearly and decisively *the* book on *the* subject whether to be consulted by the historian, lawyer, statesman, or divine. Not the least charm of the book

is that Christian and humane spirit which pervades it, and often puts in a manly plea on the side of humanity and justice in behalf of the helpless."

E. Schenck of Philadelphia said, "Whatever diversities may prevail in regard to the *Law of Slavery*, there can be but one opinion as to the value of the book. It is a treasury of facts and principles in regard to that whole subject, which every one must be glad to have in his possession."

Immediately upon the call for soldiers from his State, Mr. Cobb tore himself from a lucrative practice and raised a legion which was called for him, "Cobb's Legion," and with it he marched to the front. For gallantry on the field he was made Brigadier-General. Only those who knew his devotion to his wife and children, and his tender attachment to his home, can realize what a struggle this required; but he never wavered where duty was concerned.

One Sabbath evening just at sundown December 13, 1862, the news came of General Cobb's death. He fell wounded, having been struck on the thigh by a piece of shell while fighting in sight of his mother's old home, "Federal Hill," Fredericksburg, Va. He was carried to a hospital one and a half miles away and every attention was given him, but he died in a short time.

No words can estimate his loss! But such a man can never die. His example is a priceless legacy. "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." A kinder heart never beat, a more open hand was never extended to the needy. Distress and suffering never failed to find a friend in him. Not merely his money, his time, his talents, but his all, were devoted to friend and country. He knew no such word as fail. With him to decide was to resolve, and to resolve was to do. This quality gave him necessarily an ascendancy and control over the minds of others, and enabled him to accomplish often what to others seemed impossible.

His home life was all sunshine and happiness. His business cares were locked in his office; to his family he was all bright-

ness. There was not an ungratified wish on the part of any member of his household. Even when engaged in literary work his wife and children were not excluded from the library. His powers of concentration were remarkable and he always maintained that he could write as well when all were talking around him. His wife was his literary critic and adviser. He had implicit trust in her taste and judgment. The night before the battle he wrote some verses to her, as it had been his custom for years to write a poem to her on every anniversary of their marriage. He said in speaking of February 22d: "This is the birthday of the greatest man and the greatest woman this country has produced—George Washington and—my wife."

There were six children, two boys and four girls. The sons died in infancy. Lucy the eldest was taken from them by scarlet fever when only thirteen years of age. She gave promise of all that was lovely in womanhood, and her death was a crushing blow to her parents. His poems written about her death show the heartrending grief of the father. Three daughters and his wife survive him. For the youngest, who is now Mrs. Hoke Smith, the wife of the Secretary of the Interior, a baby then, he named his camp "Birdie." It was from this place that his army letters were dated.

His slaves loved and honored him, and those connected with his household never left their mistress after freedom. Their lives and that of their children have been devoted in faithful services to their former owners—an unanswerable argument in favor of his *Law of Slavery*. Jesse, the old army servant who followed him to camp, is still in the employ of the family.

The life of General Cobb would not be complete without mention of his efforts in behalf of education. He interested himself in the establishment of free schools, and lectured and wrote much in that cause. He built at his own expense the Grove Academy for the education of his children and their friends, then interested himself in raising the funds by a stock company to have a female school of higher grade established in

Athens, Ga. The result was the Lucy Cobb Institute, which stands as a monument to his untiring energy and generosity, and to the lasting memory of his daughter for whom it was named. His interest in young people was always very great. He loved them and could never do too much for their happiness and improvement.

Had he devoted his time to literature entirely what eminence he might have attained! As it is, his *Law of Slavery* ranks as "the ablest production given to the South before the war." The second volume was never finished. It was dedicated to his father,

"Who illustrated in his life
Truth, Justice, and Christian Charity,
Which should be
The true foundation of all Law."

His *Digest of the Laws of Georgia* was, and is now, highly esteemed by the ablest lawyers in the country. He was the first to codify the laws. The design of the Code, it is true, originated with Gordon of Savannah, but the work was done by General Cobb. Judge Richard H. Clark said, "This Code was born during the war, hence its failure to create the sensation in the legal and literary world it would otherwise have created. The 'legal lights' are just now waking to the fact that it is the *Only Code in the United States* where the common law, and the principles of equity have been reduced to a series of separate and distinct propositions, having the force and form of statutory law. The credit of its distinguishing feature belongs entirely to Mr. Cobb."

His library was one of the finest in the South, and contained rare and valuable books in all languages, many of which were bought to verify statements made in his writings. His widow was offered five thousand dollars for only the volumes in French. When Sherman made his raid through Georgia a friend advised that the books be sent to Columbia, S. C., for safe-keeping. The advice was taken and when the Northern army entered that city this entire library was destroyed.

General Cobb was prominent in law, in politics, in literature, and in religion, and this is saying a great deal for a man whose life only reached thirty-nine years. He was a noble son, a tender husband, a loving father, a kind master, a faithful citizen, a true patriot, and a devoted Christian.

His works are :

Digest of the Laws of Georgia,
Articles on Slavery,
History of Slavery,

Essays on Free Education,
Law of Slavery,
Articles on Religious Subjects,
Poems, and Literary Addresses.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name the important events in American History in each of the following years: 1640, 1664, 1665, 1670, 1675, 1681.

Who were ruling in England and France at the time?

JAMES T. FIELDS.*

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

1820.

John Quincy Adams.

1882.

Chester A. Arthur.

James Thomas Fields was a native of Portsmouth, N. H., although his life was spent chiefly in Boston. At four he lost his father, so one may say that he was early thrown upon his own resources. He was educated in the High School of his native place and when only fourteen went to Boston to accept a position as clerk in a bookstore. This served as an excellent training for the "would-be" literary boy and he is found at eighteen reading a poem before the Boston Mercantile Library Association. At twenty-one he became a partner in the large publishing house of Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

In 1870 he retired and began a lecture tour throughout the large cities of the North. However, he had in the meantime edited the "Atlantic Monthly" for eight years, and this literary work cannot be overestimated. His lectures were successful. He had been thrown in intimate relations with the eminent literary men and women of this country and Europe. Besides he possessed a faculty for entertaining, and he was specially gifted in imparting the knowledge he had acquired. Then too his frequent visits to Europe made him at home on all foreign points connected with literature, and he was greeted by enthusiastic audiences wherever he lectured and listened to with the keenest attention.

His published works include his *Poems*, and *A Few Verses for a Few Friends*, and a word or two must be said regarding these before mentioning his prose works.

One finds in Fields great diversity of style. He had the happy faculty of changing from gay to grave, from serious to

* See illustration.

severe quickly, just as his own moods would alternate from one to the other. Indeed he had a genius for what is known as *vers de société*.

His mirthful poems are filled with touches of wit, hits at current follies, quaint humor,—all laughing through very prim verses.

Take for instance his *Sleighbing Song*:

"On swift we go o'er the fleecy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round;
When hoofs keep time to music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.

On a winter's night, when hearts are light,
And health is on the wind,
We loose the rein and sweep the plain,
And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song, we glide along,
Across the fleeting snow;
With friends beside, how swift we ride
On the beautiful track below!

O! the raging sea has a joy for me,
When gale and tempest roar;
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,
And I'll ask for the waves no more."

Contrast with it the solemn measure of the *Dirge for a Young Girl*:

"Underneath the sod, low lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left in dying
Sorrow here.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved, in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!"

Or the *Ballad of the Tempest*, still serious but light in measure:

"We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

An anecdote is told of Mr. Fields in regard to his memory and knowledge of English literature. A would-be wit to test him and at the same time to make sport for the company said, "Friend Fields, I have been exercised of late trying to find out in what poem of Southey's the following lines occur," repeating the lines he had composed himself. "I do not remember," said Mr. Fields, "to have met them before, and there are only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him, and they were somewhere about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles or cutting his first teeth, or near the close of his life when his brain had softened, and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belongs decidedly to the measles period, but the expression clearly betrays the idiotic one." The questioner smiled faintly, but the company roared.

His duties as publisher interfered with the poetic muse, and very little poetry came from his pen during his last years. Since his death his wife ANNIE ADAMS has published *Under the Olive*, a book of poems and a memoir of him written by herself. In his *Yesterdays with Authors* one gets a better insight into the real nature of Dickens, Thackeray, and Carlyle than can be obtained from other sources, and feels in reading these sketches that they are pictures of men whom the author knew personally and intimately. It is charming, as are also his other books,—*Hawthorne, In and Out of Doors with Charles Dickens*, and the *Family Library of English Poetry*, in which he was assisted by E. P. Whipple. These constitute all of his works save some magazine articles not yet collected in book form.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

1819.

Monroe.

1886.

Cleveland.

Whipple's father, Matthew Whipple, died when Edwin Percy was an infant. His mother, Lydia Gardiner, a woman of rare mental gifts, was the sole guardian of his childhood. He was educated at the English High School and soon took excellent rank among his classmates.

He was scarcely fourteen when he wrote literary articles for a Salem newspaper. At fifteen he left school and became a clerk in a bank. Later he was superintendent of the news-room, and of the Merchants' Exchange in State street in Boston. He was one of a club of six called "The Attie Nights" interested in literary exercises and debates. He soon became a leader, his ability in debate, his skill in repartee, his large store of information and his critical faculty being acknowledged by all.

His first poem which portrayed the manners and satirized the absurdities of the day was delivered before the Mercantile Library Association. The literary public knew him already from his article on *Macaulay*, which appeared in 1843. Macaulay wrote the essayist quite a complimentary letter. In October of the same year appeared his lectures, *The Lives of Authors*. These embraced a wide range of topics, biographical, critical, social as well as philosophical, and abounded in fine analysis, shrewd observation, acute insight, yet so relieved by anecdote and wit and satire that they charmed all who heard them, and it is stated that they were delivered to more than a thousand audiences.

Mr. Whipple was an early contributor to American reviews and wrote much for magazines and journals. His first published book was *Essays and Reviews*. Among his best known papers

may be mentioned his *Byron, English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, *South's Sermons*, *Henry Fielding*, and *Rufus Choate*. He next wrote *Literature and Life*, *Wit and Humor*, *The Ludicrous Side of Life*, and *Genius*.

He withdrew from the Mercantile Association in 1860 to devote more time to his literary pursuits. In 1872 he became the literary editor of "The Globe."

Mr. Whipple was one of the few men who have made the most of the talents God gave to them. Although self-educated, he had mental equipments which any college graduate might envy.

He was chiefly distinguished as a critic. His keen insight that amounted almost to a mental clairvoyance, his penetration, judgment and sympathy, his playful imagination, tenacious memory added to his sensibility of the comic, fitted him in an unusual degree for a critic. Rarely blind to faults, he had a quick, keen eye for excellence, and when he erred it was on the side of leniency, never on that of excessive severity. Conscientious in all his statements, he carefully weighed his words. Few writers have been more painstaking. His own style was said to have been formed on Macaulay's, but Whipple was never a copyist nor an imitator. He was a fine conversationalist, blending anecdote with illustration from literature and history.

In 1847 he married Miss Charlotte Hastings, in whom he ever found an intellectual, congenial, and sympathetic companion. His married life was a contradiction of the popular belief that hymeneal relations with literary men must necessarily be unhappy.

Whipple had an even temperament and was free from all envy and jealousy,—those faults which so deform any character, but which are such common blots upon literary characters especially. In personal appearance he was below medium size, a spare figure, small thin face, but very expressive, the chief charm being his large lustrous eyes which glowed with interest while discussing anything which inspired him.

He died in Boston, Mass., June 16, 1886. His lot was to

live in the period of revolution. The anti-slavery movement was agitating the country, but it never touched him profoundly. He was never a leader. His thoughts were on literature.

His other works are:

Character and Characteristics of Men,
Washington and the Principles of the
American Revolution,
Success and its Conditions,
Literature and the Age of Elizabeth,
George Eliot (North American Review),
Family Library of British Poetry (Jas. T.
Fields assisting him),

Recollections of Eminent Men, and Other
Papers,
American Literature, and Other Papers,
Daniel Webster as a Master of English
Style,
Emerson and Carlyle,
Emerson as a Poet,
Character and Genius of T. Starr King,
Outlooks on Society, Literature, and Politics.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name the important events in American history in the following years: 1692, 1732, 1737, 1763, 1765, 1770. Who were ruling in England and France at the time?

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

BOSTON, MASS.

1823.

John Quincy Adams.

1893.

Cleveland.

Francis Parkman was born at Boston in 1823. His childhood home was near the forest of the Middlesex Fells, Mass., and it is to the surroundings there that we are indebted for the two leading interests of his youth and after life—the woods and the Indians.

While a freshman at Harvard he wrote an essay on the French and Indian wars. This gave him a taste for history, and he determined to make the study of that his life-work. He was always very painstaking. He visited, as far as he was able, the localities concerned, saw the people or the descendants of the people to be described, and actually lived for a time with the Sioux Indians in order to study their characters, their manners, their customs and their traditions. This latter experience was invaluable, but it was bought at a very dear price, for while there he was attacked with an acute disease, and not being able to have the proper medical attention nor the time to rest, his constitution was undermined, and his eyes were nearly ruined. Most men would have given up all hopes of ever accomplishing anything, especially in a literary line, but Francis Parkman not only possessed patience and energy but also a stout heart, and nothing daunted him.

In 1844 he went to Europe to search the Government archives of England and France to verify his historical statements. Such labor would have discouraged other men, but he persevered. Then he paid visits to men who had personal knowledge of the topics he had under consideration, and collected numberless newspaper articles bearing upon the subject. He had to trans-

late a great deal from the official French reports, and this, too, when he did not dare to use his eyes more than fifteen minutes at a time. Of course he was forced to have an amanuensis, but even with this aid one is astounded to find that he prepared manuscripts sufficient for seventy bound volumes.

Mr. Parkman owned a beautiful summer home at Jamaica Plain, a part of Boston. There he lived with his family and devoted his leisure time to the cultivation of flowers, to swimming, to riding on horseback, to rowing on the pond, or to walking in the fields. His winter home was with his sister Miss Parkman, in Boston.

During his last years he was troubled with sleeplessness. For that reason he did not work at night, but gave up the morning hours to study, and spent the afternoons in exercise, and the evenings in absolute rest. The least excitement kept him awake, and he rarely could get rest enough at night to restore his strength for the next day. On account of rheumatism he was obliged to use crutches or a cane in walking.

In personal appearance he was of medium height inclining to full habit. He had the shoulders and arms of an athlete; his face was clean shaven; his eyes restless and full of fire; his head was large and well set upon his shoulders; he was modest and reticent; he hated falsehoods and shams. In religious beliefs he treated reverently the faiths of others, and "felt for himself that the unknown was greater than the known in the deeper things of life."

James Russell Lowell was a great admirer of Mr. Parkman, and the last essay he prepared was a biography of him written for the "Century."

His life furnishes an encouraging example in the history of literature. He had poor health and poor sight on the one hand; on the other, to counterbalance these, he had money, time, capacity, and a cheerful temper combined with indomitable perseverance and ambition.

Francis Parkman died in Boston November, 1893. He was

three-score years and ten, having lived the time allotted to man. "His life was unique in its purpose and results. It was entirely devoted to the realization of a single great conception, and every available moment of time was put into that. His work was great, but his life was greater."

His published works are :

The California and Oregon Trail,
The Conspiracy of Pontiac,
Pioneers of France in the New World,
The Book of Roses,
The Jesuits in North America,
La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West,

The Old Régime in Canada under Louis XIV.,
Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.,
Montcalm and Wolfe,
Vassall Morton (a novel).

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. What territory has the United States acquired by purchase? *Lon. & Alaska*
2. What by annexation? *Texas*
3. What by conquest? *New Mex, Utah, Arizona*
4. In whose administration was the largest number of States admitted? *Harrison's*
5. In which administrations was none admitted? *Gen. M.*
6. What States were named from mountain ranges? *Gen. M.*
7. How many were named from their principal rivers? *Gen. M.*
8. What do the names New York, New England, New Hampshire, Carolina, and Georgia indicate?
9. Why were Davis Strait, Baffin Bay, Hudson River, and Lake Champlain so named?
10. Name the rivers of Georgia still retaining Indian names.

(3) *Madison, Adams, J. Q. Adams, Taylor, Van Buren, Buchanan*

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1829.

Andrew Jackson.

1894.

Cleveland.

"To be universally known as constantly doing good, as a rich man who holds his riches in trust for the benefit of others, as the effective friend of every humane enterprise, as the proprietor of one of the greatest and most prosperous newspapers in the country, conducted strictly upon the principles of courtesy and good sense which regulate the intercourse of gentlemen, as the friend of the most distinguished persons of his time, is the happy fortune of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia."—*George William Curtis.*

Mr. Childs was born in Baltimore in 1825. His early education was limited. As a youth he went to Philadelphia and began there a remarkable career. In a very humble way, as a candy merchant, he started business on the corner of Third and Chestnut streets. The ambition of the boy was early aroused, and standing there in sight of the office of the "Public Ledger," he avowed his determination to become connected with that periodical. When he was twenty-one he bought an interest in Peterson & Company and made a great deal of money there, and thus had it in his power to buy his long coveted prize, the "Ledger." He became interested in Dr. Kane's Arctic explorations and insisted upon the experiences of this famous explorer being published. The Peterson Company adopted his suggestion, and the world was placed under obligations to Childs for this valuable book. The author was paid forty-five thousand dollars in royalties the first year after its appearance.

The "Ledger" has been called the "Philadelphia Bible" in derision, from the fact that the citizens of that city had implicit faith in all that its pages contained. This public confidence was not gained in a day, but it cost Mr. Childs weeks, months and years of labor. The true secret of success was the bond between employer and employed—their interests were mutual. If Mr. Childs needed support and aid in any cause, every employee gave

it cheerfully. If, on the other hand, his assistants needed aid or support they found a ready helper in the editor. He pensioned those that were superannuated. He insured their lives for the benefit of their families. He gave vacations with continued pay to those who needed rest. No wonder he was called the "printer's patron saint" when he was always so ready to protect their interests.

He was a wealthy man and did a great deal of good with his money—he held it in trust for his fellow-men. Few have been more beloved. In his death the world lost one of its greatest philanthropists.

It is in connection with his work as a journalist that his name appears in American literature. He was always interested in matters pertaining to the advancement of literature, and did much toward moulding public opinion, not so much by his own pen as by the encouragement of men who wielded the pen. Under his direction Allibone's "Dictionary of English and American Authors" was given to the public. He loved the memory of men of letters. He placed a Shakespeare memorial fountain at Stratford-on-Avon; he placed a monument over the grave of Edgar Allan Poe, also one over Leigh Hunt's unmarked grave. He gave a stained glass window to be placed in Westminster Abbey in memory of William Cowper and George Herbert, also one for the little church at Bromham in memory of Tom Moore and his wife Bessie Dyke.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. Who said, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute"? When? *Lincoln*
2. Who said, "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am the King of England is not rich enough to buy me"? *Heath*
3. Who said, "Give me liberty or give me death"? When? *P. Henry in the great hall*
4. Who said, "We have met the enemy and they are ours"? *Perry*
5. Whose dying words were, "Don't give up the ship"? *Lawrence*
6. Of whom was it said, "If his soul were turned inside out not a spot could be found upon it"? *Morrell*
7. Of whom was it said, "He was in the public service fifty years, and never attempted to deceive his countrymen"? *Clay*
8. Who said, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg"? *Taylor*
9. Of whom was it said, "He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprang upon its feet"? *Hamilton*
10. Who said, "To the victors belong the spoils"? *Jackson*

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

CLAREMONT, N. H.

1848.

1894.

Polk.

Cleveland.

Miss Woolson, the grandniece of James Fenimore Cooper from whom she received her middle name, was born at Claremont, N. H., in 1848. She was educated in the public schools of Cleveland, O., but the "finishing touches" to her education were received at Madame Chegaray's French School in New York City.

Her home was in Cleveland, until the death of her father Charles Jarvis Woolson in 1869. There was a large family—eight daughters and one son. Three girls died of scarlet fever the day that Constance was born. "Connie" was her pet name at home. The Woolsons were all musical. "Connie" sang in the church choir, and she had a fine ear for music as well as a sweet voice. She had too a faculty for rapid composition. *The Old Stone House*, a story for young people, which contains many incidents of her life in Cleveland, was written in one week. A prize had been offered, and she did not see the offer until a week before the time appointed for all manuscripts to be in. She sent it and won the prize. When quite a child she wrote poetry.

Her mother's maiden name was Pomeroy. She was quite an invalid and Constance insisted on her going to Florida in 1873; there and in the neighboring States they remained until Mrs. Woolson's death in 1879. Miss Woolson went to Europe after this and spent many years in England, and visited Rome, Venice, and Florence. She was very much depressed in spirits during the last years of her life, and died very suddenly in Venice in 1894. Many of her acquaintances wondered how she could content herself so long abroad, severing, as it seemed, all her home

ties. They did not know that after the mother's death Mrs. Benedict the oldest sister with her little daughter Clara, and the author were the only surviving members of this large family circle. These accompanied Miss Woolson to Italy, so there were really no home ties to bring her back to America.

Her contributions were chiefly to "Haprer's Magazine" and "Appleton's Journal." She sent her first story in 1870, and after that time wrote constantly. Her reputation as a writer rests upon her *Anne* and *For the Major*. Her poems have never been collected for publication.

In her writings she refers constantly to her father to whom she was very tenderly attached.

Her other works are :

Castle Nowhere,
Lake Country Sketches,
Rodman the Kceper,

Southern Sketches,
— East Angels,
— Jupiter Lights.

MARIA SUSANNA CUMMINS.

SALEM, MASS.

1827.

1866.

John Quincy Adams.

Andrew Johnson.

It would seem strange in a book of American writers to make no mention of the author of *The Lamplighter*, a book not exceeded in its rapid sales by any novels save perhaps "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Ben-Hur."

Even had Miss Cummins written nothing else she deserves notice for this as much as other writers whose one book has immortalized them.

The author was born at Salem, Mass., in 1827, and was educated at Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's school in Lennox. Her father was Judge David Cummins.

Her literary work began with short stories in the "Atlantic Monthly" and other magazines. She was twenty-seven when *The Lamplighter* appeared.

Her other works are *Mabel Vaughan*, *El Furaidis*, *Haunted Hearts*.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. What navigator shortened the voyage across the Atlantic? *Columbus*
2. Who was the prime mover in the laying of the Atlantic cable? Give account of the different attempts to lay it. *Cyrus W. Field*
3. When has the question of public lands threatened the Union? *Pierce's administration*
4. Who fired the first gun in the French and Indian War? *Washington*
5. Who was the "Great Pacificator"? *Clay*
6. Who was the "Nullifier"? *Calhoun*
7. What fort was carried by a midnight assault? *Sumter*
8. What general escaped by riding down a steep precipice? *P. B. Kennedy*
9. What was the Secretary of State formerly called? *Del*
10. Who are the Mormons? *Religious sect*

FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

1849.

James K. Polk.

1889.

Grover Cleveland.

Like Sidney Lanier, Francis Saltus combined in his soul the elements of poetry and music—twin sisters of art. He was born in New York, educated in Paris, and travelled extensively in Europe. He was gifted in languages, speaking and writing fluently in French, German, Spanish, Italian, Danish, and Russian, besides being a good scholar in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. Fitted by education and gifted by nature, there was no reason why he should not have made a name far excelling that of any of his contemporaries. His death in 1889 cut short his work. What he accomplished in this time is wonderful. Although his published works are only *Honey and Gall*, a volume of poems, a *Comic History of the United States*, and numberless humorous poems, many sketches, editorials and reviews, his unpublished manuscripts are "The Witch of Endor," and "Fifty Poems on Biblical Subjects," "Flask and Flagon," "Poems of Places," "Pastels and Profiles," "Flower and Thorn," "Flesh and Spirit," "Moods of Madness," "Songs of Sin," "Sonnets," "A Life of Donizetti," "Life of Rossini," "Kings of Song," a musical dictionary and over one thousand musical sketches, humorous prose, comic histories of France, Greece, Germany, England, and Rome, a comic Robinson Crusoe, and more than one thousand comic sketches. While his brain was so fertile in literature he was equally as gifted in music. He was a well-known pianist. His musical compositions are melodious and touching. He wrote a grand opera in four acts, *Joan of Arc*, and a serious opera *Maria Stuart*, four comic operas, and six hundred pieces of fugitive music.

When we realize that his literary life only began in 1873 and ended in 1889, a period of sixteen years, the amount that he accomplished is simply wonderful.

Why he was not more widely known was due probably to the fact that his training in France had made him somewhat antagonistic to all that was sacred. He had no reverence for the Bible, and often gave strange versions of the records there.

Poetry must either appeal to the religious or the passionate part of our nature. Had Saltus been a religious man, full of faith and hope and thus giving soul to his poetry, we cannot tell what fame he would have gained; or had he been a passionate man as Walt Whitman and Byron were, he might have gained fame as did they. He was too discreet a man to display his passions—he was not good enough to display a soul.

His command of language was marvelous. "Words, rhythms, and melodies were as plastic in his hands as clay is in the hands of the potter." "Melody in word or tone was the ruling essence of his spirit." He died in 1889 and was buried in the cemetery at Sleepy Hollow.

Quite a different man is his brother EDGAR EVERSTON SALTUS, born in New York in 1858, one of whose stories, *Trans-action in Hearts*, unhealthy in tone and moral, shocked the refined circle of readers, and made them indignant with "Lippincott's Magazine" for allowing it to appear in its pages.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. *Name the Presidents in chronological order.*
2. *Who was the "bachelor President"?*
3. *State to what party each President belonged.*
4. *How many of our Presidents were poor boys?*
5. *How many were Virginians?*
6. *Who were the Presidents that served two terms?*
7. *What Presidents died in office?*
8. *What father and son were Presidents?*
9. *What administrations have been most popular?*
10. *What three ex-Presidents died on the 4th of July?*

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

NEW YORK CITY.

1821.

Monroe.

1885.

Cleveland.

Richard Grant White, at the time of his death, was acknowledged the ablest Shakespearean editor and critic that had appeared in the United States. He was born in New York City, was graduated from the New York University, studied law, and practiced in his native place. The last twenty years of his life were given to the "cultivation of letters," and his contributions to literature were numerous and valuable.

"He was a man of penetrating and independent intellect, of imperturbable and somewhat sarcastic humor, pugnacious but good-tempered in disposition, strong in common sense, exquisitely alive to sensuous beauty and deeply versed in books and men."

His essays were gathered in a volume entitled *Biographical and Critical Hand-Book of Christian Art*. In 1853 his *Shakespeare's Scholar* appeared and gained him the fullest recognition as a scholar and a critic. During the late war he wrote *New Gospel of Peace; According to St. Benjamin*. This satire was written to inculcate a stronger feeling of loyalty to the North. He followed these with a series of letters to the London "Spectator" signed "A Yankee" which had their weight in strengthening the Union cause in England. He became an authority on the English language and published *Words and Their Uses*, and *Every Day English*. Probably the work that gave him his greatest reputation was his *Life and Genius of Shakespeare* with an essay on the rise of the English drama.

He went abroad in 1876 and remained one year. He gave to the reading world his *England Within and Without*, and his

criticism was friendly and cordial. A little later he published a novel relating the experiences of an American in England, the object of which was to disabuse the minds of the most cultured English of the comical ignorance prevailing in regard to the people, the manners, and the customs of this country.

Richard Grant White was also a musical critic. His criticisms appeared in the periodicals, and are so fine that his friends wish they could be put into book form. White had the happy faculty of "annihilating his opponent, while still maintaining thorough good humor."

His other works are :

The Riverside Edition of Shakespeare,
An Essay—National Hymns, How They
are Written, and How They are not
Written,

An Essay on the Authorship of the Three
Parts of King Henry VI.,
Poetry, Lyrical, Narrative, and Satirical
of the Civil War.

He wrote for the "Courier and Inquirer," "The World," "Galaxy," "Putnam's," "Atlantic Monthly," and other magazines and papers.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. *For whom should this continent have been named?*
2. *What celebrated philosopher went without meat to buy books?*
3. *When did a fog save an army?*
4. *What general died at the moment of victory?*
5. *Name a defeat that had the effect of a victory?*
6. *When was the Mississippi the Western boundary of the United States?* 1783
7. *What Vice-Presidents were afterwards Presidents?*
8. *What tea party is celebrated in history?*

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.

ATHENS, GA.

1850.

1889.

Fillmore.

Cleveland.

WORKS.

Lectures,
Literary Addresses,

Newspaper Articles,
Short Stories.

"The bravest speech made for the last quarter of a century was made by Mr. Grady at the New England dinner in New York about two or three years ago. That speech, great for wisdom, great for kindness, great for peace, great for bravery, will go down to generations with Webster's speech at Bunker Hill, and Edmund Burke's speech on Warren Hastings"—*T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*

"He was the leader of the New South, and died in the great work of impressing its marvelous growth and national inspiration upon the willing ears of the North."—*Chauncey Depew.*

Henry Grady was an Athens boy, Athens born, and Athens bred. His early education was obtained at a little school taught by Mrs. Elvira Lee, the daughter of Dr. Alonzo Church a former President of Franklin College. No one can estimate the influence of this lovely Christian woman upon the character of her pupils, each of whom was as dear to her as a child. Although quite deaf, she consented to teach a few boys and girls, most of them children of intimate friends or neighbors. In this little school each scholar had his or her peculiar mode of study, and because the teacher was deaf all studied aloud. Many pupils from this busy hive have become known in the political and literary world. Not that the noisy hum of the schoolroom is to be commended, far from it, but rather the impress of the teacher, for at last the teacher does much to make the pupil.

Years passed and the lad was promoted to Mr. Carroll's High School for boys. At the close of the war he entered the University of Georgia, and belonged to the famous class of '68 when Dr. Lipscomb was Chancellor. Even in college Henry was no student, but he was an indefatigable reader, and took unusual interest in his literary societies. He was encouraged by Mr.

Carlton Hillyer to take an active part in the Debating Society. Mr. Hillyer was very proud of Henry Grady's talents, and no doubt was greatly responsible for his attention to oratory. His interest in the debating societies left but little time for text-books. In spite of his being a careless student, he was a great favorite with his professors, and much beloved by all his college-mates. From the University of Georgia he went to the University of Virginia.

In 1871 he married Miss Julia King, the daughter of Dr. Wm. King of Athens, Ga. Her mother is the "Aunt Susie" of the "Weekly Constitution," Atlanta. After marriage he moved to Rome, Ga., and bought part ownership in the "Rome Commercial," and aided in editing it; but this paper soon became involved in bankruptcy and greatly crippled the finances of the young proprietor. Then he moved to Atlanta and became part owner of the "Atlanta Herald," but that soon failed. He made another effort and started the "Atlanta Capitol," but this shared the same fate as the others. These disappointments instead of discouraging him served only the more to arouse the manly spirit within him, and urged him to nobler resolves. He now stood upon the verge of poverty, but not of despair. He borrowed fifty dollars, gave twenty to his wife and started to a new field of labor. The "Wilmington Star" offered him twelve hundred dollars as editor. He decided to accept, but some presentiment made him buy his ticket to New York instead. He wrote an editorial for the "New York Herald." It was accepted and a position on the paper as Southern correspondent was tendered him. Five years he worked faithfully for them. Almost immediately upon his return to Atlanta the "Constitution" gave him a position on the editorial staff. Mr. Cyrus W. Field of New York lent him twenty thousand dollars to buy an interest in the paper. He thus became identified thoroughly with Atlanta and her interests. No man ever did more for her prosperity. He never hesitated to spend time or money when it would serve her welfare.

Mr. Grady's father was William S. Grady, a Major in the Confederate army. His mother was Miss Ann Gartrell. It was from her he received his bright and sunny nature, which was ever characteristic of him.

He had one sister to grow to womanhood, Mrs. Mattie Grady Kennon, who died in 1892. His only brother, Wm. S. Grady, now lives in the West. His mother and wife with two children, Henry and Gussie, are the remaining members of his immediate family.

His death came sooner than any one expected. He sacrificed himself for his country's sake. She needed his voice in a momentous question of the day and ill as he was he felt that he must obey. Contrary to his physician's advice, contrary to his wife's pleading, contrary to his better judgment he went to Boston. It was at Plymouth Rock that he made the speech which cost him his life. He came home exhausted and pneumonia followed. His physicians did all in their power to save him, but the disease had gone too far for human aid.

But the object of this sketch is not to speak of Mr. Grady as an orator nor as a patriot, but as an editor, journalist, and statesman, and of his ability in directing and moulding public opinion.

The influence of his work as editor of the Atlanta "Constitution" is measured not by the boundaries of the South alone, but extend to the very borders of the nation.

The "Chicago Tribune" said that his indefatigable and versatile pen gained him a wide circle of admirers, and that it was a matter of profound regret that a journalist of such abilities should have been cut off even before he had reached his prime.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name an important event in American history in each of the following years: 1773, 1775, 1776, 1777, 1780, 1781.

Who were ruling in England and France at the time?

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

WEST HARTFORD, CONN

1827.

John Quincy Adams.

1892.

Benjamin Harrison.

Rose Terry was born in West Hartford, Conn., in "a farmhouse of the better sort" owned by her father, who was a farmer until he lost his property by the *Morus Multicaulus* Speculation. Her mother's maiden name was Anne Wright Hurlbut, a lady who had some very old-fashioned ideas about the education of a child. She taught Rose to read at three, had her studying Walker's Dictionary at six, and keeping a diary at seven. In this youthful *Diary* is found this expression, which shows the effect of the Dictionary training, "To-day I imbued my fingers with the blood of cherries."

At ten she entered Hartford Female Seminary as a pupil in one of the higher classes, taking a course in literature and composition given to full-grown young ladies. At sixteen she found that it was necessary to support herself, so began to teach, first in a private school and afterwards in the family of a friend.

Her parents were Puritans, so she had been reared with all the severest puritanical ideas, and when young absolutely restricted from the society of young men. She was forty-three when she met Mr. Rollin S. Cooke in 1872 at Winsted, Conn., and was married to him the following year. They made their home in Pittsfield, Mass., where she remained until her death.

There is a pretty romance connected with her marriage, which is as follows: "Among those who admired the short stories of Miss Rose Terry was a young banker named Cooke, who lived in the country village of Winsted, Conn. His recreation was in the reading of them, and he looked forward to a new story from Rose Terry with intensest delight. He became cashier of the local

bank at the place where Miss Terry lived so that he was enabled not only to admire her stories, but to bestow a considerable share of this admiration upon the woman herself. She was older than he, the difference in years being considerable, but that seemed the more to fascinate the young banker ; and those living in Winsted who saw the gentleness, chivalry, and admiration which characterized his courtship remember it even to this day as the most ideal gallantry. And more than the making of money did the literary reputation of his wife give him satisfaction. And he took greater pleasure in hearing her praises sounded than she did herself."

She began to write verses at an early age, and sent her contributions to "Putnam's Magazine," "Atlantic Monthly," "Galaxy," and "Harper's."

Her short story entitled *Mrs. Flint's Married Experience* gave the "closeness" of the average farmer in what was thought to be a very exaggerated light; but by examining the records, town and church books, it was found that just such a state of affairs as Mrs. Cooke describes did exist at one time in New England.

She considered *The Deacon's Week* one of the best of her short stories. *The Two Villages* is her best-known poem.

Her published works are :

Poems by Rose Terry,
Happy Dodd,

Somebody's Neighbors,
Root-Bound,

The Sphinx.

LUCY LARCOM.

BEVERLY, MASS.

1826.

John Quincy Adams.

1893.

Grover Cleveland.

"Whittier himself has not been more genuine, or more true to nature, or more alive to the best Christian sentiment of the time."—"The Advance," Chicago.

"Lucy Larcom's parents were plain, unpretentious people. Their ancestors, sturdy men and women, unlettered in the finer sense of the term, cared little whether their names should be remembered or not."

Her father died when she was ten years old, and her mother moved to Lowell, Mass., to open a boarding-house. Lucy soon felt the necessity of working, and became an operative in one of the cotton mills. Her best known poem is *Hannah Binding Shoes*, and having been a factory girl herself she could tell with simple eloquence the tale, not "as it had been told to her," but with all the feeling of an actor in it.

" Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gaily wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

* * * * *

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the rugged shore she views;
Twenty seasons—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea;
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Poor lone Hannah,
 Sitting at the window, binding shoes;
 Faded, wrinkled,
 Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
 Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
 When the bloom was on the tree;
 Spring and winter,
 Hannah's at the window, binding shoes."

Poetry was her earliest passion, and her busy brain was teeming with the hymns that she memorized and the unwritten poems of her own creation. She wrote her first rhymes at seven years of age, but as early as four had formed a plan for collecting a library; at five she had read "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Scottish Chiefs," and had among her first books John Calvin and Lord Byron, little dreaming that there was any unfitness or incompatibility between the lives of the two men or their works. An older sister, Emilie, with "her strong common sense and her limitless fund of stories," was one of the powerful influences in little Lucy's life, and we find *A New England Girlhood* filled with loving tributes to her.

Miss Larcom tells us that she was sent to school at as early an age as two, more to get her out of harm's way than with the expectation of her learning anything. Aunt Hannah was her teacher, and pointed out the words with a pin to the little child at her knee. At two and a half years she says she was reading, and it must have been true, as this was the "concurrent family testimony." At three she was greatly distressed because she was a Gentile, for she thought only the Jews were well spoken of in the Bible.

She and her sister Emilie started a paper, "The Diving Bell," which soon grew into the "Lowell Offering." To these papers Lucy contributed rhymes because they came so easily, although she says she always preferred to write good prose.

She was sixty-seven when she died, and her age was a surprise to those who had never seen her, for her poems breathed the spirit of early youth and freshness, so hopeful were they in tone that no one dreamed that the author had reached even the prime of life.

Whittier admired the simplicity of her poems very much, and eagerly read them as they appeared in the "Lowell Offering." He remained her friend and warm admirer.

When Miss Larcom was twenty she accompanied her sister to Illinois, and there learned all the hardships of pioneer life. She thus gives her experience in teaching:

"I had to raise my right hand and swear that I was able to teach the three R's and a good many other things. There was an examination also, but the swearing went a long way. It did not amount to much, however, in getting the salary promptly. It was necessary to go to another county to get it. The amount was forty dollars for three months.

"I am afraid you will scarcely believe it when I tell you," she said with a merry shake of her head, "that the most remarkable thing that happened at this school was the flight of a girl up the chimney. I had made her sit on the empty fire-place as a punishment, and to put her so far away from the other children that she could not make them partakers in her untimely frolics. She sat demure and shy at first. But there was a magnificent imp spirit in her. It snapped in her black eyes and rippled in faint twitches at the end of her red mouth. She gradually drew herself nearer the open flue, and before I could catch my breath she had seized some jutting bits of timber, lifted herself up, and a pair of flying heels disappearing through the chimney was the last we saw of her that day.

I made the boys get the rods that helped to teach them. I had to make one strapping rail-splitter acknowledge that I was his master, and he was a good friend ever afterwards."

Miss Larcom had an impressive personality, and the mode of arranging her wavy gray hair, drawn down in smooth folds over her brow, was called "a sermon on contentment to the vain and nervous women of this age."

She afterwards went East, and taught in the Norton Seminary eight years. During the "War between the States" she wrote many patriotic poems, and was as strong an Abolitionist in senti-

ment, as Whittier himself. It was not until 1884 that her poems were published in a volume.

It is from her *New England Girlhood* that we find the simply-told story of her own life,—the various charms of “her own dear Beverly,” and the quaint customs prevailing there.

Her published works are:

Ships in the Midst, and Other Stories,
Poems,

An Idyl of Work, a Story in Verse,
Childhood Songs,

Roadside Poems for Summer Travellers,

Wild Roses of Cape Ann, and Other
Poems,

Poetical Works,

Breathings of a Better Life,

Hillside and Seaside in Poetry.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name one important event in American history in each of the following years: 1801, 1803, 1807, 1809, 1812, 1815, 1817.

Who were ruling in England and France at the time?

ARTEMUS WARD (CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE).

WATERFORD, ME.

1834.

1867.

Van Buren.

Johnson.

WORKS.

Artemus Ward, His Book, Artemus Ward, His Travels,
Artemus Ward in London.

The village of Waterford, Me. is a place of about one hundred inhabitants; there in a sequestered nook, on the 26th of April, 1834, Charles Farrar Browne, better known to the world as "Artemus Ward," was born.

Levi Browne his father kept a store in the little village, and also engaged in farming and occasionally in surveying. He was town clerk and a member of the State legislature, a Democrat in politics, and a Universalist in religion. He was one of the first in Maine to engage in the temperance movement, and was one of the strongest advocates of prohibition. Charles was only thirteen when his father died, and may be said to have taken care of himself ever afterwards.

He became apprenticed to Mr. Rix who edited the "Coos County Democrat" at Lancaster, N. H., and remained there one year, when hearing that his brother Cyrus was about to start a newspaper at Norway, a place near his home, he determined to leave. Mr. Rix opposed this but when he found that nothing could change his resolution gave him some money to help him on his way. He worked for his brother until his paper failed. He then went to Augusta, and then to Skowhegan and worked in the "Clarion" office for some time. One night he tied his valise to the bed cord, lowered it out of his window, and following after it, silently departed, and astonished his good mother by ap-

pearing unexpectedly at the old homestead. What excuse was ever given for such a proceeding was never known. He applied to Mr. Rix again for work, but he could not help him. He recommended him to some publishers in Boston, and there it was he met Shillaber, better known as "Mrs. Partington." He remained there three years, and then decided to go West. He moved from place to place until he reached Cleveland, O., when he took charge of the "Plain Dealer." It was in this paper that his first sketches signed "Artemus Ward" appeared. He published in 1862 his book entitled *Artemus Ward, His Book*. Then he decided to enter the lecture field—much against the advice of his friends. He delivered his lecture *Babes in the Woods* at Clinton Hall, New York. In 1863 he went to Utah and there gathered material for his studies on the Mormons, which furnished his most popular lecture. In 1866 he visited England, and became a lecturer and contributor for "Punch," and there he remained until his death.

Waterford is full of the recollections of his boyish pranks, and the very old townsmen, who delight in telling them now, used to shake their heads very ominously at the time, and repeatedly predict that the boy "would come to no good." He always delighted in teasing his brother Cyrus. "One very cold night in winter, when he had come home at a late hour from an entertainment, instead of going quietly to his room, he stationed himself in the street, and called to his brother as if in deep distress. 'Cyrus! Cyrus!' Cyrus was slow to awake and appear. Charles continued calling, and when his brother at last came to the window Charles solemnly asked, 'Do you *really* think, Cyrus, it is wrong to keep slaves?'"

He never did anything from malice, and made friends faster than enemies. He was the kindest, most affectionate of men, generous to a fault, and commanding the regard and friendship of all. He had an appearance of country awkwardness, excessive bashfulness, and great slovenliness of habit, which, however, in time passed away. He was described as "gawky and slouchy,"

and Mr. Armstrong said, "He was the greenest looking young fellow I ever set eyes upon." His clothes did not fit him, his hair was yellow and stiff, and he walked in a loose, swaggering way which threatened to unjoint his limbs. But, as we said before, these defects were almost entirely overcome in after years.

Charles studied very little at school, giving his time chiefly to drawing comic pictures. He was very quick and managed to catch and retain in a very excellent memory what was necessary in all studies but arithmetic; this to him was inexplicable, and he never went beyond fractions. The imperfections in education were overcome by reading, and he was noted for his general information.

The pictures he draws are true to life. His sketches, though caricatures, are lively representations of a phase of American society—the society half kindness and half policy—the prudence and humbug of such a society.

But much of Artemus Ward is flat without Artemus. People would begin to laugh before he opened his mouth. Some of his audience, however, never appreciated him—their faces would remain grave and indignant while the tears from excessive laughter were streaming down their neighbors' cheeks. One lady and two daughters once rose suddenly in the middle of one of his lectures and "flounced" out of the hall, saying "It was a scandalous thing to see a poor half-witted young man, who didn't know what he was talking about, being laughed at that way by people."

As he would come to a very poorly painted scene, when exhibiting his panorama, he would turn and look at his audience reproachfully and say: "This picture is a great work of art; it is an oil painting done in petroleum. It is by the old masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this and then they expired. I wish you were nearer to it so that you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest

artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it in their lives before, and they hope they never shall again."

"As Artemus Ward was once travelling in the cars, dreading to be bored and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down and said:

'Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?'

'Greeley? Greeley?' said Artemus. 'Horace Greeley? who is he?'

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said:

'George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England; do you think they will put him in a bastille?'

'Train? Train? George Francis Train?' said Artemus solemnly. 'I never heard of him.'

'What do you think about General Grant's chances for the presidency? Do you think they will run him?'

'Grant? Grant? Hang it, man!' said Artemus, 'you appear to know more strangers than any one I ever saw.'

The man was furious. He walked up and down the car, but at last came back and said:

'You unmitigated ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?'

Artemus looked up and said:

'What was his other name?'"

Artemus was never twice the same; he poured out new jokes, and every gesture was original. A favorite one with him was:

"I really don't care for money; I only travel to show my clothes. These clothes I have on were a great success in America. How often do large fortunes ruin young men. I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am."

The account of his life among the Mormons is very funny, especially when the seventeen young Mormon widows asked him to marry them, and he took their soft white hands in his—"which made eighteen hands altogether, and I said: 'Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness? And they hove seventeen sighs of different size, and said: 'Wilt thou marry

us?" and when I declined, and they cried: "Oh, cruel man! this *this* is too much—oh, too much!" and I told them it was on account of the *muchness* that I declined."

His devotion to his mother was like that of a little child; her comfort and happiness were uppermost in his thoughts. His fame he valued quite as much for the pleasure it gave her as for the cash it brought him. "He died beloved and regretted by all who knew him, and when he drew his last breath there passed away the spirit of a true gentleman."

Among the mysteries of his life none was greater than the disappearance of his property. It was well known that he had in notes over twelve thousand dollars, besides his watch and chain, valued at three hundred dollars, a diamond pin and two diamond rings; and he had often been heard to say: "If anything should happen to me mother will be all right." His lectures in London netted him three hundred dollars a night, and they had continued six weeks; he was well paid for his contributions to "Punch," and yet of all this his mother received not a cent nor a relic. What became of the rest?*

*July-August "Supplement," 1886.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name one important event in American history in each of the following years: 1818, 1819, 1820, 1825, 1827, 1829.

Who were ruling in England and France?

JOSH BILLINGS (HENRY SHAW).

LANESBOROUGH, MASS.

1820.

Monroe.

1885.

Arthur.

Henry W. Shaw was born at Lanesborough, Mass., in 1820. His father Henry Shaw was a member of the Massachusetts legislature for twenty-five years, and also member of Congress. At the age of fourteen the son Henry went West, and for several years was engaged in the various occupations of steering steam-boats, keeping a country store, teaching school, acting as auctioneer or cattle-driver. He at last became very weary of this irregular life. In 1865 he moved to Poughkeepsie and began editing a paper. There it was that he wrote his first articles signed "Josh Billings" which attracted attention principally from their phonetic spelling.

He told a friend, in answer to a letter of inquiry, the following about himself: "There is one thing perhaps a little peculiar. I never wrote a line for the public eye until after I was forty-five years old. I entered Hamilton College when I was fourteen; stayed out the freshman year, and then fled to the edge of civilization. My first book *Sayings of Josh Billings* was issued about 1866. My next book *Josh Billings on Ice* has had a good sale. In 1870 I put forth my *Josh Billings's Farmer's Almanax*. Of this ninety thousand copies sold the first year, one hundred and seventeen thousand the second, and one hundred thousand the third. The Chicago fire in 1872 hurt the sale very much. I have been married thirty years, have two daughters; one lives in Venezuela, and the other in New York. I have four grandchildren, which are my glory and strength. I enjoy life, and love the funny side of all things."

He first appeared before the public in his *Essa on the Muel*. From that time until his death his career was one of continued

financial success. He said in this "Essa" that if called upon to mourn at a mule's funeral he would stand at his head, for there was no accounting for even a dead mule. His *Farmer's Almanax* in ten years netted the author and the publisher thirty thousand dollars each. His humor was dry and homely, but it had a practical philosophy which appealed to the average reader.

His appearance was melancholy and he wore ill-fitting clothes which gave him a peculiar look; he was readily recognized by one who had seen him before or who had heard him described. His friends were warmly attached to him.

His first literary efforts were a failure; or as he put it, "I didn't strike ile, and concluded I was boring with a pretty poor gimlet." His *Cacography* was more successful, his *Almanax* made him famous, and his *Life and Adventures of Josh Billings* was a very popular book. Then he published *Josh Billings, His Sayings*, and *Josh Billings, His Works*. He died at Monterey, Cal., 1885.

His other works are *Josh Billings on Ice*, *Everybody's Friend*, *Josh Billings's Spice Box*.

The cause of his first failure was that people failed to appreciate the funny things until he adopted the phonetic spelling.

At one time he wrote for the "New York Weekly" at a salary of four thousand dollars. He delivered about eighty lectures a year, and would frequently receive one hundred and fifty dollars for each of these.

WIT AND WISDOM OF JOSH BILLINGS.

If you want tew git a sure krop, and a big yield for the seed, sow wild oats.

Man was created a little lower than the angels, and has bin gittin a little lower ever since.

When a feller gits a goin down hil, it dus seem as tho evrything had been greased for the okashun.

It is dreadful easy to be a phool—a man kan be one and not know it.

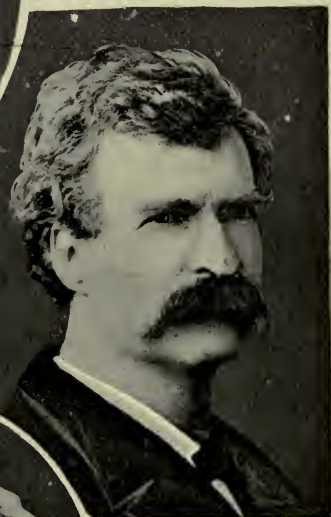
Luv is like the measles, we kant alwas tell when we ketched it, and ain't apt tew hav it severe but onst, and then it ain't kounted mutch unless it strikes inuly.

The best way to domestikate rats that ever I saw, is tew surround them gently with a steel trap; you can reason with them then tew great advantage. Rats are about az uncalled for az a pain in the small ov the back. They originally cum from Norway, and i wish they had originally staid thare.

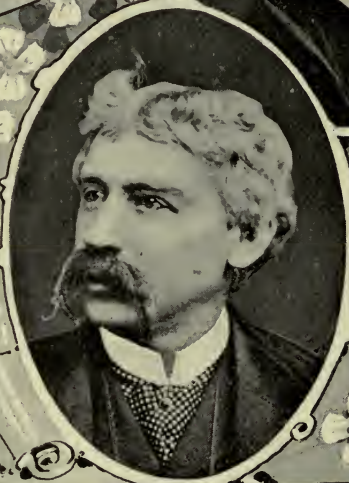
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MRS. PARTINGTON.



MARK TWAIN.
SAMUEL LEMENS.



BRET HARTÉ.

BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER^{*}
(MRS. PARTINGTON).

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

1814.

Madison.

1891.

Harrison.

Benjamin P. Shillaber, better known as Mrs. Partington, was a humorist of New Hampshire. The sayings of Mrs. Partington appeared in the "Boston Post," to the editorial staff of which the author belonged. She is not the dame referred to by Sidney Smith who tried to mop out the Atlantic, but she may be a lineal descendant.

Mr. Shillaber gave the circumstances which led to his collecting these articles in book form. "One day while engaged in pleasant banter about prospective authorship and magnificent returns, the door opened and some one inquired for me. The inquirer was Mr. J. C. Derby of the New York firm Derby & Jackson, who informed me that he was determined to publish the 'Partington Sayings,' if he could get a copy. 'Can you be in earnest?' I asked. 'Never more so,' said Mr. Derby. 'Well, my dear sir, the thing is utterly impossible,' I insisted. 'I'll make it to your interest,' he rejoined. 'See here, if you will collect the copy for a book of three hundred pages I'll give you one thousand dollars in cash.' 'What!' I yelled so loud that the office boy trimming the lamps came running to see what was the matter. A feeling of faintness came over me as I looked at the man and questioned his sincerity or sanity. 'Yes, and I'll make it stronger by saying if you will wait for its publication, I will pay you two thousand dollars down besides the copy-right.' 'I can't decide at once,' I said, but I did afterwards decide before the publisher returned to New York." Derby &

^{*} See illustration.

Jackson sent him the check for two thousand dollars, and over fifty thousand copies of *The Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington* have been sold.

Another funny book of his is *Ike and His Friends*. Those who know Mrs. Partington must know Ike her son. Shillaber's other works are *Partingtonian Patchwork*, *Lines in Pleasant Places*, *Wide Swath*, *Cruises with Captain Bob*, *The Doublerunner Club*. He was the editor of the comic paper called *The Carpet-Bag* to which John G. Saxe sent so many of his contributions.

Shillaber left school when he was fifteen years old and entered printing office. In 1837 he married, and in 1840 he became connected with the "Post" as a printer. It was not until 1847 that he began to write. His papers were at once successful. He became then editor of the "Post," and in 1852 published a book of poems entitled *Rhymes with Reason and Without*.

Mrs. Lydia Shillaber his wife has published a Cook Book.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name one important event in American history in each of the following years: 1833, 1835, 1837, 1841, 1845, 1847.

Who were ruling in England and France?

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

HIGHGATE, VT.

1816.

Monroe.

1887.

Cleveland.

John Godfrey Saxe was a Vermont poet. In these lines of his we have the keynote to his character:

“Do not covet learning's prize, climb her heights and take it;
In ourselves our fortune lies, life is what we make it.”

He was a great reader and his fondness for books led him to become a writer. He allowed no obstacle to interfere with his ambition. He was a native of Highgate, having been born there in 1816. When nineteen years of age he entered the freshman class at Wesleyan University. He did not graduate there, and no reason is assigned for it, but he entered Middleburg that same year and was graduated in 1839. Four years following he studied law and was admitted to the bar in St. Albans, Vt. In 1847 he was elected Superintendent of Public Schools. He then became attracted towards journalism and bought the “Burlington Sentinel” which he edited for six years.

When his *Proud Miss McBride* appeared every one watched eagerly for what would next follow from the author's pen. Like Dr. Holmes he was the poet of public occasions, and his humor was first discovered when he delivered the commencement poem at his alma mater, Middleburg College. His *Money King* and *Rhyme of the Rail* followed. It is very sad to think that one who brought such merriment into the lives of other people should have spent his last days in gloom. He lived to see his wife and every child but one taken from him.

He wrote for many of the leading magazines of the day, “Harper's,” “Atlantic Monthly” and “Century.” Saxe died in Albany, N. Y., 1887. His published works besides those already mentioned are:

The Briefless Barrister,
Jerry the Miller,
The Old Church Bell,
Progress,
The Flying Dutchman,
Leisure Day Rhymes,

I'm Growing Old,
Treasures in Heaven,
Humorous and Satirical Poems,
Clever Stories of Many Nations,
The Masquerade and Other Poems,
Fables and Legends of Other Countries.

The Time, the Telegraph and Other Poems.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

IRELAND.

1844.

Tyler.

1891.

Harrison.

John Boyle O'Reilly stood first among the late Irish-American writers not only in the hearts of his countrymen, but as a literary artist. He was born in Dowth Castle, Ireland, 1844. In his eighteenth year he entered the English army for the purpose of propagating Fenianism. He was arrested and condemned to be shot, but on account of his youth his sentence was commuted to banishment to Australia. On the vessel he started a paper called "The Wild Goose," for the amusement of his brother convicts. He escaped in a row-boat to cross the Indian Ocean without one morsel to eat or one drop to drink. Three days and nights he had to fight not only with hunger and thirst, but with the sharks which attacked his frail craft in large numbers. A whaling boat picked him up, but when he reached the port at South Africa a British sea captain demanded his surrender. The Yankee sea captain, by his ingenuity, however, hid him in his vessel, throwing overboard a grindstone with O'Reilly's hat on it, thus saving his life. The British captain heard the "plump" and on asking what it was, received the reply, "That Irish rebel has jumped overboard," and he believed it. The friendly captain gave O'Reilly one hundred guineas to sail to the United States. As soon as possible he refunded the money, and brought out his first volume of poems *Songs from the Southern Seas* which he dedicated to the captain who saved his life. Two hours after the captain died from yellow fever the book came from the publishers. Then it was O'Reilly wrote *A Tribute Paid too Late*.

In 1880 his *Songs, Legends, and Ballads* followed, then *The*

Statues in the Block, and Other Poems. In *Bohemia* ranks probably as his best work.

Distinguished critics give him great praise. Whipple said, "The Boston editors can boast of having a poet in their ranks, and they should naturally cherish him." Richard Henry Stoddard said: "*The King of the Vasse*, the opening poem in Mr. O'Reilly's volume, is a remarkable one; and if the legend be the creation of Mr. O'Reilly, it places him high among the few really imaginative poets. He is as good a balladist as Walter Thornbury, who is the only other living poet who could have written, 'The Old Dragoon's Story.'" Robert Henry Newell said: "Mr. O'Reilly is unquestionably a man of true poetic verse and temperament, with too much reverence for the noble gift of song to sophisticate it with mawkish affectations or conceited verbal ingenuities. No obscure line patches his page; no fantastic mannerism accentuates his style; no pretendedly metaphysical abstraction egotizes what he thinks worthy of gift to mankind."

His works are:

Amber Whale,	}	Australian Ballads,	Songs of the Southern Seas,
Dukite Snake,			Songs, Legends, and Ballads,
Dog Guard,			Moondyne, a Novel,
Monster Diamond,			Statues in the Block, and Other Poems,
King of the Vasse,	}		In Bohemia.
The Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport,			Stories and Sketches.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name one important event in American history in each of the following years: 1849, 1850, 1851, 1853, 1857, 1858.

Who were ruling in England and France?

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

1824.

John Quincy Adams.

1890.

Benjamin Harrison.

When a writer has money at his command, and does not feel the need of selling the products of his brain, the world is apt to miss much that flows from his pen. Such a writer was George Henry Boker.

He was a native of Philadelphia, the son of a wealthy banker of that city; he was graduated at Princeton, and then studied law. He chose literature for his profession, much to the surprise of every one. As he was born to the inheritance of wealth and social position, it astonished his friends to the extent of believing him "hopelessly erratic" when he announced his intention of becoming an author. He has not been a prolific author, and yet many works have attested the fact that he did not spend an idle life.

Mr. Boker has succeeded better than any other American writer in the difficult line of dramatic composition. One of the most noted of these dramas is his *Francesca da Rimini*, famous before but made still more famous in the hands of Lawrence Barrett. It achieved a great success in England and in this country. Its popularity thirty years after its composition attests its merits. Francesca, the beautiful daughter of Polenta the Lord of Ravenna was given in marriage to Lanciotto da Rimini who was deformed. His brother Paoli, a handsome youth, won her love, and both were killed by Lanciotto in a fit of jealousy. Dante and Petrarch have both immortalized the lovers; the one in his "Inferno" and the other in his "Triumph of Love."

Besides this drama Boker wrote *Calaynos, a Tragedy*, *Anne Boleyn, a Tragedy*, *Leonor de Guzman, a Tragedy*, *The Betrothal*, and *All the World a Mask*; these poems were collected and published in *Plays and Poems*.

As a lyric poet and a writer of sonnets his merits are of a high order. He carefully avoided whatever was sensational, and refused to cater to a false taste, even at the risk of losing his popularity. His *Poems of the War* appeared in 1864. Besides his poetical works, Mr. Boker wrote a great deal of prose, chiefly in the form of *Reports of the Union League*. He was annually elected the Secretary of this league until he was made its President. In his connection with this work he was enabled to do much for the cause that he so ardently advocated.

He was appointed United States Minister to Constantinople in 1871 and afterwards in 1875 he was sent to St. Petersburg. It is said that when his successor arrived in St. Petersburg Gortschakof said, "I cannot say I am glad to see you. In fact, I am not sure that I see you at all, for the tears that are in my eyes on account of the departure of our Boker."

Mr. Boker presents something unique in his life. He was a man of wealth, an author, a poet, a society man, a patriot, a politician and a mechanic. In his younger days he boasted that he could go into a machine shop and earn a living as a skilled workman, and he could have done it easily, so skillful was he in the use of tools and machinery.

Some other works are: *Konigsmark, the Legend of the Hounds*, and *Other Poems*, *The Book of the Dead*, *A Ballad of Sir John Franklin*, and *Lyrics*.

George Parsons Lathrop tells us, "He takes place with Motley on our roll of well-known authors, as a rich young man giving himself to letters; and it is even more remarkable that he should have cultivated poetry in Philadelphia where the conditions were unfavorable, than that Motley should have taken up history in Boston, where the conditions were wholly propitious."

MIRABEAU LAMAR.

LOUISVILLE, GA.

1798.

John Adams.

1859.

James Buchanan.

Mirabeau Lamar belonged to an old Huguenot family. An eccentric uncle on his mother's side claimed the naming of all the children, and named them for his favorite historical characters.

The subject of this sketch was called Mirabeau Buonaparte. The elder brother had been given the name of Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, and was the father of the distinguished L. Q. C. Lamar who was Senator from Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior, and finally Chief Justice of the United States.

Mirabeau Lamar was at first engaged in agricultural and mercantile pursuits, then became interested in politics, and undertook editing "The Independent" a States Rights journal established at Columbus, Ga. He afterwards established the "Columbus Enquirer" which is still the leading daily of that city. Mr. Lamar was twice married. His first wife was Miss Jordan and his second wife was Miss Henrietta Maffit a daughter of Rev. John N. Maffit. She was much younger than her husband and died in 1892.

In 1835 he emigrated to Texas, and took an active part in the revolution to establish the independence of that territory.

When at last Texas was declared a republic, Lamar was chosen its first President. He was appointed Minister to the Argentine Republic in 1857, but did not accept the position. He did go, however, as resident Minister to Nicaragua and Costa Rica. While his life was spent in the active scenes of war and politics, the quiet intervals were devoted to literature. In 1857 he published a book of poems entitled *Verse Memorials*, being a collection written by him at intervals from his early manhood to the

date of publication. In addition to this he left an album of manuscript poems many of which have never been published.

The Daughter of Mendoza did not appear in *Verse Memorials*. It was republished in the newspapers as late as 1883 and attracted favorable comment.

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA.

"O, lend to me, sweet nightingale,
Your music by the fountains;
And lend to me your cadences,
O, river of the mountains,

That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a Prince's coronet—
The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star,
The evening star how tender;
The light of both is in her eyes—
Their softness and their splendor.

But for the lash that shades their sight,
They were too dazzling for the light,
And when she shuts them all is night—
The daughter of Mendoza.

O, ever bright and beauteous one,
Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tones,
The rainbow is thy smiling.

And thine is too, o'er hill and dell,
The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell,
Sweet daughter of Mendoza.

What though, perchance, we meet no more
What though, too, soon we sever;
Thy form will float like emerald light,
Before my vision ever.

For who can see and then forget
The glories of my gay brunette?
Thou art too bright a star to set,
Fair daughter of Mendoza."

The ease, beauty, and lively fancy which characterize all his poems give him a reputation as a poet and entitle him to a place in American literature.

ABSALOM CHAPPELL, Hancock, county, Ga., 1801-1878, was the author of three books rarely found now, but much valued in their time. These books contained papers on *The Yazoo Fraud*, *The Oconee War*, *Middle Georgia and the Negro*, *General James Jackson*, and *General Anthony Wayne*.

Colonel Chappell was educated at that well-known school at Mt. Zion under Dr. Beman of wide fame. He studied law in New York, graduating, however, from the law school of his own State college under the tutorship of Judge Clayton. He practiced first in Sandersville, then in Forsyth, afterwards in Macon, and finally settled in Columbus, Ga. He married there Miss Loretta R. Lamar, the sister of the poet Mirabeau Lamar. He became active in politics and was twice elected to the legis-

lature and once to Congress. From his first entry into public life he took a deep interest in the development of his native State. No one can fully estimate the value of his services. In a series of articles on the *Representative Business Men of the Day* he did much toward developing the railroad interests of that time. While he was in Congress Professor Morse was meeting with discouragement from so many. It was Colonel Chappell to whom the "Committee of Ways and Means" referred the question, and he it was who alone prepared the report, going into details of the wonderful advantages and possibilities of the telegraph system.

He was always remarkable for perfect purity and simplicity of character. He was grave, thoughtful, and in his habits methodical, painstaking, and laborious. His career was an instructive one, and eminently useful in his day and generation. He died in Columbus, Ga., in 1878.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What was the Florida War?*
2. *When was Arkansas admitted to the Union?*
3. *When was the noted cold Saturday?*
4. *Who succeeded Jackson?*
5. *What was the Sub-Treasury Bill?*
6. *When did they begin to discuss abolishing slavery?*
7. *Who offered the first petition for its abolition?*
8. *Who opposed it as unconstitutional?*
9. *What was the Nullification Ordinance?*
10. *Give a sketch of John C. Calhoun as a politician.*

EMMA LAZARUS.

NEW YORK CITY.

1849.

Taylor.

1887.

Cleveland.

Emma Lazarus was a Hebrew poet. She received her education under private instruction, and began to write verses as early as fourteen years of age. Between that age and seventeen she published her *Poems and Translations*. At a later date she published *Admetus and Other Poems*. This last attracted attention, and she was engaged to write for "Lippincott," and "Century." Her *Alide*, a romance, was given to the public in 1874.

The persecution of her race in Russia aroused her sympathies and she accomplished much in alleviating their sufferings when they came as refugees to this country. Her writings after this period were chiefly on subjects relating to them. One of her poems, *The Banner of the Jews*, from which the extract is taken, shows how touched her heart was by all that pertained to her race:

" Oh for Jerusalem's trumpet now
To blow a blast of shattering power,
To wake the sleepers high and low, .
And rouse them to the urgent hour!
No hand for vengeance—but to save,
A million naked swords should wave.

Oh deem not dead that martial fire,
Say not the mystic flame is spent !
With Moses' law and David's lyre,
Your ancient strength remains unbent.
Let but an Ezra rise anew,
To lift the Banner of the Jew !

Wake, Israel, wake ! Recall to-day
The glorious Maccabean rage,
The sire, heroic, hoary-gray,
His five-fold lion—lineage :
The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging Rod !"

JACOB ABBOTT.

HALLOWELL, ME.

1803.

Jefferson.

1879.

Hayes.

If there has been a writer that has been instrumental in shaping the minds of the young, especially in the direction of historical research, that writer is Jacob Abbott. To him then should be assigned the position due him in American literature. Few writers have excelled him in the number of books produced and few books have been so popular. What library is considered complete which does not contain the *Rollo Books*, the *Lucy Books* and the historical biographies by Jacob Abbott? It is true his brother JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, Brunswick, Me., 1805–1877, assisted him in the series of illustrated histories, but what he accomplished himself demands high rank. A catalogue of the titles of all his books if given would exceed *two hundred*.

He was born at Hallowell, Me., in 1803. He attended Bowdoin College and was graduated in 1820; after that he studied for the ministry at Andover, Mass., and was ordained in the Congregational faith in 1825. He was the Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Amherst College for four years and then established the Mount Vernon School for girls in Boston. In 1834 he organized a Congregational Church in Roxbury and became its pastor for five years. He then removed to Farmington, Me., and devoted himself to literary work, travelling extensively to collect necessary material.

His third son is LYMAN ABBOTT, Roxbury, Mass., 1835—, who succeeded Henry Ward Beecher as editor of the "Christian Union." He is an author of note, having published more than a dozen books. He wrote in joint authorship with his brothers AUSTIN and BENJAMIN two novels, *Cone-cut Corners* and

Matthew Caraby. The three sons of Jacob Abbott were lawyers and authors. Lyman became a minister afterwards and studied theology under his Uncle John S. C., but resigned to devote himself to literary pursuits. He had edited the "Literary Record" of "Harper's Magazine," and "The Illustrated Christian Weekly."

Some of the works of Jacob Abbott are:

Young Christian, 4 vols.,
 Rollo Books, 28 vols.,
 Lucy Books, 6 vols.,
 Jonas Books, 6 vols.,
 Franconia Stories, 10 vols.,
 Marco Paul Series, 6 vols.,

Gay Family, 12 vols.,
 Juno Books, 6 vols.,
 Rainbow Series, 5 vols.,
 Science for the Young, 4 vols.,
 A Summer in Scotland.,
 Illustrated Histories, 20 vols.,

Histories of America, 8 vols.

The works of John S. C. Abbott are:

The Mother at Home,
 The Child at Home,
 Practical Christianity,
 Kings and Queens, or Life in the Palace,
 The French Revolution,
 The History of Napoleon Bonaparte, 2 vols.

Napoleon at St. Helena,
 The History of Napoleon III., 10 vols.,
 A History of the Civil War, 2 vols.,
 Romance of Spanish History,
 The History of Frederick the Second,
 Called Frederick the Great.

The works of Lyman Abbott are:

Jesus of Nazareth, His Life and Teachings,
 Old Testament Shadows of New Testament Truths,
 A Dictionary of Bible Knowledge,
 A Layman's Story,
 Life of Henry Ward Beecher,

Illustrated Commentary on the New Testament.
 For Family Worship,
 In Aid of Faith,
 The Results of Emancipation in the United States,
 Sermons, 2 vols.

THEODORE O'HARA.

DANVILLE, KY.

1820.

Monroe.

1867.

Johnson.

Theodore O'Hara was the son of an Irish political exile noted for piety and learning. He was twenty-six when he entered the United States army, served through the Mexican war, and was made Major for gallantry there. As soon as the war ended he commenced the practice of law in Washington City, but when the trouble in Cuba began, with other Kentuckians he "embarked in that ill-fated enterprise." He commanded one of the regiments, and was badly wounded in an engagement.

Upon his return to the United States he entered the field of journalism and for a time was connected with the "Mobile Register," the "Louisville Times," and the "Franklin Yeoman." He was peculiarly fitted for an editor. His knowledge was deep, and his "glowing sentences flashed like jewels from his gifted pen."

It was while connected with the "Mobile Register" that his *Bivouac of the Dead* appeared. The legislature of Kentucky caused the dead of that State who had fallen at Buena Vista to be brought home and buried at Frankfort, where a monument was erected to their memory. O'Hara was chosen as the orator and poet of that occasion. The eulogy he delivered then is sufficient to immortalize him. It was written in 1853.

At the beginning of the late war (1861) O'Hara drew his sword in defence of the South. After the war ended he found himself penniless, and moved to Columbus, Ga., to engage in the cotton business. In 1867 he died near Guerrytown, Ala.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

“ The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

So, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave—
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave,
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.”

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

IRELAND.

1828.

John Quincy Adams.

1862.

Abraham Lincoln.

O'Brien came to America about 1852 and settled in New York, and although a resident of America for only ten years, yet so intimately was he connected with the journalistic work of that time she claims him as one of her children of literature. When we remember the number of articles contributed to "Harper's Magazine," the "Weekly," the "Atlantic Monthly," and "Putnam's," besides his works *The Diamond Lens*, *The Wondersmith*, *The Lost Room*, *My Wife's Tempter*, and his poems, we wonder how in ten years he accomplished so much.

He was educated at the Dublin University, and at twenty-one years of age went to London with an inheritance of forty thousand dollars—but this lasted him only a few years. He sailed for New York, wrote rapidly and soon became a leader among the "young wits and journalists" of New York City. At the beginning of the late war he joined the Union army. In a skirmish he was fatally wounded and lingered for nearly two months. He died at Cumberland, Md., April 6, 1862.

O'Brien had great personal magnetism. He was generous to a fault, his literary genius was extraordinary, and his intellectual energy surprising. Yet in spite of these fascinations he was passionate, wayward, thriftless, extravagant, proud and independent.

He was everything by turns. He could be defiant and affectionate, gentle and fierce, reckless and tractable, wildly gay and morbidly gloomy.

Much that he wrote was not published until after his death. William Winter has written a preface to *The Diamond Lens*, and *Other Stories*, which the Scribners brought out in 1885.

Some of his best poems are:

The Zouaves,
A Falling Star,

The Sewing Bird,
The Lost Steamship.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

1. Whose property mysteriously disappeared? *Adams*
2. Who was the "Poet Priest"? *Ryan*
3. Who wrote "Little Men"? *Alcott*
4. Whose mother was Phoebe Adgate? *Lippincott*
5. Whose dog followed him to the Halls of Congress? *Stephens*
6. Who wrote "Bitter Sweet"? *Holladay*
7. Who wrote "Surry of Eagle's Nest"? *John Cooke*
8. Who was "Mrs. Partington"? *Ballaber*
9. Who wrote "Erin's Flag"? *Ryan*
10. Who first secured a charter for a college for young ladies? *Stephens*
11. Who wrote a book on slavery? *Copley*
12. Who wrote "Conquered Banner"? *Ryan*
13. Whose home was "The Orchards"? *Alcott*
14. Who lived at "Wee Willie Cottage"? *Lippincott*
15. Who became the best flute player in America? *Lamer*
16. Who "ate his silver forks"? *Imrad*
17. Whose home was at Glengary? *Stephens*
18. Who fell in love with one of his pupils? *Stephens*
19. Why did he never tell her of it? *was able to marry*
20. Who married one of his pupils? *Lippincott*
21. Who wrote "Studies in the Forty Days"? *Lippincott*
22. Who became convinced that dancing was wrong and gave it up? *Adgate*
23. Who lived at Cope Hill? *Ryan*
24. Who lived on six dollars a month and blacked his own boots? *Stephens*
25. Who wrote "Mohun"? *John Cooke*
26. Who was recognized as the best scholar and debater in his class? *Stephens*
27. Whose death followed the father's so soon? *Alcott*
28. Who was hidden in a vessel to escape from his native land? *Reilly*
29. Who was chaplain in the Confederate army? *Ryan*
30. Who married the widow Bliss? *Bancroft Lamer*
31. Who played in the Peabody Symphony Concerts? *Hayne's*
32. Whose home was papered with cuts from newspapers? *Lamer*
33. What two noted poets are buried in Baltimore? *Hayne's*
34. Who was called the "Poet of the Pines"? *Hayne's*
35. What writer was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg? *Coble*
36. What is the oldest chartered college for girls in the world? *McKean College*
37. Who succeeded Beecher as editor of the "Christian Union"? *Whitt*
38. What school is named for an author's daughter? *Lucy Coble Sut*
39. What test did the publishers give "Little Women"? *Alcott*
40. Who wrote "Little Women"? *Alcott*
41. Who wrote "Hannah Binding Shoes"? *Barrett*
42. Where did Rose Terry Cooke live? *Pittsfield White*
43. Who was a great Shakespeare critic? *Lippincott*
44. Who was the "Longfellow of the South"? *Hayne's*
45. Who wrote "Leather Stocking and Silk"? *Coble*
46. Who wrote "Florence Vane"? *Coble*
47. Who died of consumption? *Lamer*
48. Who went into a smallpox hospital to talk with the patients? *Ryan*
49. What great historian has lately died? *Arnham*
50. Who was never absent from roll-call and never fined at college? *Stephens*
51. Who sympathized with Ireland and wrote poems in her behalf? *Ryan*

52. Who wrote a book founded on the Chicago fire? *J. P. Roe*
53. Of whom and by whom was it said, "Few men were his equal; none his superior"? *Stephens*
54. Who was educated for a minister by a society? *Stephens*
55. Why did he change his plans? *death*
56. What author made his wife the heroine of one of his books? Which? *Waverley*
57. Who never failed in any duty during his college course? *Lamar*
58. Whose wife was his literary adviser and critic? *Waverley*
59. Who wrote a novel about the Charleston earthquake? *Waverley*
60. Who has written the most comprehensive history of the United States? *Waverley*
61. Who wrote "Opening a Chestnut Burr"? *J. P. Roe*
62. To whom did the Emperor of Germany send a wreath of immortelles? *Waverley*
63. What author was president of a republic? *Stephens*
64. Who used the phonetic spelling? *J. P. Roe*
65. Who lived to see his books read by six generations? *Waverley*
66. What was the name of Stephens's pet dog? *Waverley*
67. Name the unmarried authors of this chapter? *Waverley - Parkman*
68. Who wrote "Yesterdays with Authors"? *Waverley*
69. Who wrote a "History of the United States"? *Waverley*
70. Who was interested in Indian legends, etc.? *Waverley*
71. Who was a great critic and scholar? *Waverley*
72. Who wrote a beautiful tribute to Lee? *Waverley*
73. Who knew Dickens and Thackeray intimately? *Waverley*
74. What authoress was a teacher? *Waverley*
75. Who wrote "Proud Miss McBride"? *Waverley*
76. Who was thought to have committed suicide? *Waverley*
77. What poet was a Hebrew? *Waverley*
78. Who wrote "The Daughter of Mendoza"? *Waverley*
79. What poet was once President of Texas? *Waverley*
80. Who made his literary name as a journalist? *Waverley*
81. Who was said to be "hopelessly erratic"? *Waverley*
82. Who was brother-in-law to Mirabeau Lamar? *Waverley*
83. Who made a noted speech at a New England dinner? *Waverley*
84. Who wrote the "Rollo" books? *Waverley*
85. Who wrote "Francesca da Rimini"? *Waverley*
86. Who was a society man and a mechanic? *Waverley*
87. Who was Lyman Abbott's father? *Waverley*
88. What names are associated with "The Christian Union"? *Waverley*
89. Who was fond of mathematics at school? *Waverley*
90. Who wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead"? *Waverley*
91. What two poets were Irish? *Waverley*
92. Which born on Irish soil? *Waverley*
93. Who wrote the preface to "The Diamond Lens"? *Waverley*

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. What authors were identified with "Sunnyside," "Edgewood," "The Old Manse," "Idlewild," and "Elmwood"? *Wm. L. Garrison, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Herman Melville, Edgar Allan Poe*
2. Of what people was it said, "They had no poet, and they died"? *Southbuilders*
3. Who said, "Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute," and thus dispelled a war cloud? *Lincoln*
4. Who was the first white child born on American soil? *Te. Da*
5. What act of Congress was called the, "O, Grab Me Act"? *Embargo Act*
6. What President was inaugurated on the fifth of March? *Why? because 4th on Sunday*
7. What poetess won a golden book?
8. Who was "Major Molly Pitcher"?
9. What President came to Washington in disguise? *Lincoln*
10. Repeat the first telegram. By whom proposed? *Ellsworth*

"What hath God wrought"

CHAPTER V.

LIVING WRITERS.

CHARLES ÉTIENNE ARTHUR GAYARRÉ.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1805.

Thomas Jefferson.

"The patriarch of Southern Letters."—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

"He has the taste, faithfulness, and candor that characterized the Chevalier Bayard. He is a gentleman of the old school, *sans peur et sans reproche.*"—*E. T. Kaye.*

Charles Gayarré was born in New Orleans in 1805, and he is now (1894) the oldest living writer in America. His maternal grandmother was the daughter of Destréhan des Tours, Treasurer of the colony while under the Dominion of France. His mother was Marie Elizabeth, a daughter of Étienne de Boré one of the household troops of Louis XV., a position of high honor, as only a patrician could aspire to membership in this corps. He it was who first introduced the sugar culture into Louisiana, and his portrait now adorns the walls of the New Orleans Sugar Exchange. Among the other ancestors of the historian may be mentioned the Grandprés who were among the founders of Louisiana. So much for a brief genealogical sketch of one who boasts "a lineage stainless and well-nigh princely"—in whose veins the best blood of France and Spain commingles.

He was educated in New Orleans at a college in its day the finest in Louisiana, but which no longer exists. His college life is described in his *Fernando de Lemos*; fictitious names are used, of course, but easily recognized. He describes the peculiarities of his professors, the mode of instruction and discipline, the young

boy equally devoted to study and fun—one instant deep in the translation of Tacitus or Livy, the next quite as deep in the quagmire of some boyish scrape.

When barely twenty-one he went to Philadelphia to study law. William Rawle, the author of a work upon the Constitution of the United States, was the acknowledged head of the bar in that city. Shortly after Gayarré returned to New Orleans he published a noteworthy contribution to the literature of that state, *An Historical Essay on Louisiana*. This was written in French and attracted considerable attention; it was highly commended for its style.

In 1830 he was elected to the legislature to represent his city, and, while a member of that body, was instrumental in preventing the passage of a bill to expel all free negroes from the commonwealth. He afterwards was appointed United States Senator from Louisiana. The legislature had a Whig majority and no Democrat could be elected to the Senate without its support. It was discovered that Gayarré could get three Whig votes on personal grounds and was the only Democrat who could, and so it happened that he was elected. He was unfortunately prevented from serving his term on account of ill health. He sailed for Europe, and as three eminent French physicians had told him the return voyage would kill him, he resigned the senatorship and remained there eight years. During these years he was not idle, but busied himself with collecting material for his history (in French) of Louisiana. Beyond all controversy this *History of Louisiana* is the most valuable and attractive contribution to the literature of that state, and received the highest commendation from French writers of that day.

Judge Gayarré married a native Georgian, though at the time the lady was a resident of Columbus, Miss. He was on the eve of going to Europe with his bride when the war clouds burst, and he then felt it his duty to remain and aid his country. He boldly gave utterance to his views on the subject of secession and maintained the correctness of the doctrine received from and

held by his preceptor William Rawle, the constitutional lawyer of Philadelphia. It was argued that Louisiana could not withdraw from the Union as she had been bought by the United States government. This question being brought to Judge Gayarré's attention, he demonstrated in a clear and satisfactory manner that the original States were not vested with any rights which Louisiana did not subsequently possess. "Sovereignty once acquired cannot be lost, except by complete and permanent subjugation or by voluntary abdication," he contended. In his *Address to the Confederate Congress* he urged the arming of slaves, and a conclusion of a treaty with England and France, recognizing the independence of the Southern States, based upon the gradual emancipation of the slaves. The plan was favorably received but it was thought best to wait a little longer, and thus was lost the opportunity of putting out the only "plank which might have floated their section out of the engulfing waves of revolution."

His writings are numerous, but we must mention here only the articles by which he effectually demolished George Cable's "Freedman's Case in Equity." By these articles he gained for himself the appellation of "The Champion of the South!" "His *Creoles of History and Creoles of Romance* were also written to refute unjust and untrue accusations made by the same writer.

Judge Gayarré is now (1894) eighty-nine years old; his mental activity is remarkable, and his interest in all vital questions of the day undiminished. He is a gentleman of the old school, marked by courtesy, dignity, affability, and independence of thought. He is greatly honored in the community where he has so long resided, and "we trust the day is still far distant which will witness the removal from the guild of Southern literature the familiar face and form of one whose voice has so often and so bravely been lifted in defence of Southern principles, and whose pen has been employed in perpetuating the worthy memories of his home and people."

His works are:

An Historical Essay on Louisiana,
 History of Louisiana (French),
 Romance of the History of Louisiana,
 The School for Politics; a Dramatic Novel,
 The Influence of the Mechanic Arts on
 the Destinies of the Human Race,
 Addresses and Lectures,
 A Sketch of General Jackson, by Himself,
 Address to the Confederate Congress,
 Oaths, Rebellion and Amnesties,
 The Creoles of History and the Creoles of
 Romance.

Dr. Bluff in Russia; or the Emperor Nicholas and the American Doctor.
 The History of Phillip the Second of Spain,
 Fernando de Lemos,
 Aubert Dubayet, or the Two Sister Republics,
 Biographical Sketch of Governor John
 Rutledge of South Carolina,
 The Southern Question,
 Historical Sketch of the Two Lafittes,
 Historical Sketch of Washington's Surrender at Fort Necessity to François
 Coulton de Villiers.

 HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. *When did America gain her independence?*
2. *Why did she resolve to attempt it?*
3. *What was the Declaration of Independence?*
4. *By whom written, and by whom signed?*
5. *Was this the first declaration of this kind in America?*
6. *If not, what was the other?*
7. *State the Leading Principles of the Declaration of Independence?*
8. *Who was ruling England at this time?*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

1809.

James Madison.

"His fame is our glory."—*G. W. Cooke.*

"There's *Holmes*, who is matchless among you for wit,
A Leyden jar, always full-charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit.
In long poems 'tis painful sometimes and invites
A thought of the way the new telegraph writes,
Which pricks down its little sharp sentences spitefully,
As if you got more than you're titled to rightfully.

* * * * *

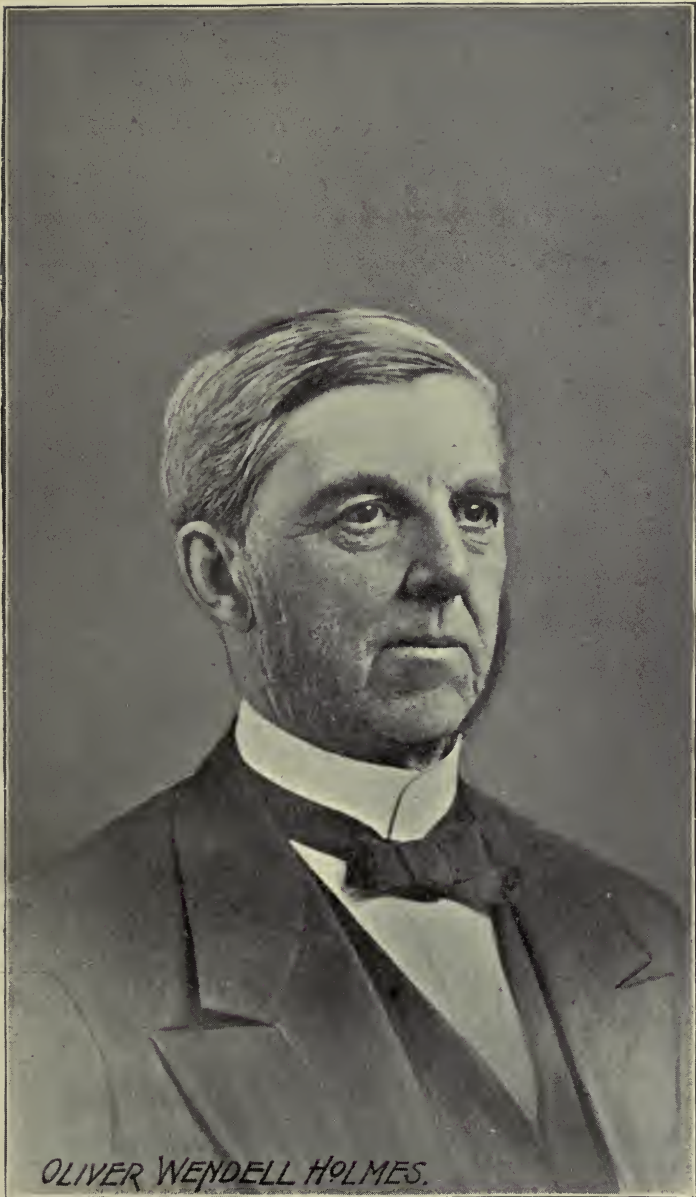
His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric,
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satyric,
In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes,
That are trodden upon are yours or your foes."

—*Lowell's "Fable for Critics."*

"When a poet sings a true song from which the world receives benefit, is it not just to make a full expression of joy for that benefit received," and would it not seem ungrateful in us to fail to give Dr. Holmes, while he is still living, a hearty outburst of praise for having given us so much genuine pleasure? We believe with him that "it is an ungenerous silence which leaves all the fair words of honestly earned praise to the writer of obituary notices and the marble-worker." Let us, then, while he is able to appreciate it, lay an offering at his feet and place the laurel crown upon his brow.

He has undoubtedly made the world brighter by living in it. He believes in making life bright with joy, and thinks it is much better to make men laugh at the "very happiness of life" than to make them "weep over the fear of evil." He tries to laugh us out of our faults, but you never find him trying to drive them out by correction. He laughs because he thinks it well to laugh, but he never laughs at vice; he invariably turns against it a keen satire of wit that renders it ugly and deformed, and while he

*See illustration.



believes in joy and happiness, he does not believe in them at the expense of virtue and truth. He tells his medical students they must go to their patients with cheerful countenances, for they can even rob the dissecting room of much of its horror by carrying sunshine in their hearts.

He did not become a minister in the usual acceptation of the word, but he has been a preacher all his life. He has "preached the serious gospel of duty and fidelity," and has taught us that we can serve God best by serving our fellowmen. God is to him the "Eternal Goodness," and he thinks of Him as delighting in the happiness of His creatures. Is it strange then that we love Dr. Holmes and desire to know more of him and his works?

He was born at Cambridge, Mass., 1809, a year memorable for producing Tennyson, Gladstone, Lord Houghton, Poe, Mrs. Browning, Lincoln, and Darwin. When one sees the bright eye and the active step we cannot believe that eighty-five years have been lived by this wonderful man. He was the fourth of five children; his father was Rev. Abiel Holmes, his mother Sarah Wendell. He was named for his maternal grandfather Oliver Wendell, and is a second-cousin of Wendell Phillips the great Abolitionist. Dr. Holmes never held the extreme views which his cousin did regarding slavery. His father spent six years in Midway, Ga., and seeing slavery from a Southern standpoint may be did not think it so abhorrent. Dr. Holmes was "true and loyal to the Union," and when the Civil War began he encouraged his son to join the United States forces and defend her bravely. This son, his namesake, was wounded three times; once at Ball's Bluff, once at Antietam, and once at Sharpsburg. *My Hunt after the Captain* was written after the battle of Antietam upon this circumstance.

Rev. Abiel Holmes was a literary man, and possessed a fine library, to which his children and his friends always had access; so Oliver literally "tumbled about in a library when a boy," which he tells us in his *Autocrat* was very needful for a thorough enjoyment of letters.

His first school days were spent under Ma'am Prentiss's care. She it was who "ruled the children with a long willow rod which reached across the little schoolroom, reminding rather than chastising." Then he went to a schoolmaster William Bigelow, and afterwards to a school in Cambridgeport, where among his schoolmates were Margaret Fuller and Richard Henry Dana. His childhood was very happy and the memory of it has lingered with him through life, and he has always been fond of talking of it and writing about it.

At sixteen he entered college and was graduated in 1829. It was while he was at Harvard that he wrote some of his funniest poems. He studied law one year and then turned to medicine as more congenial. Dr. James Jackson taught him, and it was by this teacher's advice that he went to Europe and spent three years in the hospitals of Paris and London. After his return his father died, but his mother survived her husband twenty-five years, attaining to the age of ninety-three. Holmes rose rapidly in the medical profession, and received many prizes for essays on medical subjects. He fought Homœopathy in the liveliest manner, and even attacked the over-medication common at that time among regular practitioners. "Throw out opium," he said, "throw out a few specifics which a physician is hardly needed to apply; throw out wine, which is a food, and the vapors of ether producing anæsthesia; and then sink the whole *materia medica, as now used*, to the bottom of the sea; the result would be all the better for mankind, and all the worse for the fishes." His professional labors are perhaps least known, but they have not been barren of good results. In 1839 he was made Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College.

In 1840 he married Miss Amelia Lee Jackson, daughter of the Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. They moved to their home near Bromfield street, where they lived eighteen years. There three children were born to them, Oliver Wendell, Amelia Jackson, and Edward. In 1847 he was made Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School of Harvard

University, which position he held for thirty-five years. He led a busy life, delivering lectures, writing books and visiting patients, yet his flow of spirits was never checked. He carried sunshine wherever he went. He was constantly invited to deliver lectures; these invitations at first he accepted, but finally, he says, "he pretty near killed himself, goin' about lecturin', talking in cold lyceums; goin' home to cold parlors, and bein' treated to cold apples and cold water, and goin' up into a cold bed in a cold chamber, and comin' home next mornin' with a cold in his head." He used to say he would as soon have a tooth pulled as to go away from home, so finally he refused to lecture upon any terms.

There is a trait of character very noticeable in Dr. Holmes to which his biographers should particularly allude, and that is his patient way of dealing with his correspondents. No matter how absurd the request he is never too busy to grant it, if possible. It would not be believed if the number of autograph albums in which he has written could be given. He made it a rule in former days to answer himself every letter written to him but, now he feels obliged to have a secretary. Many young American poets have been encouraged by his wise counsels and notes of appreciation and encouragement. He says he never was so "taken aback" as when some one wrote asking for the autograph of "Miss Olive Holmes."

He visited Girard College when he attended the Centennial Exposition in 1876. A young boy escorted him through the building, and in pointing out the curiosities showed him Stephen Girard's old chaise, which he said the college boys called the "One-Hoss Shay." He then asked Dr. Holmes if he had ever read the poem. "Oh, yes," replied the Doctor, with an amused expression. "Well," continued the boy, "I have always wanted to go to Boston just to see Dr. Holmes, and I hope I shall be able to go some day." Dr. Holmes urged him to go by all means, and tells us that when he really came and recognized in him the gentleman he had shown through the building his astonishment was amusing.

The Doctor dresses well, is always neat and careful in his attire, wears a tall silk hat and carries a cane. He is slightly under medium height, although if seen upon the street it would not so strike one.

He has been called an egotist because he likes so to talk about himself, but when a man can talk so charmingly we can excuse him. He is a happy man, sees all the good in life and seldom sees the evil. He is fond of outdoor life, and this with his laughing philosophy may be the secret of his long life.

He said: "Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection." The "Angel of Life" has spared him to us for seventy and more years, and we trust many years still will be added to his life.

"As we study his character we are struck with his fidelity to literature in its best sense. To him it has not been the means of getting bread and butter, but a means of reaching his fellow-men with whatever good and helpful that has come to him." Perhaps he is more loved for what he is himself than for what he has written; but at least his personality is blended in his writings. We see him in the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, and in his *Over the Tea Cups*, and it is the human heart in his writings, and the human experience of joy, or sorrow, or pain which makes them capable of touching the world. Dr. Holmes has found his themes in the heart, hence his fame is secure for all time.

He has told us that "every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. The front door is on the street. The side door opens at once into the sacred chambers. Be very careful to whom you give the side door key." We sometimes wonder if this wise old doctor has ever given the side door key of his heart to any one. The curious have surmised many things and have allowed their imaginings to carry them whither they would until they have woven a web of

romance about the "school-mistress" so often alluded to in his works. In *Elsie Venner* we find this dedication:

"To the School-Mistress,
Who has Furnished some Outlines made use of in these Pages
and Elsewhere,
This Story is Dedicated
by her
Oldest Scholar."

Again: "It was on the Common that we were walking. The mall or boulevard of our Common has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs down from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path and were fond of it. At last I got out the question:

'Will you take the long path with me?'

'Certainly,' said the school-mistress, 'with much pleasure.'

'Think,' I said, 'before you answer. If you take the long path with me now I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!'

The school-mistress stepped back with a sudden movement as if an arrow had struck her.

'Pray sit down,' I said.

'No, no,' she answered, softly, 'I will take the *long path* with you.'

He himself has asked: "Is there not one little drawer in your soul, my sweet reader, which no hand but yours has ever opened, and which none that have known you seem to have suspected?"

Is this, then, his secret drawer, or are these only idle surmises?

WORKS.

Class Poem,
 Forgotten Ages,
 The Dorchester Giants,
 Evening by a Tailor,
 The Height of the Ridiculous,
 Poetry, a Metrical Essay,
 Old Ironsides,
 Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,
 The Poet at the Breakfast Table,
 The Guardian Angel,
 Soundings from the Atlantic,
 Mechanism in Thought and Morals,
 One Hundred Days in Europe,
 Hunt after the Captain,
 Songs in Many Seasons,
 The Chambered Nautilus (Autocrat),
 Essays,
 Poem for Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of Founding Harvard College,

Pages from an Old Volume of Life,
 The Spectre Pig,
 The Last Leaf,
 The Treadmill Song,
 The September Gale,
 Astræa,
 Never or Now,
 The Iron Gate,
 Urania,
 Elsie Venner,
 My Aunt,
 A Mortal Antipathy,
 Songs in Many Keys,
 The Voiceless,
 Sun and Shadow,
 The Moral Bully,
 One-Hoss Shay,
 Over the Tea Cups,
 The Professor at the Breakfast Table.

MEDICAL WORKS AND LECTURES.

Lectures on Homœopathy and its Kindred Delusions,
 Report on Medical Literature, Transactions,
 Address at Opening of New Medical College,

Currents and Counter-Currents,
 Border Lines in Some Provinces of Medical Science,
 Medical Essays,
 Farewell Address to Medical Students.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. *Where is the "Cradle of Liberty"?*
2. *Name the five leading wars of America?*
3. *State the causes leading to each.*
4. *Name a noted commander taking part in each of these wars.*
5. *Give incident which made him famous.*
6. *In what battle was "Betty Stark" the watchword?*
7. *Was Washington ever wounded in battle?*
8. *Who said "I would rather be right than President"?*
9. *How many expeditions have been made into Canada?*
10. *Name the greatest statesmen this country has produced.*

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.*

LITCHFORD, CONN.

1812.

June 2, 1897.
Madison.

"No living writer goes beyond her in ability as a mere story-teller."—*John S. Hart, American Literature.*

"From a literary point of view the merit of the book (*Uncle Tom's Cabin*) is perhaps not great, either as to style or construction."—*Hawthorne & Lemmon's American Literature.*

"Mrs. Stowe is unquestionably a woman of genius. * * Quickness, shrewdness, energy, intensity, may, and frequently do accompany, but do not constitute genius. * * The genius of Mrs. Stowe is of that kind which instinctively addresses itself to the affections; and though most at home with the gentler, it can be yet fearlessly familiar with the fiercest passions which can agitate and rend the human breast."—*Blackwood Magazine.*

Harriet Elizabeth was the most gifted of all the remarkable children of Rev. Lyman Beecher, the eminent New England divine, unless we except Henry Ward Beecher a younger brother. She was the seventh of eleven children, eight of whom were authors. The mother died when Harriet was five years old, and left among the younger children a baby brother who afterwards became the well-known Henry Ward Beecher.

Harriet went to live with an aunt, but when her father married again she returned home. At first she could not become accustomed to the new order of things, and felt herself greatly injured. She said to the new mother one day, "Because you have come and married my father, when I am big enough I am going to marry yours." She had always been a precocious child. It was said that when she was only five she was a fluent reader, and at seven was an advanced pupil in Mr. John P. Brace's school. Mr. Brace was a celebrated educator of that time who had charge of the Seminary at Litchfield, and it was there at twelve that we find her writing a composition on the subject, "Can the Immortality of the Soul be proved by Light of Nature?" Think of such a subject for such an immature mind! She herself gives us an account of how the success of this youthful effort filled her heart with joy. "I remember the scene, to

* See illustration.

me so eventful. The hall was crowded with all the literati of Litchfield. Before them our compositions were read aloud. When mine was read, I noticed that father, who was sitting on the right of Mr. Brace, brightened, and looked interested, and at the close I heard him say, 'Who wrote that composition?' 'Your daughter, sir,' was the answer. It was the proudest moment of my life. There was no mistaking father's face when he was pleased, and to have interested *him* was past all juvenile triumphs."

While teachable and docile Harriet was a "very pickle of a girl," and among her mischievous pranks it is related that she once beguiled her brothers and sisters into eating a bagful of rare tulip bulbs, telling them they were a "delicious sort" of onion.

At fifteen years she assumed the responsibilities of a teacher, assisting her sister Catherine in the Seminary at Hartford. She was twenty-four when she married Rev. Calvin Ellis Stowe, a professor in the Lane Theological Seminary and an author of note. She felt it to be her duty to add to her husband's salary by writing sketches for periodicals and Sunday-School books. She wrote at a disadvantage for she was fettered by the care of young children and her household work. Literature and housework go very bunglingly together; so she found it, for frequently the domestic machinery was forgotten in the process of composing, and the oven would have to be reheated and the manuscript thrust aside, until loaves and joints and puddings and pies received their proper attention.

The first story she ever wrote was *Uncle Lot*, and she has always said that it was her best. It is a story of New England life, and was published in the "May Flower." It was written for a literary circle "Semicolon" which met every week at her Uncle Foote's house. Judge Hall was present when it was read, and being greatly pleased with it begged that he might be allowed to publish it in his monthly magazine. But nothing that she ever wrote before or since has equalled her *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. While

living in Cincinnati she visited Kentucky and there saw much of life among the slaves,—not life as it was in Southern homes or on Southern plantations, but rather life as it was with negro traders. The institution of slavery was abhorrent to her before; it became doubly so now. She opened her house to negro children whom she taught with her own. One of her scholars was arrested and claimed by his master in Kentucky. Mrs. Stowe hid him as long as she could, and then finding she could not evade the law longer, interested herself in buying his freedom.

Her husband was professor in Bowdoin College, and thus she came in contact with the leading minds of New England. Abolition of slavery was the principal topic of conversation, and so very naturally she thought much and talked much on this subject with her New England friends.

Dr. Bailey, the editor of an anti-slavery paper "The National Era," invited her to write a serial for him. She consulted with her brother Henry and he advised her to try it. This was the beginning of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The chapters written during the day were read aloud to the family at night. Frequently her overstrained eyes would compel her to omit the articles from several issues of the "Era," and both author and editor were overwhelmed with repeated and impatient demands for its reappearance. When the story ended Mrs. Stowe was completely exhausted and was confined to her bed for several days. It was afterwards issued in book form and Mr. Jewett of the firm that published it asked her husband what his wife expected for the first payment. His reply was, "If the book will afford Harriet a black silk gown, it will be very gratifying to her." To his astonishment and delight a check for ten thousand dollars was handed to him payable to Mrs. Stowe's order.

This book has been translated into nineteen or more languages, and has been read by a larger number of persons than any book that has been written in the present century. It contributed more than any other one thing to the abolition of

slavery, and was greatly instrumental in causing the Civil War. "By it she lessened, it is true, much suffering; she certainly caused a great deal. The Great Judge alone can tell whether it has been instrumental for more good than evil."

To take an isolated case and make it appear a general one was unfair to an institution which had its failings. Other nations obtained their ideas from this representation, and their judgments were necessarily biased. The book is found in the drawing-rooms of almost every country in Europe. Mrs. Stowe was undoubtedly sincere in all that she wrote. She believed that she was just in all her statements. We must give her credit for a conscientious advocacy of a cause which she thought righteous; but when she lived to see that she had been mistaken in many of her views regarding the institution of slavery, why was she not as conscientious in justifying herself in the eyes of the people she had most injured? By doing so she could have maintained that character for conscientiousness of purpose which was conceded to her in the first instance. Let us trust that she might have done this had not her brilliant intellect become weakened by old age.

Her husband's health failed and they bought a home amid the beautiful orange groves of Florida. There they spent their winters, and there she was thrown in close contact with the race she had idealized. She not only discovered its failings but she had revealed to her many phases of life which existed between the owner and the slave about which she had never dreamed in her far away Northern home. The attachment between the former owners and their slaves was a revelation to her. Stories of their happiness before the war were related to her; she saw the miserable condition of some of them since the war. She left her "Sunny Home" after Mr. Stowe's death, it is said, on account of the depredations made by the negroes upon her property.

An eminent lawyer once said that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was to him the strongest possible argument in favor of slavery. An institution that could produce the Christian fidelity of "Uncle

Tom," the faithful tenderness of "Aunt Chloe," and the patience and love of "Eva's mammy" must be indeed a grand one. Where in the present condition of affairs can parallel cases be found? Where is the free and open cheerfulness of the slave, the song and the dance expressive of his pure happiness? Sureliness and reserve have taken their place. If happiness were the end and object of freedom the negroes have not gained by the change. Crimes are tenfold more numerous, and some never heard of before the war are common now. Consumption and lunacy, rarely known among them then, are very prevalent maladies now. Has Mrs. Stowe ever tried to realize what her book has been a factor in bringing about? Has she ever compared the rare and occasional horrors of slave days with the many brave men of the Blue and the Gray that were mutilated in the struggle for States Rights? The negro has not been freed; it is the South that is freed from the burden of slavery—a result which doubtless is the mysterious working of Providence.

True it is that no book ever published has had the same success, and it is stated that three hundred thousand copies were sold in four years, and the sales continue still almost unabated. The authorship was attributed to Henry Ward Beecher, who laughingly said he was forced to write his novel *Norwood* before he could stop the scandalous story.

Mrs. Stowe's *Minister's Wooing* is considered her next best story. From a literary standpoint it really is superior to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Gladstone's criticism was: "I consider it one of the most charming pictures of Puritan life possible."

Little Foxes is a very striking representation of the little vexations and the petty trials that beset us in every-day life—the "little foxes that spoil the vine, for our vines have tender grapes." It is a perfect picture of New England life, but the foxes are found in every household, and from the beginning of the story to the end our sympathy is enlisted. The pet foxes of good people are *fault-finding, intolerance, reticence, irritability, exact-*

ingness, discourtesy, self-will, while *fretfulness* and *grumbling* come in as specific ones.

Mrs. Stowe says very truly: "I do not think that it makes family life more sincere, or any more honest, to have members of a domestic circle feel a freedom to blurt out into each others faces, without thought or care, all the disagreeable things that occur to them, as for example: 'How horridly you look this morning;' 'what makes you wear such a dreadfully unbecoming dress?' How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed."

She wrote *The True Story of Lady Byron's Life*, which detracted from rather than added to her fame.

After her return from Europe in 1853 she wrote *Sunny Memories in Foreign Lands*.

Her home now is in Hartford, Conn., and for many years past her pen has been idle. She is growing old, and, while her health is almost perfect and her strength scarcely impaired, her intellect is a wreck. Like Swift, she "is dying at the top." She has few wrinkles and is very active—really seems fifty instead of eighty-two. She lives with her twin daughters, both of whom are married. Her son Rev. Charles Stowe, a Congregational minister, has all the materials for her biography, and to him alone has she delegated the task of writing it.

In 1887 she was invited to become an honorary member of the "Authors' Club" in New York—women never being asked to be active members. She is a genuine New Englander, and has a keen sense of Yankee humor and a thorough appreciation of old-fashioned ways, which she has portrayed with a sure and sympathetic hand. The great charm of her novels lies in her portrayal of human nature.

Her works are:

Uncle Lot,
 The Minister's Wooing,
 Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp,
 A History of the Byron Controversy,
 Our Charley and What to Do with Him,
 Agnes of Sorrento,
 The Ravages of a Carpet,
 House and Home Papers,
 Stories about Our Dogs,
 Queer Little People,
 The Chimney Corner,
 The American Woman's Home,
 Pink and White Tyranny,
 My Wife and I,
 Betty Bright Idea, and Other Tales,
 Footsteps of the Master,
 Poganuc People,
 Golden Fruit in Silver Baskets,
 Oldtown Folks,

Uncle Tom's Cabin,
 Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands,
 The True Story of Lady Byron's Life,
 Geography for my Children,
 The Pearl of Orr's Island,
 Reply on Behalf of the Women of America,
 Religious Poems,
 Little Foxes,
 Daisy's First Winter and Other Tales,
 Men of Our Times,
 Little Pussy Willow,
 Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories,
 Palmetto Leaves,
 We and Our Neighbors,
 Bible Heroines,
 A Dog's Mission,
 The Mayflower, and Other Sketches,
 A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,

A Peep into Uncle Tom's Cabin.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. *Name the battle in which Washington reproved the commanding General, and then rallied the troops to battle.*
2. *What General rushed into battle without orders and won it?*
3. *How did a half-witted boy once save a fort from capture?*
4. *What General was taken prisoner through carelessness and then released by exchange for one captured in the same way?*
5. *What battle was preceded by prayer?*
6. *In what battles had the opposing Generals formed the same plan?*
7. *What battle was fought and gained without a commanding officer?*
8. *On what mountains have battles been fought?*
9. *What officer lost his life by failing to open a note?*
10. *Who captured the enemy's vessel as his own was sinking?*

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

HINGHAM, MASS.

1825.

John Quincy Adams.

"No living American man of letters stands higher than Mr. Stoddard, or has devoted himself to letters more assiduously than he."—*Hawthorne & Lemmon.*

From a boy Richard Henry Stoddard has been a poet. Some men have to wait for inspiration, but Stoddard found poetry in everything around him. He was born at Hingham, Mass., of seafaring ancestors. He went to New York when he was ten years old, his father having died and his mother having married again, and he has lived in New York ever since. He was educated in the public schools of that city, and when young worked to aid in the support for the family. He continued his studies by reading at night, and he read from the writings of the best authors, especially the poets.

Life had few play days for young Stoddard. He first worked in a cotton factory, then as a lawyer's clerk, a reporter, a book-keeper, and finally became an apprentice to an iron moulder. Every spare moment he would devote to poetry. He offered his writings here and there but they were at first refused. He tells us in "*Harper's Magazine*" of his experience with Edgar Allan Poe who was then editing the "*Broadway Journal*."

"I was then, if not a boy, a very young man, and I had a weakness not wholly confined to very young men—I wrote verse and thought it poetry. Something that I had written assumed that pleasing form to my deluded imagination. It was *Ode on a Grecian Flute*. I have a strong suspicion now that I was fresh from the reading of Keats, for I particularly admired his 'Ode on a Grecian Urn.' Be this as it may, I sent my ode to the '*Broadway Journal*,' I presume with a letter addressed to Edgar A. Poe, Esq., and waited with fear and trembling. One week, two weeks passed and it did not appear. Evidently the demand

for odes was slack. When I could bear my disappointment no longer, I made time to take a long walk to the office of the "Broadway Journal" in Clinton Hall, and asked for Mr. Poe. He was not in. 'Might I inquire where he lived?' I was directed to a street and number, that I have forgotten, but it was in the eastern part of the city, I think in East Broadway, near Clinton—a neighborhood now given up to sundry of the tribes of Israel. I knocked at the street door, and was presently shown up to Poe's apartments on the second or third floor. He received me kindly. I told my errand, and he promised my ode should be printed next week. I was struck with his polite manner toward me, and with the elegance of his appearance. He was slight and pale, I saw, with large, luminous eyes, and was dressed in black. When I quitted the room, I could not help but see Mrs. Poe, who was lying on a bed, apparently asleep. She too was dressed in black, and was pale and wasted. 'Poor lady,' I thought, 'she is dying of consumption.' I was sad on her account, but glad on my own; for had I not seen a real live author, the great Edgar Allan Poe, and was not my ode to be published at once in his paper?

I bought the next issue of the 'Broadway Journal' but my ode was not in it. It was mentioned, however, somewhat in this style, 'We decline to publish the *Ode on a Grecian Flute* unless we can be assured of its authenticity'. I was astounded as almost any young gentleman in his teens would have been. I was indignant also. I made time to take another long walk to the office of the 'Broadway Journal' and asked again for Mr. Poe. I was told that he was out, but would probably be in in half an hour. I sauntered about the park, heating myself in the hot sun, and went back at the end of an hour.

Poe had returned and was in his inner office. He was sitting in a chair asleep, but the publisher awoke him. He was in a morose mood. 'Mr. Poe,' I said, 'I have called to assure you of the authenticity of the *Ode to the Grecian Flute*.' He gave me the lie direct, declared that I never wrote it, and threatened

to chastise me unless I left him at once. I was more indignant and astounded than I was before, but I left him as desired, and walked slowly home, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies. I did not understand then why I had been subjected to such an indignity. I think I can now. When I came to think the matter over I was rather flattered than otherwise. Had not the great Poe declared that I did not write a poem which I knew I had? What a genius I must be!

I had glimpses of Poe afterwards, but we never spoke. The last time I remember to have seen him was in the afternoon of a dreary autumn day. A heavy shower had come up suddenly, and he was standing under an awning. I had an umbrella, and my impulse was to share it with him on his way home, but something—certainly not unkindness—withheld me. I went on and left him there in the rain, pale, shivering, miserable, the embodiment of his own

‘ Unhappy master,
Whom unmerciful disaster,
Followed fast and followed faster.’ ”

Hawthorne and Lemmon in their “American Literature,” say: “In Stoddard the critic and the creator are united. Probably no living man rivals him in knowledge of ancient and modern poetry, and this knowledge does not lie inert in his memory, but is incorporate in his thoughts, rendering his naturally sound and wholesome taste next to infallible in questions of literary judgment. He has applied this taste to his own verse, leaving little for other critics of it to do. If anything, he has been too remorseless; sometimes nothing but the naked conception seems to be left. Yet in his severity he never forgets beauty: he both remembers it and understands it, as his *Hymn to the Beautiful* sufficiently testifies. He finds it everywhere, and his words are transfigured with its spirit.

No poet has written of nature more delightfully or from more loving observation than Stoddard. His pictures of it are more than accurate: they are bathed in a fairy atmosphere, they interpret the soul beneath the substance.”

Stoddard became quite intimate with Bayard Taylor and other literary young men. He issued a volume of poems, youthful verses, called *Footprints*, which he suppressed afterwards. Writing for meat and bread became such drudgery to him that he accepted a position in the custom house offered by Nathaniel Hawthorne. From this he became confidential clerk to General McClellan in the dock department, city librarian in New York, and literary reviewer on the "New York World," and later he held the same position on the "Mail and Express." His *Adventures in Fairy Land* for young people was published in 1853. This was followed by other children's stories.

His wife ELIZABETH BARSTOW was born in Mattapoisett, Mass., 1823, and at twenty-eight married her poet husband. She too became inspired with poetic fire and sent various contributions to the magazines. Her poetry though not understood by the average reader, contains a central idea, and is considered truly poetic. She is better known, however, by her prose.

In 1862 she published a novel *The Morgesons* and later *Two Men*, and *Temple House*, none of which attracted very much attention at first and soon all were out of print; but they were beyond the appreciation of the age in which they were written. So well did they illustrate New England character and scenery, that the taste and culture of the present day called for a reprint of them.

Her last work is a story for young folks, *Lolly Dink's Doings*.

Stoddard has become very impatient of late years at the many misrepresentations of him. He wrote to Edward Bok: "I would like to have my little say about a certain man or woman (I know not) who is continually writing me up as if I were at the brink of the grave. Recently this person has become so garrulous that I think it is time somebody else should have something to say. This last report makes me out first, as being so blind that 'I require the assistance of some one in going from place to place.' This is not so. It is true that my sight has not been so good since the removal of a cataract on one of my eyes

as before, but this person exaggerates and lies most shamefully. Then I am made out as being thin, with stooping shoulders, and my clothes ill-fitting me, shuffling along the street like a fool. All this is rubbish, pure and simple. Then I throw vitriolic eloquence to any literary beginner who writes to me. Bah! I get one hundred such effusions in a week. Don't get ten. My wife and I 'give Sunday receptions.' We don't. I am always 'seen at the theatres on first nights.' Never was or will be a 'first-nighter.' 'Books are piled up all over the house from the basement up!' Our house has no basement. 'These books were picked up abroad!' Never been abroad; don't want to go. All this stuff is getting tiresome to me. Whatever interest the public may have in my welfare, I wish they would disbelieve all these stories. They are trying to my family, my friends, and to yours sincerely,

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

His works are :

Town and Country,
Poems (1852),
Bric-a-Brac Series—(Ed. 10 volumes),
The King's Bell,
The Book of the East,
Poems (1880),
Anecdote Biography of Percy Bysshe
Shelley (Ed.),
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; a Med-
ley in Prose and Verse (Ed.),
Putnam the Brave,
The Loves and Heroines of the Poets,
John Guy Vasser's Twenty-one Years
Round the World,

The Story of Little Red Riding Hood,
The Children in the Wood,
Songs of Summer,
Abraham Lincoln, a Horatian Ode,
The Lion's Cub,
A Century After; Picturesque Glimpses of
Philadelphia and Pennsylvania,
William C. Bryant,
Travels and Books of Alexander Von Hum-
boldt,
The Last Political Writings of General
Nathaniel Lyon,
Melodies and Madrigals mostly from the Eng-
lish Poets,

The Late English Poets.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. *Who were the "Silver Greys"? "The Hunkers?"*
2. *"The Filibusters?" "The Barn-Burners?"*
3. *"The Woolly-Heads?" "The Free-Soilers?"*
4. *"The Know-Nothings?" "The Anti-Renters?"*
5. *The "Unionists?" "The Stalwarts?"*
6. *What was the Constitutional Convention of 1787?*
7. *What was the Hartford Convention?*
8. *What was the "Fugitive Slave Law"?*
9. *What is the "Civil Service Reform"?*
10. *What were patroon estates?*

HENRY ROOTES JACKSON.

ATHENS, GA.

1820.

James Monroe.

WORKS.

Tallulah, and Other Poems,

Literary Addresses and Political
Speeches.

Henry Rootes Jackson was born at Athens, Ga., June 24, 1820. His father, Henry Jackson, LL.D., was the younger brother and adopted son of Governor James Jackson, of historic renown. His mother, Martha Jacqueline Rootes, was of Virginia Revolutionary ancestry, being a daughter of Thomas Reade Rootes, Esq., of Fredericksburg. Both his parents were persons of strong and decided character, with intellectual gifts of uncommon power. Dr. Jackson was chosen by Hon. Wm. H. Crawford, Secretary of Legation, when he was sent as Minister to France, and remained in Paris with Mr. Crawford until his return and then resided at the French Court as *Chargé d' Affaires*. He was a man of great learning and the most exalted character. For years he was a trustee of the University of Georgia, and for some time filled the chair of a professor in that institution.

Henry Jackson the son of these two, intellectually and morally endowed as they were, inherited not only the mental powers but the strength of character which distinguished them. After a thorough preparation for college, under the guiding hand of his father, he entered Yale, from which institution he was graduated with distinction in 1839, in a class of unusual ability. After being admitted to the bar, he settled in Savannah, and immediately gave evidence of the possession of the powerful mental and moral attributes which distinguished his after years, and insured the success which has crowned his career. He rapidly rose in his profession of the law to its highest places, and was Judge

of the Eastern Circuit. It is probable that the receipts from his practice have exceeded those of any American lawyer outside of New York. As a soldier he has also distinguished himself in two wars. At the age of twenty-five he was chosen Colonel of the Georgia regiment in the Mexican War. He was a Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army, and, as usual with all of his race and lineage, was always found in the thickest of the fray in every battle in which his command was engaged. He was taken prisoner in the battle of Nashville, Tenn., in a desperate and bloody struggle in which both sides suffered severely.

But it is as a lover of literature and as an author that General Jackson is here presented. He early developed decided poetic gifts and many fugitive poems flowed naturally from his boyish pen which have never been preserved. A number of his poems, however, were collected and published in 1850 in a volume styled *Tallulah, and Other Poems*. The ones that attracted most attention were *My Father, My Wife and Child*, and *Old Red Hills of Georgia*. There are many lines in these poems of genuine poetic merit, and they possess the undying charm of being true to nature. Since the publication of this volume he has written short poems which are not yet gathered in book form.

His political papers and speeches, especially those delivered in the stirring times of '60 and '61, show great breadth of view and profound study of our system of government. Many literary addresses have been made by him, all of which possess rare merit. One of the best known of these is a characteristic oration on *Courage*, delivered before the literary societies of the University of Georgia.

General Jackson has twice represented this country abroad. He was for five years Minister to Austria before the Civil War, and under President Cleveland's first administration he was our Minister to Mexico. His diplomatic correspondence and papers are marked and distinguished by the same vigor of thought and

pure and perspicuous style which characterize all his writings. In 1891 he delivered an address to the Young Men's Library Association of Atlanta, Ga., upon the connection of the South with the African slave trade which is an historic argument of great power. It will probably be quoted by future historians of the Southern States as a vindication of that section which has remained unanswered.

In 1887 he was invited to make an address on the occasion of President Davis's last appearance before the Southern people. There General Jackson gave utterance to convictions which he had held all his life. These utterances, it seemed, offended Allen G. Thurman, of Columbus, Ohio, who, smarting under the defeat of the Democratic party in Ohio, a defeat he attributed in part to this speech of General Jackson made before the Thurman Club insulting and slanderous charges against the character of General Jackson. He afterwards acknowledged that he had used language that was harsh and bitter, although he could not too strongly condemn the sectional spirit of the speech. General Jackson's friends were indignant at the misrepresentations and urged him to defend himself by having the entire correspondence which passed between the two published in a pamphlet and widely distributed. The words of General Jackson referred to were such as every true Southerner would utter upon a similar occasion, and his loyalty to President Davis and the cause he represented would have been questioned had he spoken otherwise. But this very loyalty does not hinder him from being true to the Union now. He said in the same speech, "All hail! renovated union of sovereign States as planned by the common fathers, who worked more wisely than they knew! All hail! grand American republic of wheels within a wheel; resplendent illuminator of the modern world. We, we, too, Confederates, can echo from our hearts, and re-echo from our heart of hearts the patriot cry of Webster the great: 'Thanks be to God that I, I, too, am an American citizen.'"

His poem *My Wife and Child* was written at Camargo, Mexico, while the Mexican War was in progress. How dear to every Georgian's heart is the poem, *The Red Hills of Georgia!*

"The red old hills of Georgia!
My heart is on them now;
Where fed from golden streamlets,
O'conee's waters flow!
I love them with devotion,
Though washed so bleak and bare—
How can my spirit ere forget
The warm hearts dwelling there?

* *

And where upon their surface
Is heart to feeling dead?—
And when has needy stranger
Gone from those hills unfed?
There bravery and kindness
For aye go hand and hand,
Upon your washed and naked hills,
'My own, my native land!'"

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. *Who was President when the Constitution was adopted?*
2. *What Presidents were military men?*
3. *Why did not Clay, Webster or Calhoun become President?*
4. *What President was called "The Sage of Monticello"?*
5. *On what issue was Polk elected President?*
6. *Contrast John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson.*
7. *What President was impeached?*
8. *From what States have the Presidents been elected?*
9. *What President came to Washington in disguise?*
10. *What President introduced "rotation in office"?*

1 = H. C.
1 = Penn

La

7 = Va

2 = Ill

3 = Ohio

= Mass

2 = N. Y.

1 = Rep. H.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.*

BOSTON, MASS.

1822.

John Quincy Adams.

WORKS.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| —The Man without a Country, | Philip Nolan's Friends, |
| The Rosary, | The Bible and its Revision, |
| Kansas and Nebraska, | Franklin in France, |
| If, Yes, and Perhaps, | Life of Washington, |
| Puritan Politics in England and | My Double and how He Undid |
| New England, | Me, |
| His Level Best, and Other Stories, | Margaret Percival in America, |
| In His Name, | The Inghram Papers, |
| Workingmen's Homes, Essays, | —Ten Times One Is Ten, |
| and Stories, | Gone to Texas, |
| | Seven Spanish Cities. |

The boyhood of Edward Everett Hale† reads like a chapter in one of his own stories of home life. There was nothing miraculous or romantic in it; no prodigious feats of learning, no martyrdom, and no canonization of saints.

His father and mother were just the kind of people that he holds up for admiration in his books,—full of good sense, liberality, and originality; controlling their children with a secure hand, but directing instead of driving them, and reasoning with them instead of scolding them. Piety in that household never wore a long face; benevolence worked in deeds and not in words.

At the end of his first month in the Boston Latin School the boy came home with a report which showed that he was ninth in a class of fifteen; and he dreaded handing it to his mother, as he thought she would be displeased to find him ranking so low. "Oh," she said, "that is no matter. Probably the other boys are brighter than you. God made them so, and you cannot

*See illustration.

†This sketch of the boyhood of Edward Everett Hale is copied in part from "Boyhood of Living Authors," by W. H. Rideing. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., publishers.

help that. But the report says that you are among the boys who behave well. That you can see to, and that is all I care about."

The boy who was born in Boston on April 3, 1822, came of a stock which justified the expectation of a brilliant and useful career for him. His grand-uncle was Nathan Hale, who, when he was led to execution as a spy in the Revolutionary War, said with his last breath: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!" and his uncle on his mother's side was Edward Everett the orator, for whom he was named. His father was a man who combined scholarship with activity in public affairs, and it was through his advocacy that the first steam railway was built in Massachusetts.

Edward Everett Hale was sent to a dame school while he was still an infant; but he learned little there, and probably was not expected to learn. As the children droned through their lessons he sat quietly watching the motes of dust dancing in the sunbeams that streamed through the blinds, and his greatest interest was in making sand-pies on the floor. When he was placed in a big yellow chair in the midst of the room he could not be made to understand that it was for some misconduct.

Then he was sent to a school kept by a man who was amiable but incompetent, and he gathered scarcely more here than he did in watching the sunbeams. "A feather-pillow sort of man was *Simple* the master,—a good-natured, innocent fellow, who would neither set the bay on fire nor want to; who could and would keep us out of mischief for five or six hours a day, and would never send us home mad with rage, or injustice, or ambition." He was sometimes late in coming to school, and in order to reproach him Edward Everett Hale, then a small and audacious lad, marshalled all the boys in their seats and had a class out to recite before he arrived. This saucy boy had strong opinions on many subjects at this early age, and he put little value on schools and schoolmasters. But he was a great reader, and his reading fertilized his mind as a field is fertilized before the sower scatters the seed.

When he was nine years of age he was sent to the Boston

19
1328

Latin School, where Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Edward Everett and Charles Sumner had been educated. It is the oldest school in America, and one of the best; and in it the subject of our sketch made substantial progress, though he seldom stood higher than ninth in a class of fifteen. Unlike most budding authors he was fond of arithmetic; and another peculiarity of his was that he could not, for the life of him, see why his opinions on matters of education were not treated with as much consideration as the master's. "I had a very decided feeling that it was as fitting that he should consult me as I him," he says with charming frankness.

His father was the editor of the Boston "Advertiser," and the office of that paper resembled a nursery to his son, who like William Dean Howells, learned to set type almost as soon as he had learned to read. He not only mastered the mechanical parts of the business of making a newspaper but wrote articles for the "Advertiser" while he was still a boy, and he translated an article from a French paper for it before he was eleven—a good beginning for one who in after life was to fill in turn every position from that of a reporter to the much loftier one of the controlling editor.

In 1835 he entered Harvard University, where Lowell was already a student; and his literary tastes were fostered there by Edward Tyrrel Channing, the Professor of English Language and Literature, who also taught Dana, Story, Holmes, Parkman and many others who have since made their mark in authorship. Longfellow was another of the professors. "He came to Cambridge in our first years. He was not so much older than we as to be distant, and was always accessible, friendly and sympathetic. All poor teachers let the book come between them and the pupil. Great teachers never do; Longfellow never did. We used to call him 'Head,' which meant the head of the Modern Language Department."

Hale was graduated in 1839, and about that time he made the

acquaintance of two new authors through their books. One was Alfred Tennyson and the other John Ruskin. The first copy of Tennyson that fell into his hands had been brought from England by Emerson, who was always kind to young people, and lent his books freely. Then Ruskin appeared, and his writings developed the love of the beautiful in the young student, and gave him the habit of a close observation of nature. Scarcely anything in the shape of a book was uninteresting or unprofitable to him; but he confesses that he could not enjoy Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, and that he went to sleep over it.

After graduation he taught Latin and Greek for two years, and at the same time wrote articles and stories for the papers. He is equally distinguished now both as an author and a preacher; when he was twenty-four he entered the ministry, and he has never given it up. The best of his endeavors have been devoted to it, and in his life he has been governed by a principle which he uttered before a college society: "We professional men must serve the world, not like the handicraftsman, for a price accurately representing the work done, but as those who deal with infinite values, and confer benefits as freely and nobly as Nature."

He founded in 1869 "Old and New" which was subsequently merged into "Scribner's Monthly." Always identified with humanitarian projects, he created, through the medium of his book *Ten Times One is Ten*, clubs devoted to charitable objects, comprising a membership of fifty thousand in all parts of the world. He is a prominent figure in the Chautauqua Literary Society, and an extensive writer for its publications. He is now (1894) the editor of *Social Problems* in the "Cosmopolitan."

His wife was Miss Emily Baldwin Perkins a granddaughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher. They were married in 1852 when he was the minister of the Church of the Unity in Worcester. In 1856 he moved to Boston where they have since lived. It was at the solicitation of Mrs. Hale that Mrs. Fidelia Heard

opened in Boston the first kindergarten founded in America under the plans of Froebel and Rougé. She was for years an active member of the Ladies' Sunday School Commission which is one of the most interesting literary clubs of Boston.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. *Why did President Hayes take the oath of office privately the day before his public inauguration?*
2. *Why was Washington not inaugurated until April 30th?*
3. *What President was inaugurated March 5th? Why?*
4. *What Presidents met tragic deaths?*
5. *What President wrote his own wedding invitations?*
6. *Which of the President's wives began the levees?*
7. *How many times in our history has the House of Representatives been called upon to choose the President?*
8. *What was the difficulty between President Johnson and Congress?*
9. *What candidate for President fought a duel?*
10. *How many Democrats have been Presidents since 1865?*

Motto of "Lee Times One
Lee"
Look up and not
down
Look forward and not
back
Look out and not in
"Lead a hand"

"IK MARVEL" (DONALD G. MITCHELL).^{*}

NORWICH, CONN.

1822.

John Quincy Adams.

WORKS.

Fresh Gleanings,	The Battle Summer,
Reveries of a Bachelor,	The Lorgnette,
Dream Life,	Fudge Doings,
My Farm of Edgewood,	Seven Stories,
Doctor Johns,	Rural Studies,
Pictures of Edgewood,	About Old Story-Tellers,
English Lands, Letters and	Wet Days at Edgewood.
Kings,	

"His books are characterized by a healthy sentiment and a delicacy of humor which pervade all of them, and make them not only instructive but also intensely interesting."
—*Albert N. Raub, Ph.D.*

Of all American authors we know of none who has so much of boy feeling and boy experience, or who understands boy nature so well as Donald Mitchell. His native place is Norwich, Conn., where he was born in 1822. If one wishes to know and understand the man, his books must be read. In them we discover his tastes, his favorite authors, his walks, his employments, and his feelings. He has kept his hold upon two generations of readers, because he has been so true to human nature, in his sympathy with childhood, in his sympathy with youths and maidens, so that every story he tells is the story of their own lives, and in it they find their hopes, their joys, and their anticipations. Some one has said of them that these stories are to American literature what a good wood fire is on a dreary day. They are all warmth and cheer and light. There are some who do not know Donald Mitchell, but every one knows "Ik Marvel." He wrote under this *nom de plume*, and many for a long time thought it his real name. When a small boy his health failed and he was sent to live on his grandfather's farm. It was probably there that he received his ideas of country life

^{*}See illustration.

which he has so beautifully drawn in all his books. There too he became interested in agricultural matters and these points were brought out in his books on rural life. He says that he prefers to write on agricultural subjects to any other. He is best known as author of *Dream Life* and *Reveries of a Bachelor*. In the preface of the former he tells us, "A classmate of mine (now holding high judicial position) took me aside and warned me with a very grave and solemn countenance, against being made a puppet of the publishers. He had heard that I was to follow up the *Reveries* with another book in the same vein; he feared the result; it was driving things too hard. I listened gratefully, but—it must be confessed with dulled ears. In six weeks I completed my task, and going to the publishers I threw my bundle of manuscript upon the counter. 'What will you give me for the lot?' Mr. Scribner took up the budget smilingly, and said, 'I wouldn't advise you to part with the copyright; but if you must have an offer I will give you four thousand dollars.'"

Mr. Mitchell took Mr. Scribner's advice—he did not sell the copyright and the book has had a sale beyond the *Reveries*.

He graduated at Yale in 1841, went to Europe in 1844, travelled two years and then studied law in New York. He is one of the few of that old school of courtly American gentlemen of letters which has done so much for our literature.

He now enjoys a peace and comfort on his New England farm that may well be envied by tired-out authors of the present day. He has a comfortable income from his books, and a profitable lecture engagement so that he need not work unless he wishes.

His charming home is at Edgewood, a mile from New Haven. Long Island Sound stretches away in the distance, and on the swelling bosom of smooth turf rests the quaint old house. "Donald, Mitchell the owner is short of stature, with ruddy, tinted skin, twinkling eyes, a face old only in not being young, and breaking constantly into whole bunches of smiles,—the facsimile of a happy Scotch farmer."

In 1848 Mr. Mitchell returned to Europe. It was in that

same year that he published *Fresh Gleanings* his first work. In 1850 he married Miss Mary Pringle, of Charleston, S. C. She is the great-granddaughter of Rebecca Motte, granddaughter of Colonel Wm. Alston, and daughter of Wm. B. Pringle. In 1854 Mr. Mitchell was appointed United States Consul at Venice, and on his return he purchased the farm at Edgewood. He has ten children—one, a married daughter lives in Chicago; a daughter and son live in New York; one son is in business in Chattanooga, Tenn., and one daughter associated with Mrs. Piatt teaches in Utica, N. Y. All are strong and like helpful employment.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. Give an account of Farragut's most celebrated exploit.
2. Why was Stonewall Jackson so called?
3. What treaties are celebrated in our history? *Treaty of 1763, 1783, 1800, 1812*
4. Name the difficulties which have arisen between England and America. *Rev - 1812*
5. What was the "Wilmot Proviso"?
6. Has a State any right to coin money? *No*
7. Where is the "Key to the Bastile"? *Not known*
8. For how many years was New York the capital of the United States? *9 years*
9. When and why was it changed to Philadelphia and afterwards to Washington?
10. What constitutes citizenship in the United States?
all persons born or naturalized in U.S.

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RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.*

HANCOCK COUNTY, GA.

1822.

John Quincy Adams.

WORKS.

Dukesborough Tales,
Old Mark Langston,
Ogeechee Cross Firings,
Mr. Absalom Billingslea, and
Other Georgia Folk,
Two Gray Tourists,
Widow Guthrie,
The Primes and their Neighbors,
Studies, Literary and Social,

Mr. Fortner's Marital Claims,
and Other Stories,
Mr. Billy Downs and His Like,
History of English Literature
(Assisted by Wm. Hand
Browne),
Biography of Alexander Hamilton
Stephens,
Pearce Amerson's Will.

Richard Malcolm Johnston, both of whose parents were natives of Charlotte County in the State of Virginia, was born in Hancock County, Ga., March 8, 1822. His father, like most Georgians of that day, was a planter, and the early days of the son were spent upon the plantation. There the friendly associations with the plain country folk, and the kind relations between the master and the slaves gave him the impressions which in after-life determined the character of his writings.

He had a bright and happy childhood which, in a letter to a friend, he once described thus: "I was rather weak in bodily health, and very slow in bodily growth, yet my childhood was unmixedly blest. The life led on plantations was happier than I have ever seen elsewhere. Between whites and blacks were entire trust and very warm affection. With the negro children I played as heartily at home as when at school I played with my mates. The affection between owners and slaves was not far below that among whites in the same families. At every death all wept because one very dear had departed. Remembering these things now, they seem so long ago! The changes have been so vast and violent. They were permitted by God for purposes

* See illustration.

wise, good and just. I never felt one single throb of pain in the sense of the loss of my slaves *as* slaves, although that loss made me a poor man, after I had been possessed of a goodly estate. The world outside of the slavery belt never did understand, and many seemed never to wish to understand, the relations between the whites and their slaves.

In 1873, at the house of a friend in the county of Cheshire, England, I met a very intelligent, cultured gentleman who had been a leading member of Parliament, and a friend of Mr. Cobden. I remember his surprise when I told him something about the discipline at the home of my father; how for thirty years the cook 'Aunt Ritter' kept the 'smokehouse' key in which were stored the meat, lard, salt, soap, etc., etc., for a family of seventy, nine-tenths of whom were negroes; how her husband 'Uncle Gilbert' had like custody of the horse lot wherein were the supplies for the horses, mules, cattle, swine, etc. That in the mansion seldom was a door locked day or night, except the one leading into the pantry, a precaution needed not for the negroes, but for the white children so prone to dip hands into jars of sweets.

I have felt much concern for these dependents, so weak, so affectionate, so incompetent, outside of help from other races, to take care of themselves. The negro once had one dear, faithful, strong friend. This was his master. Rent from him, it is interesting and sad to speculate what his destiny is to be. Yet he, as his old master was, is under the eye of God. Family affections, in which he had a part, must disappear after another, generation when the sons and the grandsons of the masters and their slaves have departed from this life. It would be a great wrong for the descendant of one to maltreat him of the other, who cannot avoid the necessity of being ever dependent upon him. The negro is the one child among human races. An adult he cannot grow to become. We note how far less happy he is in the midst of the efforts in that direction which have been forced upon him. Yet, as I have said, he is under the eye of God, who loves with infinite love all his creatures.

Some time ago I went to the home place, and an old negro came eight miles, walked all the way, to see me. He got to the house before five o'clock in the morning, and opened the shutters while I was asleep. With a cry he rushed into the room, 'Oh, Massa Dick!' We cried in each other's arms. We had been boys together."

For four years "Dick" Johnston attended what is known in some regions of the South as the "old field school." *The Goose-Pond School* one of the stories in *The Dukesborough Tales* is a not exaggerated picture of one class of these schools.

After this his father moved to Crawfordville, and then to Powelton to give his children the benefit of better schools than they could find in the country. The school at Powelton had about one hundred pupils, and was well taught by teachers from Vermont who were men and women of elegant culture. There Richard Malcolm and his brother were prepared for college.

Colonel Johnston in speaking of these old times tells us, "At thirteen I was madly, hopelessly, intensely, bottomlessly in love with a young lady of twenty-six, one of my teachers. The four years that must elapse before I was, according to my notions, eligible to marry her, seemed to me to be about four thousand years standing between me and the consummation of my highest earthly hope. I consulted an old bachelor friend of forty, and confided to him the secret of my passionate attachment. He received the confidence with the utmost gravity and apparent sympathy, and advised me to confide in my mother—a piece of advice which I religiously followed. She said with a curious suppressed smile, 'My son, I would advise you, whatever you do, not to let your father know the state of your affections, for he would assuredly give you a good thrashing.'"

The lover's hopes were soon dashed by this sweetheart marrying some one else. Colonel Johnston makes use of this incident of his boyhood in *The Early Majority of Mr. Thomas Watts*, another of his *Dukesborough Tales*. By the way, Powelton is the Dukesborough which he has made so famous.

After leaving school he entered Mercer College, where he was graduated in 1841. He taught two years, and then began the practice of law, first as partner of Hon. Eli H. Baxter, afterwards of Hon. Jarvis Thomas, lastly of Linton Stephens, a brother of Alexander H. Stephens. For ten years he continued the practice of law in the Middle and Northern Circuits of Georgia. The scenes in the court-room were sometimes irresistibly funny—these with the peculiarities of the people supplied material which was afterwards used in his various sketches. “The dialect of these men became indelibly engraven on his mind, and the cracker lingo became as familiar as his own tongue. These simple unlettered folk were full of hardihood and loyalty. They did what they pleased with the king’s English, but were true to the behests of honor. The men were brave and the women virtuous, and utterly unlike the picture so often drawn of the ‘Georgia Cracker.’”

In 1844 Colonel Johnston married Miss Francis Mansfield, who lived in the same county of Hancock, but whose father was a native of Connecticut. He was only twenty-two, and she was fifteen. Marriages used to be contracted at an absurdly early period in the Southern States due probably to the climate which caused early development, and perhaps to custom and usages. There was no waiting in those days for the young lover to get “well established” in business, so as to be able to support a wife. Housekeeping then was a very simple affair. If, as was often the case, the young people were neighbors, a slice was taken from each plantation, a modest house was built by domestic carpenters, the home furnished from the overflow of the two old homesteads, and family servants well-trained were sent with the young people, and they and their children grew up as integral parts of the household.

It was while practising law that Colonel Johnston received three very flattering offers about the same time. One was to become President of Mercer College, one to be Judge of the Superior Court of the Northern Circuit, and the other Professor

of Belles-Lettres in the University of Georgia. The last he accepted as being more congenial to his tastes, and he held that position four years; endearing himself to many life-long friends by the charming simplicity of his manner, and the exquisite humor of his conversation. While living in Athens, he wrote a text-book on English Literature, which, by co-operation with Dr. Wm. Hand Browne, of Troy, was enlarged into a *History of English Literature* designed for advanced scholars, as it was critical as well as biographical.

Resigning his position he moved to Hancock County, and organized at Rockby, his home, a large school for boys, which he conducted most successfully. In 1867 a sad domestic bereavement, the death of his second daughter Lucy, a lovely and attractive girl just grown, made old places and associations painful to him, so he determined to move his school to Baltimore, Md. Out of sixty pupils, forty accompanied him from Georgia. He called the new school "Pen Lucy." The cornerstone of this school was a high sense of truth and personal honor, and the boy who did not cultivate the instincts of a gentleman could not long remain there. The teacher was equally loved by young and old.

For the past ten or twelve years Colonel Johnston has devoted himself to literary work. His first story appeared in "The Southern Magazine" under the *nom de plume* of "Philemon Perch." The merit of the work received almost immediate recognition. No one was so surprised as the author himself at the success of his first literary venture.

The love of old associations, old places, old times, old friendships shines through all his work. A loving tender light beams through all his quaint humor, it plays over every incident, it irradiates every homely detail of life that he depicts. He says he can't make a woman mean. He tried to make the leading female character in *Mark Langston* so, but he had to stop, for he could not forget the reverence due to her femininity, and it was just impossible for him to be rough with a woman. His own big

heart, and warm loving nature is shown in every character that he has drawn. He has his favorites in the children of his imagination. "Doolana Lines" is his favorite among the female characters, and "Bill Williams" among the male.

Of late years in writing of one of his old University friends, he said, "Put your arms around his big old neck and hug him for me." None ever had a truer or more loyal friend than Richard Malcolm Johnston; none one more truly loved by his friends.

His *Pearce Amerson's Will* was published in Lippincott's Magazine in 1892, and to those who lived in and about Midway, Ga., and the places described there, it was a perfect picture—names of characters, of course, so changed as not to be recognized.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. When were slaves first introduced into the United States? 1619
2. Why did New England sell her slaves? Because we
3. Was William Penn a slaveholder? No not profitable
4. How long has it been since Pennsylvania sold her slaves?
5. What did Benjamin Franklin propose about slavery?
6. What was the line dividing the slave-holding States called? Mason & Dixon line
7. Was it originally drawn for this purpose? No
8. What was the "Missouri Compromise"? By whom offered?
9. What was the "Fugitive Slave Law"?
10. What was the "Kansas-Nebraska Bill"?

(8) Mo. should hold slaves but no other north except slave north boundary of Ark. — Clay

(9) return of slaves to their owners when in a free state

(10) provided the law of free & held should be one as slave as the people wished

LEW WALLACE AND WIFE.

BROOKVILLE, IND.—CRAWFORDVILLE, IND.

1827.

John Quincy Adams.

1830.

"I have fallen in love with many women—never with but one man—Lew Wallace."—
Thomas Buchanan Read.

General Lew Wallace, the author of the greatest novel of the century, was born in Brookville, Ind., 1827. His mother was Esther Test the daughter of a judge, and a woman not only of great beauty, but of pronounced talent. It was evidently from her that the son inherited his fondness for art as well as literature. She died when the boy was only ten years of age, but his father married again, and the step-mother, a woman of strong mind and character, devoted herself faithfully to the training of the children.

As a boy Lew Wallace was noted for his dislike of text-books, and an aversion amounting to dread for any mental labor that called for application. His father said he had paid for fourteen years of tuition for the boy, and had only received the benefit of one; so when at eighteen Lew determined to leave school to become a strolling artist, the father's indignation was so great that he forced him to study law instead. He found this very hard, and very dull. Hon. David Wallace, his father, was a prominent lawyer, and had been Governor of Indiana, and represented his State in Congress, and would have been re-elected had he not favored the appropriation to Professor Morse for constructing the telegraph from Washington City to Baltimore.

Lew Wallace educated himself in his own fashion. His fondness for good books fortunately guided him in the right direction, for from childhood he was fond of reading. When a boy he spent much time in the country wandering alone in the woods

and fields with a book in his pocket. When not reading he studied Nature. He had a decided talent for art, and but for the greater fondness for literature would probably have become renowned as an artist. He had a faultless eye for color, and even now he amuses himself with brush and pencil and presents to his friends some interesting souvenirs of his skill.

When war was declared with Mexico he entered the army. He was at once promoted to the rank of second lieutenant. He was stationed at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and while there conceived the idea of writing *The Fair God* upon which he was engaged at irregular intervals for twenty years. When his friends heard that he had written a book, they treated it as a joke, but this book brought him not only fame but money.

When the war ended he returned to Crawfordville to practice law. He tried his pen on magazine articles. His brother tells how his *Buffalo Hunt* which appeared in "Scribner" was written. The editor asked for an illustrated article on that subject. "I never saw a buffalo in my life," he said upon reading this letter, but he soon afterwards heard that there was to be a county fair not far away from his home, and among the animals to be exhibited in the menagerie was a *buffalo*. Immediately he arranged to go to the fair. He found upon arriving there, in a portable pen, a lean demoralized buffalo, about the size of a six month's calf. All day long the artist stood by the pen, sketching imaginary buffaloes. He idealized that poor calf in every imaginable way. He pictured a gigantic buffalo dashing over the prairie, pursued by Indians on horseback, enveloped in clouds of dust, hurling javelins at their prey. He sketched the buffalo leaping the broad chasm at which the horses recoiled in terror. "Two months afterwards," his brother said, "I picked up 'Scribner' and saw *A Buffalo Hunt by Lew Wallace*, and I knew that the only buffalo he had ever seen or hunted was done to death with a crayon at that County Fair in Rockville."

He met in Crawfordville Miss Susan Elston whom he married. She is herself gifted as a writer and is a lover of books.

Her husband is very dependent upon her for supplying his little personal needs. She is his secretary, his almanac, and his memorandum—a wife in every sense of the word. She was reared by a Quaker mother, who taught her that it was wicked to be idle, and her well-ordered household shows that she keeps this precept in hourly practice. In all their tastes she and her husband are one, and though fame has written his name through *Ben-Hur* in every language in the world that has a literature, he can never outgrow his wife. She writes in a charming style, and two of her books have been illustrated by her husband. She takes a pardonable pride in all of his successes, and says the public has only discovered within the past few years what she knew years ago.

At the beginning of the "War between the States" General Wallace entered the United States Army. He was appointed Adjutant-General, but previous to the battle of Fort Donelson he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and afterwards was made Major-General on account of gallantry on the field. He remained in the army during the entire war, and his military record was sufficient to have made him a distinguished and a prominent man had he never written a book.

President Hayes appointed him Governor of New Mexico. The last half of *Ben-Hur* was written in the Governor's palace at Santa Fé. Mrs. Wallace in her *Land of the Pueblos* has given a graphic description of this old palace, and we can well understand how her husband within these ancient and historic surroundings found inspiration for those closing chapters in his noted book. In 1888 *The Boyhood of Christ* appeared, and in 1889 *Commodus, a Play*.

Lew Wallace's manner of writing is peculiar. He first writes on a slate, so that he can easily erase what is wrong; then he writes on soft paper with a pencil. He patiently goes over the same ground until he has brought the expression of his thoughts up to his standard of excellence. The final copy is on large un-

ruled paper in violet ink, so exquisitely done, that a professional reader once pronounced his manuscript the finest ever sent him.

He is a great singer. The house fairly quakes at times with "good old Ortonville" or some other selection which might wake a mummy from his long years of sleep. He said one morning to a young visitor: "Did you hear sounds of melody this morning?" "Yes," she said, "but I think they should more aptly be called bellowdy." At this the General laughed, and admired rather than condemned the young girl for her very plain English.

General Wallace is courtesy itself, and in his home circle adds to his greatness the supreme grace of being amiable. President Garfield appointed him Minister to Turkey with the understanding that he was to write a novel dealing with the customs of that country. He became the confidential friend of Abdul Hamed II., the Sultan of Turkey, who loaded him with favors, and gave him informal access to the palace at all times. The Sultan offered him any position in his court, army, or diplomatic service which he would choose, but when Cleveland was elected Wallace came back to his home in Crawfordville. On his return he delivered lectures upon the Turks, their manners and their customs, and gave very successful readings from *Ben-Hur*. It was while at Constantinople that he gathered material for his *Prince of India*.

It has been said that the very air of Crawfordville is conducive to literature. Maurice Thompson tells that the only complaint he has ever heard urged against it is that by a man from Balkinch. He said: "When you see a individual in Crawfordville a settin' onto a store box an' er grindin' his terbacker powerful stiddy, an' lookin' perticuler doleful an' onery, ye may bet at ye're close onto the birthday of a pome."

One of the most attractive homes in this "romaneing city" is that of General Wallace. It is situated on Wabash Avenue in the midst of maples and beeches, a picturesque vision to a passer-by. In this lovely retreat the General and his wife do their

literary work. The study is upstairs, where is an open fire, and sunny windows filled with plants—everything is the perfection of order—not a speck of dust anywhere. Long before *Ben-Hur* or even *The Fair God* appeared, the exquisite poem, *The Patter of Little Feet* by his wife, had found favor even in England. Indeed it has been said that “Mrs. Wallace first ate of the golden fruit hanging over the literary Eden, and then like a true daughter of Eve spoke of its delicious flavor to her husband, who also ate and fell,” and that we should be “truly thankful that there is no spirit now with a flaming sword to drive these romancers out of this Paradise.”

It was while they were living in New Mexico that Mrs. Wallace wrote *The Land of the Pueblos*, having an opportunity then to study the history and legends of the Spaniards. *The Storied Sea* came after their return from the Holy Land. There is a motherly tenderness and a womanly right-mindedness in what she says, whenever she speaks of the social and domestic relations—for she treats love with a sweet trust in the human heart. The young will be bettered by the spirit of her writings, and the mature will not feel they have lost time in their reading. *Genevra, a Christmas Story* is very good, one of her best. She has been of great help to her husband in his work, and no doubt her accurate knowledge of the Bible and Bible history had its weight in the story which has thrilled millions of hearts.

Ben-Hur is truly a great book. Unless we except “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” no American novel has received such notice. People of all faiths and no faiths have been interested in it.

The scene of General Wallace’s last novel *The Prince of India* is laid in Constantinople. The book abounds in vivid descriptions, faithful portrayals of scenery and characters, but is not equal to *Ben-Hur*. Indeed, it is to be doubted if it is possible, taken all in all, to produce another book equal to that. It is one of its kind in literature and art of execution.

Criticisms favorable and unfavorable have appeared concerning

The Prince of India. To know and appreciate the book one must read it for himself. Some have questioned its religious teachings. Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor of Amherst College, a man of learning and a student of Oriental languages and customs, says, "Its predecessor *Ben-Hur* had for its central figure the form that fills and dominates all time—the form of Christ. I can imagine the author, as he traced each page of *The Prince of India*, to have repeated to himself regretfully, 'To-day I have an humbler theme than that, an humbler theme than that.' And so he had. What are the shock of empire and the clash of physical forces compared with the sublimity of the Gospel's simple story! Yet *Ben-Hur*, marvel though it was, could be written by one who had never visited the East, never even crossed the sea. It dealt with a theme mere knowledge of which was the common and equal possession of each reader of the Gospels. But the *Prince of India* required vastly different preparation. The author was compelled not only to live in but to breathe the spirit of the East, and comprehend it, and so make it his own." And again, "*The Prince of India* challenges and compels the admiration of the scholarly world for its conscientious accuracy. No more exact is the picture in scenic circumstance and condition than in its portraiture of the actors."

This criticism coming from Professor Grosvenor is all the more valuable when it is known that he spent many years in Constantinople and verifies the statements made. In regard to the religious teachings of the book he says, "I defy any, whatever his age or education, to read this book through and then lay it aside unbenefited as a man, as a Christian, by its perusal. All in it is but incident to the sublime lesson—the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man."

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. *What was the "Dred Scott" case?*
2. *What decision was rendered?*
3. *Who was John Brown? Describe his raid.*
4. *What was the result?*
5. *What is meant by Abolitionists?*
6. *Who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?*
7. *Wherein does it do the South and its institution of slavery injustice?*
8. *Why did the slave-holding States secede?*
9. *What are "States Rights"?*
10. *What was the cause of the "War between the States"?*

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1827.

John Quincy Adams.

WORKS.

Farnell's Folly,
Cudjo's Cave,
Neighbor Jackwood,
The Drummer Boy,
His Own Master,
Young Joe and Other Boys,
The Pocket Rifle,
Phil and His Friends,
The Vagabonds,

Martin Merrivale,
Neighbors' Wives,
Coupon Bonds,
The Silver Medal,
Bound in Honor; or a Harvest of
Wild Oats,
The Jolly Rover,
The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill,
The Satinwood Box,

The Three Scouts.

John Townsend Trowbridge was born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1827. He was the eighth of nine children and his birthplace was a log house; but bricks and mortar had nothing to do with making the man; it was his mother's refined and devotional nature, and his father's cheerful disposition and art of story-telling which moulded his character.

He lived the ordinary life of farm boys, went to school six or seven months in the winter season, and worked on the farm during the summer. There were books in the house, and the boy eagerly devoured them. He was seized with a desire to learn Latin, French, and German, so without a teacher he set to work and mastered these languages. Some idea of his ambition can be obtained from this, though he never breathed his dreams of the future to any one.

As a boy, though fond of outdoor sports, he was shy and reticent. While he followed the plough he was planning romances and composing verses, and when the day's work was over he would steal off to some quiet place in a cold garret to write them out by a rushlight or a cracked lamp.

Parents can little estimate how much the home life determines the future bent of the minds of their children. The father of Trowbridge was a good musician and delighted in singing in minstrel fashion of the heroic deeds of the great and good. Then too, he would amuse his children in the evenings, when gathered around the fireside, by telling bear and panther stories, and would even talk in rhyme. These impressions always lasted, and we see the germs which resulted in giving to the world one of the best writers of boys' stories. His boys seem to be photographed from life, and they act as real boys would act. They are shrewd, active, hard-working fellows on the farm or in a country store, and their struggles and adventures are just such struggles and adventures as boys really have. The reason for this is that Mr. Trowbridge himself having been a typical American boy reflected in his characters his own experiences.

His father died when he was only sixteen years of age. A sister living in Du Page County, Ill., sent for him and it was with her that he made his home, teaching school for awhile, and then farming awhile—but his tastes were never satisfied and he could put his heart into nothing save his authorship. Articles were sent to the papers and they were accepted. Accepted but without pay. He simply had the gratification of seeing his name in print; those who have felt this ecstasy can sympathize with him, and realize how much even this meant to the aspiring poet.

A New Year's Address was the first literary work for which he received any pay, and this amount, only one dollar and a half, convinced him that literature was his proper vocation. He gave up everything and set out for New York to earn a living by his pen. Many and many a time he climbed the editorial stair with a hopeful heart, but returned with a rejected manuscript; and he tells us, "I do not remember that I once lost hope in the darkest of these dark hours."

Fame, however, at last knocked at his door and the farm boy

became distinguished as an author. His home is at Arlington, near Boston.

As he tells us in *The Seeking*:

“Not what we have done avails us,
But what we do and are;
We turn from the deed that is setting,
And steer for the rising star.”

Richard Henry Stoddard says of Trowbridge, “If to make children’s stories as true to nature as the stories which the masters of fiction write for children of larger growth be an uncommon achievement, and one that is worthy of wide recognition, that recognition should be given to J. T. Trowbridge for his many achievements in the difficult walks of literary life.”

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. *Who was President in 1860?*
2. *Who were the members of his Cabinet?*
3. *Why did so many resign?*
4. *Who succeeded Buchanan?*
5. *Why was the South dissatisfied with this election?*
6. *What was the “Emancipation Proclamation”?*
7. *Who was John Wilkes Booth?*
8. *What was his fate?*
9. *Who succeeded Abraham Lincoln?*
10. *What is meant by “Reconstruction”?*

550



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.*

HARTFORD, CONN.

1833.

Jackson.

WORKS.

Poems, Lyric and Idyllic (1860),
 Alice of Monmouth and Other
 Poems (1864),
 The Blameless Prince and Other
 Poems (1869),
 Rip Van Winkle and His Won-
 derful Nap (1870),
 Gettysburg (1871),
 Dartmouth Ode (1873),
 Victorian Poets (1875),
 Octavius Brooks Frothingham
 and the New Faith (1876),

The Monument of Greeley (1876),
 Hawthorne and Other Poems
 (1877),
 The Death of Bryant (1878),
 Meridian, an Old Fashioned
 Poem (1878),
 Corda Concordia (1881),
 The Raven: with a Comment on
 the Poem (1883),
 Poems: Collective or Household
 Edition (1884),
 Poets of America (1885).

"Stedman's poetry—described unconsciously in his own words concerning another—is that of

'The brave soul
 Which, touched with fire, dwells not on whatsoever
 Its outer senses hold in their intent,
 But sleepless even in sleep, must gather toll
 Of dreams which pass like barks upon the river
 And make each vision Beauty's instrument;
 That from its own love Love's delight can tell,
 And from its own grief guess the shrouded sorrow;
 From its own joyousness of Joy can sing;
 That can predict so well
 From its own dawn the lustre of to-morrow,
 The whole flight from the flutter of the wing.'"

—Charles F. Richardson (American Literature).

"He alone moves hearts who has himself been moved." This is the keynote to Stedman's success. We feel that he knows the human heart, has experienced its woes, its sorrows, and its joys, else he could not so truthfully depict to us its deepest emotions or tell us of its unspoken experiences. We find in his poems imagination, beauty, and thought, but, what reaches our hearts more, we find there also tenderness, purity, and truth.

Although born at Hartford, Conn., his childhood was spent in

*See illustration.

Plainfield, N. J., where his mother lived until her second marriage. At that time he was six years of age and was sent to Norwich and placed under his great-uncle James's care. Norwich, the birthplace of Benedict Arnold, was a historic town; there old traditions were believed in, and old customs observed. It was just the place for a boy, especially one of an imaginative mind with a taste for romance.

"There were six boys in the house of James Stedman, so there was no lack of companionship; and a curious thing about these six boys was that they were three pairs of brothers, the elder of each pair being two years the senior of the younger, while the respective ages of each pair were alike." There was not a place in the neighborhood unknown to them, and many an adventure they had. At night they would relate the day's experiences, and in these adventures Edmund Clarence always took the lead. He was a small, active, sinewy little fellow, of slender frame, very sensitive and impulsive, and while fond of all outdoor sports and excelling in every physical exercise, he was withal a good student and invariably stood at the head of his class while attending the Norwich Academy.

His uncle was an excellent disciplinarian, a just and well-meaning man, but, except in the love for learning, he and the boy committed to his care had little in common between them. Edmund was constantly being misunderstood and misjudged. He was tenderly attached to his mother, and grieved over his separation from her, and felt that only her presence was needed to make him happy, and only her mother-heart could understand where all the world did not. He was very much like her in his tastes, and it was from her that he inherited his love for poets and poetry. She encouraged him to rhyme when young, and placed within his reach poems worthy of imitation. After she had gone his uncle seemed not to understand or care to understand.

In despair, one day the boy left home. His uncle had him brought back, and anxious to impress the culprit with the idea of having committed an unparalleled offence reprimanded him

severely and asked, "Did you ever hear, sir, of any *great* man who ran away from home in his youth?" "Yes, sir," the boy still defiant and in no way penitent replied. "And who was it, pray?" "Masterman Ready," he answered. His uncle's sense of humor was touched by the effect Captain Marryat's hero had had upon the imaginative mind of his nephew, and he often afterwards called him "Masterman Ready."

Stedman's mother, Elizabeth Clementine Dodge, was a true poet, a woman of beauty, and gifted in conversation. After the death of her first husband Colonel Edmund B. Stedman, she married Hon. William B. Kinney, Minister to Turin, and thus became separated from her boys. But she had left her impress upon them, and we can see from a tribute her poet son paid to her memory how her image had been engraved upon their youthful hearts.

"She seemed an angel to our infant eyes!
Once when the glorifying moon revealed
Her, who at evening by our pillow kneeled,
Soft-voiced and golden-haired, from holyskies
Flown to her loves on wings of Paradise,—
We looked to see the pinions half concealed.
The Tuscan vines and olives will not yield
Her back to me, who loved her in this wise,
And since have little known her, but have grown
To see another mother tenderly
Watch over sleeping children of my own.
Perchance the years have changed her; yet alone
This picture lingers; still she seems to me
The fair young angel of my infancy."

Edmund entered college when not quite sixteen and on account of his frank cordial manners, his quick mind and warm sympathy, he became a general favorite. He excelled in English, and took a prize for his poem on *Westminster Abbey*. Owing to some impetuosity that could not brook restraint he was suspended and did not return, although years afterwards Yale, proud of his achievements, restored him to his class of '53 and conferred upon him also his A.M. degree.

The greatest safeguard to a young man is to marry early. To have a wife and children to work for usually develops the best and truest part of any man's nature; and so it was with

Stedman, for before he was twenty he had married Miss Laura Hyde Woodworth who has ever been a helpmeet to him, and it was of her he wrote so beautifully in *Laura, My Darling*.

After leaving college he became a journalist, editing first the "Tribune" at Norwich, and then the "Herald" at Winsted, Conn. He became impatient to go to a larger field of labor, and so moved to New York. He had a struggle there for many years, glimpses of which are seen in his poems *Bohemia* and *Flood-tide*. His *Diamond Wedding* a satirical poem about a rich old Cuban, Oviedo, marrying a beautiful young bride who was

" Led to a silver bower
Where pearls and rubies fell in a shower
That would frighten Jupiter Ammon,"

was too true to be funny, and so the father of the bride thought and challenged the poet—but the challenge was withdrawn and years afterwards Mrs. Oviedo became a great friend of Mr. Stedman's family.

How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry showed how fully the writer sympathized with the Abolitionists of that day. The poem gained him commendation from Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Browning, and Emerson. The latter included it in his "Parnassus." The success of these two poems procured him an engagement on the "New York Tribune," and led him to issue his *Poems, Lyric and Idyllic* in 1860. Shortly afterwards he joined the editorial staff of the "New York World," and he was its war correspondent in 1861-3, during the early campaigns of the Army of the Potomac. In 1864 he returned to New York and, giving up journalism, entered the banking business, in order to obtain more leisure for literary work.

His *Alice of Monmouth, an Idyl of the Great War* appeared in 1864, and *The Blameless Prince and Other Poems* in 1869.

His articles on the *Victorian Poets* first appeared in the magazines, and afterwards were collected in book form. This work won him fame and influence. In 1871 he read his poem *Gettys-*

burg at the annual meeting of the Army of the Potomac. Then followed his *Death of Bryant* before the Century Club, and his *Meridian* at Yale College, and his *Hawthorne* at Harvard, and his *Corda Concordia* before the Summer School of Philosophy.

In 1883 reverses of fortune came and his wealth was suddenly swept away, but to one who had written—

“Thou who dost feel Life's vessel stranded
Full-length upon the shifting sand,
And hearest breakers close at hand,
Be strong and wait! Nor let the strife
With which the winds and waves are rife
Disturb that sacred inner life.
Anon thou shalt regain the shore,
And walk—though naked, maimed and sore—
A nobler being than before.”

such a disaster could only serve to make him more heroic. He set to work at once to rebuild the fortune so rudely destroyed.

In 1885 his *Poets of America* appeared and passed at once through several editions. In 1890, assisted by Miss E. M. Hutchinson, he prepared his *Library of American Literature*. In the spring of 1891 he delivered the first course of eight lectures before the Turnbull Foundation at Johns Hopkins University, thus initiating the first lectureship on poetry in America, and the second in the English-speaking world. The subject was “The Nature and Elements of Poetry.”

Stedman would have become famous as a critic, even had he never written a line of poetry. Some writer has said, “Mr. Stedman is not a harsh critic. He is generous and inclined not to that charity which covers a multitude of sins, but to that which finds, if possible, a multitude of virtues.”

In business circles he is regarded as a shrewd and successful stockbroker; in social circles he is a great favorite, brilliant in conversation, refined in face and natural and cordial in manner. As poet, critic, scholar, and man he is honored and admired. A life of labor supplementing brilliant talents has brought him renown and success. Mrs. Bolton says: “Stedman has ever practised Emerson's creed, ‘Help somebody.’”

His son, ARTHUR STEDMAN, has not only been very helpful to his father in his literary work, but has rapidly made a name for himself in literature.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. When was the Erie Canal opened? 1825-
2. Who invented the cotton-gin? Whitney
3. Who invented the sewing-machine? Howe
4. What is a "protective tariff"?
5. What is "squatter sovereignty"? Who was its author?
6. What persecuted people settled in the different colonies?
7. Who was "Poor Richard"? Franklin
8. Who were the "Green Mountain Boys"? Ethan Allen
9. What was the "Wilmot Proviso"?
10. What was the "Monroe Doctrine"?

purpose of encouraging
some manufactures.
(5) The right of independence
of each ter. to decide for
themselves whether the
state shall come into the
union free or slave.
(6) Forbade ^{Dr. Douglass} slavery in
any territory acquired
(7) Any attempt by a
European nation to
gain dominion in Amer-
ica would be considered
by U. S. as unfriendly



MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"Fate"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.*

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

"Her rhymes run off with an airy tinkle and twinkle that show her work to be no labored manufacture, but the true effluence of a soul to whom the poem form is innate and essential."—*The Critic*.

"The *Childhood of the Old Masters*, by Mrs. Preston, a collection of truly original poems, is most unlike in all respects what any one else has done."—*Jean Ingelow*.

"Mrs. Preston's *Stories from the Greek* deserve to stand beside Lord Lytton's 'Tales of Miletus.'"—*London Saturday Review*.

Mrs. Preston, the mimosa of Southern literature, is of Scotch descent, being the great-granddaughter of the Laird of Newton. Her grandparents came to this country after their marriage in Edinburgh, and settled in Philadelphia, Penn.

Her father, Rev. Dr. Junkin, was a Presbyterian minister who was widely known as one of the most distinguished educators of his day. He founded Lafayette College, the largest and best endowed institution of its kind in Pennsylvania, and was afterwards President of Washington College, Lexington, Va. General Robert E. Lee succeeded him to the latter position.

Reared and educated beneath college walls by a cultured father, and wooed and won in college halls by a cultured professor, is it strange that Mrs. Preston should have developed at an early age a taste for literary pursuits, or that she should have "thought in numbers" when only a child?

"One of her earliest memories is standing at her father's knee when only a little over three years old learning the Hebrew alphabet. She never went to school except as a very little girl, and received her education from her father and private tutors at home. So enthusiastic an educator was her father that he had the child reading Latin with him when she was only ten years of age, and at twelve, Greek. Many a winter morning she was accustomed to rise at five o'clock to read Latin and Greek with

*See illustration.

her father before breakfast, this being the only time he could command for her out of his busy day."

In 1857 she married Colonel I. T. L. Preston, the founder of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va. Her married life was an ideally happy one, and it was spent in the retirement of a home well suited to the tastes of a poet and a refined woman. There her two sons grew to manhood. These sons, Dr. George I. Preston, who has already contributed some valuable articles to medical and literary journals, and Herbert R. Preston a young lawyer, have their homes now in Baltimore. One of her sisters, a noble and intellectual woman, was the first wife of General Stonewall Jackson.

Mrs. Preston has always shrunk from public notices. Her life has never been correctly given, because she will not allow the privacy of her home to be invaded. In answer to a request for some points regarding her life she said: "It is all very well for the great poets after their death to be thus dealt with, but small singers like myself have no right to such notice. I often say in answer to requests such as yours that if Mrs. Browning, the best woman poet since Sappho's day, can go thirty years without the public knowing the place of her birth, or the time, or the incidents of her earlier life, surely such wren-like singers as myself can do the same."

Her novel *Silverwood*, written before her marriage, was published anonymously. No persuasions on the part of her publishers, who offered to double the price paid for the manuscript if she would allow her name to appear with it, could make her consent.

Her *Beechenbrook*, a "Rhyme of the War," written by fire-light during the evenings of one week, made her very popular at the South, for with this she first allowed her name to appear. Eight editions followed rapidly as proof of its kindly reception.

Perhaps the qualities which most endear Mrs. Preston to the American reading public are the humanity and spiritual insight recognizable in all that she has written. Her soul speaks to us

in her simplest ballad. Her religious poems are written in a winning and graceful style without cant or affectation.

She is less known as a critic, but is equally successful in this line. Much of her work in prose, which is fully equal in grace and diction to her poetical work, has never been credited to her. For many years in order to advance Southern literature, she helped to edit gratuitously the literary columns of several of the best papers and quarterlies of the South.

The friend of many years, Paul H. Hayne, was accustomed to say that "Mrs. Preston was one of the best writers of sonnets in America," and "The Boston Literary World," said "Mrs. Preston as a poet is always sure of her motives; her imagery is never vague or misapplied; her command of metrical resources is inevitably firm and true while never harsh or pedantic. These qualities are shown in the *Colonial Ballads*, where fragments of tradition or historical allusions are worked out through full circle and made to convey some weighty meaning. Perhaps the most gratifying of all the varied and acceptable contents of Mrs. Preston's book are the sonnets, which are every one so exquisitely wrought and so full of intellectual strength."

Her strong, helpful soul has loved to bless humanity by showing them how to do strong and helpful deeds.

"What use for the rope, if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What help is a comrade's bugle blast
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need the spurring pæan roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What use is eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?"

These words have been and ever shall be a constant inspiration to the doing well of life's smallest duties, the bearing of one another's burdens, the flinging of a rope to a sinking friend, the joyful song or the word of love to those who live. Such inspirations never die. Translated from the heart of life they become new wherever they are spoken.

Her poems are all filled with faith in God.

" 'Tis the Master who holds the mallet,
 And day by day
 He is clipping whatever environs
 The form away;
 Which under his skillful cutting
 He means shall be
 Wrought silently out to beauty
 Of such degree
 Of faultless and full perfection
 That angel eyes
 Shall look on the finished labor
 With new surprise,
 That even his boundless patience
 Could grave his own
 Features upon such fractured
 And stubborn stone."

She thus helps us to live truer and nobler lives by teaching us to love the "Source and Giver of all Life." Of late the singer's pen is laid aside. Her husband, one of the noblest of men, has lately passed away, and the spur to literary production is gone.

Mrs. Preston's last three or four volumes were wholly dictated, and taken down on the typewriter. She is not blind, but the use of her eyes has induced such delicacy of the optic nerve as to forbid any strain.

Her works are:

Silverwood,
 Beechenbrook,
 Old Songs and New,
 Cartoons,

For Love's Sake,
 Monographs,
 Colonial Ballads,
 Aunt Dorothy.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. Name the political parties in the United States.
2. What were the principles of the Whigs? *formed protest*
3. Of the Tories? *Know-Nothings* *resist influence of m*
4. What were the principles of the Democrats? *abolish slavery*
5. Of the Republicans? *Of the Prohibitionists?* *abolish slavery*
6. Of the Alliancemen? *Of the Federalists?* *abolish con.*
7. Who were the Anti-Federalists? *abolish con.*
8. What was the "Third Party" movement?
9. What is the meaning of politics?
10. What is a Republican form of government?

9/ Science of government

a fair exchange

FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

1834.

Andrew Jackson.

WORKS.

Rudder Grange Stories,
The Story of Champaigne,
The Lady or the Tiger,
The Clocks of Rondaine and
Other Stories,
The Squirrel Inn,
The Story of Viteau,
The House of Martha,
Roundabout Rambles in Lands
of Fact and Fiction,

Ting-a-Ling Stories,
Stephen Skarridge's Christmas,
The Late Mrs. Null,
The Bee-Man of Orn and Other
Stories,
Personally Conducted,
A Jolly Fellowship,
The Floating Prince and Other
Tales,
Pomona in England,
Tales Out of School.

We are told that the family names were exhausted, as there were eleven children when Francis Richard was born, and that a half-sister filled with romantic tastes begged to have the honor of naming him. Accordingly, he was called Francis for Francis I. of France, and Richard for the lion-hearted king of England. When he was five years old "a lameness came upon him," which, however, interfered very little with his activity as he was so strong and wiry in frame that he became a leader in vaulting.

His father moved to Bucks County, Penn., when Frank was only ten years old. There were no schools in the neighborhood and the boys were allowed to "run wild." The parents saw that this life would never do, so after three years they returned to Philadelphia. Frank was placed in a private school, and afterwards in the Central High School from which he was graduated with the degree of A.B.

The scrapes that he was in as a boy were endless. He came very near losing one of his eyes by using a gun without a lock. The boys—Frank as a leader—had many a clandestine supper in

their night clothes, sliding down the banisters to avoid waking the household. One night they stole the mince meat out of the pies which had been prepared for the ministers invited the next day, and in the place they substituted mush, replacing carefully the crusts. Their parents could not understand the giggling and choking when the pie was offered to them the next day, but they began to suspect something when the boys refused it. At the first mouthful that the ministers took, the boys "bolted."

Frank Stockton's father was William S. Stockton of New Jersey, so prominent in the revolt against the Methodist Episcopal polity. He married the first time Miss Hewlings of Burlington. She was the mother of the well-known THOMAS H. STOCKTON, Chaplain of the United States Senate, an author himself, having published a "Volume of Sermons," and two volumes of poems. Frank's mother was Miss Emily Drean of Virginia. She had nine children.

Frank was a member of many secret societies—one was the "Crazy Club" and he himself was the "Grand Worthy Maniac." He and his brothers would tell stories—wonderful tales of adventure—after they went to bed at night, and if one of the boys dared to go to sleep, he was immediately kicked out of bed. One night they turned the high four-post bed upside down to see how it would feel to sleep so near the ceiling. But in spite of all this nonsense and mischief Frank Stockton had literary tastes and ambitions at a very early age. He first desired to be a doctor, but he said he could not recall where any doctor had ever been President of the United States, so he concluded he would be a literary man; but his mother who had very practical views of life insisted upon his learning to engrave on wood. This afterwards served him well in illustrating his own works. When only ten he began to write verses. His first effort was,

"My love she hath a black eye,
Her lips are cherry red," etc.

His companions joked him a good deal about the "black eye," and asked how "she got it." He was still quite young when he

sent a religious poem to Baltimore. It was rejected and he called the editor an ignorant person incapable of appreciating a good thing when he saw it, and one who "would have rejected a poem by Shakespeare or Milton had it been offered to him. To prove this he copied one of Milton's devotional hymns attached a fictitious name to it, and sent it to the same editor. To his chagrin it was accepted,—“the ignorant editor” recognizing at once the merits of the hymn but failing to detect the imposition.

In 1873 we find him assistant editor of that excellent child's magazine “St. Nicholas.” Stockton says the magazine writers drove him to the children, and the children drove him to the grown people. He certainly has now a hold upon both.

His *Rudder Grange Stories* have probably brought him more fame than any of his writings. The first of these papers appeared when he was working for “St. Nicholas.” He published it in “Scribner's Monthly,” and in 1879 it appeared in book form, illustrated by Frost.

At fourteen Frank wrote verses more ambitious than the ones with the “black eye.” He sent these to a religious weekly published in Baltimore. Then he wrote a prize story for the “Girls' Journal,” and contributed to the “American Courier.”

His *Ting-a-Ling* stories were printed in the “Riverside Magazine,” and eventually made his first book. *Kate* a short story first read before the “Literary Society” of which he was a member, was returned by numberless magazines, but at last was accepted by the “Southern Literary Messenger” whose editor John R. Thompson said that he could print it but could not pay for it. This same editor soon offered him thirty dollars for another short story and he was sent *The Story of Champaigne*, a French tale with a fanciful plot.

In 1860, he married Miss Marian E. Tuttle a Virginian. They have no children save those that are in his books. His wife acts as literary critic, and “juvenile oracle.”

His *Stephen Skarridge's Christmas* first appeared in “The Century.” He wrote for “Hearth and Home,” editing the

funny column, and assisting Mrs. Dodge in the children's department.

The Lady or the Tiger was written at his home in Virginia. For six years his summers have been spent there in a country mansion near the home of Thomas Jefferson. This was dictated to his wife, as so many of his stories have been. Once penned, his work is seldom kept over night but is sent at once to its destination.

His short stories are too numerous to mention. Among the last of his works to attract the attention of the public is *The Late Mrs. Null* his first novel.

His wife aided him in a book on domestic affairs, *The Home, How to Furnish a House on a Thousand Dollars*. The book was not fully appreciated and was published without profit.

The Clocks of Rondaine and Other Stories appeared in 1892.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

1. *What Presidents were not elected to that office by the people?*
2. *What President had not voted for forty years?*
3. *What Presidents were officers in the Mexican War?*
4. *What President was once a tailor's apprentice?*
5. *What President was the first one born after the Revolution?*
6. *What Presidents were college graduates?*
7. *How many States voted for Washington for President?*
8. *What Vice-President took the oath of office two days before the President?*
9. *Have the President and Vice-President always belonged to the same party?*
10. *How were the early Presidents elected?*

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.*

MARTIN'S FERRY, OHIO.

1837.

James K. Polk.

"One of the most delightful of living writers."—*Lowell*.

"'The Rise of Silas Lapham' is the greatest novel America has produced."—*Taine*.

William Dean Howells is of Welsh-Quaker extraction on his father's side, and of German stock on his mother's. One can trace the Quaker blood in him by his toleration of all faiths, his gentleness of spirit, his consideration for others, and his honesty and purity of character. He was one of eight children, born at the ferry opposite Wheeling, W. Va. His father was a man of moderate means, but of superior education and taste. He was editing an anti-slavery paper "The Intelligencer" in Hamilton, O., when Zachary Taylor was elected President. He immediately sold it and moved to Dayton and bought the "Transcript." His little boy William Dean, who had set type almost from his cradle, now only eleven years old was forced to do a great deal to aid his father in the office, often sitting up until midnight, and rising at four in the morning. Five hours of sleep is too short a time for a growing boy, and it would seem that it should have injured his health but it did not. He really thrived upon it, and in the robust man of to-day no trace of early overwork can be seen. His first story was printed at this time. Instead of writing it and then putting it in type, he printed it as he composed it. Every week he says he resolved that the story should end, but some way it would not end, and finally, he brought it to a close in spite of himself. This discouraged him as to his inventive powers. His father's paper failed in two years. Disaster after disaster followed—really enough to discourage any one, "but the Howells came of a philosophic race, and when they knew the failure was unavoidable,—

* See illustration.

that literally nothing could be done—what do you suppose the father and son did? Why, they did not sit down and mope—they *went in swimming*.

The only resource left was to move to an old grist-mill which they owned upon the Little Miami River. From Howells's *My Year in a Log Cabin* we get an excellent idea of this period of his life. There the family lived in a log cabin nearly a quarter of a century old. "The storms crept in through the chinks in the walls, and sometimes when they jumped out of bed in the morning their feet fell into a snow-wreath, which had drifted in during the night. They slept in a loft reached by a ladder and to keep out the wind they papered the walls with old newspapers purchased at the nearest post-office."

Howells had little regular schooling, but he was a great reader, and was gifted in composition. His favorite study was history, and the one that he cared least for was arithmetic. How often is this the case, that literary tastes and mathematical ability rarely go together. He was also fond of reading aloud, and his literary ambition was fixed in him and stimulated by the scholarly tastes of his father. The books that were his favorites at this time were "Goldsmith's Greece," "Don Quixote," and "Arabian Nights." "The Trippings of Tom Pepper" had such an effect upon him that he entered into a solemn pledge with his brother to avoid prevarication under every circumstance.

In leisure moments between working hours, he printed his own compositions, and before he was eleven he had printed a book of his own—a five-act blank-verse tragedy upon the death of a Roman Emperor.

In a barrel of papers bought to decorate the walls of the log cabin he discovered one day "Voices of the Night" by Longfellow. He had never heard of such a poet and his soul was filled with a strange new sweetness. Then he read "The Spanish Student" and other poems that gave him great delight.

Finally a printer in Xenia, Ohio, gave him employment at four dollars a week. During this time he was not idle in efforts

to improve his education. He studied not only Latin and Greek, but also the French and Italian languages, and made the great authors his companions. One day he sent some of his verses to the "Atlantic Monthly," and the editor at once accepted and printed them. His advance became rapid, for he in time became editor of that monthly and held the position for nine years. Since then he has won for himself distinction as a poet, a writer of plays, and above all as a novelist.

In 1887 he returned to see the old log cabin, but it stood no more. With the one hundred and ninety dollars gained by his *Life of Abraham Lincoln* he determined to travel. On his way to Canada he met Lowell, Fields, and Holmes. Upon his return, through the influence of friends he was made Consul to Venice. He was scarcely twenty-four at that time. He married while in Venice, and from his home on the Grand Canal he wrote those charming sketches of *Venetian Life*, which were greatly appreciated, although the "Atlantic Monthly" did reject them at first. He moved to Cambridge and then wrote *Suburban Sketches*. His *Italian Journeys* had appeared before this; then followed *Their Wedding Journey*, and *A Chance Acquaintance*.

Howells is one of the kindest and most genial of men. He is now (1894) one of the editors of the "Cosmopolitan," and speaks of younger authors with a courteous candor that leaves no sting in their hearts. He himself is a novelist from the very love of it. He enjoys beyond measure to follow, through all their ramifications, the problems of life and character.

Howells and James seem to be the two leading novelists of the day. Each represents a school of his own. Howells stands at the head of the "Realistic School of Novels," and James at the head of the "Neorealistic." Howells presents life *not as he thinks it ought to be, but as he thinks it is; not as he imagines it, but as he sees it*. Sometimes his details are very tiresome, but has not real life much prose in it? James, on the other hand, *approaches his subjects from without rather than from within*, objective rather than subjective. As with some

artists, sketches are more satisfying than finished pictures, so James prefers mere outlines to a completed story. He is not so much a novelist as a writer of episodes—but whatever he writes he writes well.

Mr. Howells's stories have no plots, no situations to speak of, and not many incidents, yet they interest; his conversations while flippant are natural. He has developed a remarkable gift for making us see the individual not as an individual merely but as a member of society; and his writings are all suggestive of a moral and intellectual atmosphere.

Howells's works are:

Venetian Life,
Italian Journeys,
A Chance Acquaintance,
The Undiscovered Country,
The Lady of Aroostook,
A Fearful Responsibility,
Dr. Breen's Practice,
A Modern Instance,
A Woman's Reason,
The Rise of Silas Lapham,
The Minister's Charge,
Three Villages,
Indian Summer,
The World of Chance,
The Quality of Mercy,
An Imperative Duty,
A Hazard of New Fortunes,
Poems,

The Shadow of a Dream,
The Coast of Bohemia,
Annie Kilburn,
April Hopes,
Christmas, Every Day, and Other Stories
A Foregone Conclusion,
No Love Lost,
Suburban Sketches,
Their Wedding Journey,
A Boy's Town,
A Little Swiss Sojourn,
Modern Italian Poets,
Tuscan Cities,
Criticism and Fiction,
Life of Rutherford B. Hayes,
A Counterfeit Presentiment,
Out of the Question,
A Traveller from Altruria.

Plays and Farces:

The Parlor Car,
The Sleeping-Car,
The Register,
The Elevator,
The Garroters,

The Evening Dress,
The Albany Depot,
The Mouse, and Other Farces,
The Unexpected Guests,
The Sea Change, and Other Farces.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. When was Andrew Johnson inaugurated? 1865-
2. From what State was he chosen? Tenn
3. Name the important acts of his administration.
4. How many Presidents were before him? 6
5. Give a sketch of Johnson's life.
6. What was the Fourteenth Amendment?
7. Why was Johnson impeached?

(3) Public debt — reconstruction

HENRY JAMES, JR.

NEW YORK.

1843.

James Jr.
John Tyler.

Henry James, Jr., who originated that class of fiction known as the "transatlantic," is the oldest son of HENRY JAMES, the theologian, who was himself an author of note. The father's works deal with Swedenborgianism, Moralism, and Christianity.

We can see in the son little of the father's trend of mind, but no doubt the intimacy of that father with the transcendental philosophers of the day did much to influence the thoughts of the son, whose education was obtained under private tutors in New York and in Europe. He never entered a University until he began the study of law at Harvard. In 1865 he commenced to write for magazines, his first contributions being sent to the "Atlantic Monthly." He went to Europe about this time, and with the exception of the months he remained in the United States in 1874-'75, when he was connected with the "Atlantic Monthly," he has lived abroad—either in Italy or in England. He has never been strong. From the first he decided to make literature a profession. He was not a rich man, but he always had a sufficiency of this world's goods and so has not been dependent upon his writings for a support.

He has a wonderful gift for acquiring languages, and one of his essays written for the "Revue des deux Mondes" was praised by the severest French critics, and was said to be an example of elegant French. He followed the French models in style.

Mr. Higginson thinks that James has written too much, and wishes that he had written less.

He has spent so much time abroad that really his ideas are not truly American, and his countrymen are feign to criticise him a little severely in his representations of American ways—especially is this true in his *Daisy Miller* which is an exaggerated picture of the manners of an exceptionally silly Ameri-

can girl. But he is a most admirable critic. Julian Hawthorne says, "He criticises both himself and others in the driest light without softness and without severity. He aims to reach the unbiased truth, be it inviting or otherwise, and aims also to follow his convictions as to what is right in literature without concerning himself to inquire whether what is right is also popular and remunerative." It is truly refreshing to meet such a man in the world of letters.

James has been styled the leader of the "neorealistic school"; he originated the international novel, and is classed with Howells and Aldrich as a representative of the analytical and metaphysical school of novelists.

A criticism frequently made is that his stories close abruptly, leaving too much to the imagination of the reader.

His published works are:

The Story of a Year,
Watch and Ward,
Roderick Hudson,
A Passionate Pilgrim,
The Real Thing,
An International Episode,
French Poets and Novelists,
Hawthorne (English Men of Letters),
A Bundle of Letters,
The Portrait of a Lady,
Portraits of Places,
Tales of Three Cities,
The Bostonians,
Prince Casamassima,
The Aspern Papers,
Partial Portraits,
The Reverberator,
A London Life and Other Stories,

Poor Richard,
Gabrielle de Bergerac,
Transatlantic Sketches,
The American,
Daisy Miller; a Study,
The Europeans,
Confidence,
Washington Square,
Diary of a Man of Fifty,
The Siege of London,
A Little Town in France,
The Author of Beltraffio,
The Lesson of the Master,
The Wheel of Time,
The Private Life,
Essays in London and Elsewhere,
Picture and Text,
A Tragic Muse.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Describe the Battles of Nashville.*
2. *Who was General Richard Taylor?*
3. *What is meant by Sherman's "March to the Sea"?*
4. *When did the Evacuation of Savannah take place?*
5. *What valuable war vessels were sunk during 1864?*
Where?
6. *To whom did they belong?*
7. *Who was Admiral Farragut?*
8. *Who was Admiral Porter?*

99
37
62

EDWARD EGGLESTON.*

VEVAY, IND.

1837.

Van Buren.

WORKS.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster,
End of the World,
The Circuit Rider,
Christ in Literature,
Roxy,

The Graysons,
History of the United States,
A History of Life in the United
States,
The Hoosier Schoolboy,
The Faith Doctor.

The Egglestons were Southerners; Edward's father was a Virginian, a graduate of William and Mary College, who moved in early manhood to Vevay, Ind. to practice law. There his boy was born and there he continued to live until he was seventeen years old. His father died when quite a young man, being scarcely thirty, yet we can see the impress that he left upon his son. One direction given him was "never to tell a lie, and knock down any man that says you do," and another was "never be a politician, for in politics a man is as much disgusted with the rascality of his friends as of his enemies."

Until Edward was ten years old, he had the reputation of being a very dull boy. He really had, in all, not more than two years of school life; his main education came from his habit of reading. He learned several languages by studying them out himself.

The schools in his boyhood were very different from the schools of to-day. He tells us, "I was made to go through Webster's blue-back spelling book five times before I was thought fit to begin to read; and my mother, twenty years earlier, spelled it through nine times before she was allowed to begin the reader." The schoolmaster himself was often unable to spell the simplest words. The discipline too was often brutal. He says that the long birch switches hanging on hooks against the wall haunted him day and night and that whenever there was an outburst between teacher and pupils, the thoughtless child often received

*See illustration.

the punishment he did not rightfully deserve. As the master was ever ready to fly into a passion, the fun-loving boys were ever ready to "poke him up." It was as exciting sport as bull-baiting or poking sticks through a fence at a cross dog. He tells of an incident where five or six boys went to a circus without getting permission, and that the next morning the school-master called them out on the floor, and asked them: "So you went to the circus, did you?" "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Well, the others didn't get a chance to see the circus, so you boys just show them what it looked like, and how the horses galloped around the ring. Join hands in a circle. Now start!" With that he began whipping them as they trotted around the stove.

Eggleston's parents were strict Methodists and he was never allowed to read novels. Ambition to become a good scholar caused him to overtax his brain and a severe illness followed. He took long walks with his brother GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON who also became an author. They followed a plan that Edward devised of walking ten minutes and resting three, as he had noticed that long rest after long exercise produced a stiffness in the muscles. By economizing strength he was enabled oftentimes to walk from sunrise to sunset without apparent harm.

At school he was the recognized captain of all his schoolmates. His word was as near law as anything could be. Although physically the inferior of most of the boys yet he was never thought a weakling. He asked no odds of any one and took his knocks manfully. His companions recognized him as superior in knowledge and ability, and superior also in judgment, knowing him to be perfectly just and absolutely without fear or favor.

At seventeen he went to Virginia to visit his relatives. He entered a boarding school in Amelia County. Then he went to Minnesota and divided his time between farming, surveying, and photography. He concluded to enter the ministry and began as a circuit preacher, travelling from town to town with his Bible in his saddle-bags. This experience gave him material for his books, one of which, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, sold very rapidly.

This is a faithful picture of life in southern Indiana forty years ago. It has been published more than twenty years, yet it sells better than many new books. It has been followed by *Rory* and *The Hoosier Schoolboy*. Both of these stories, full of pictures drawn from his native village, Vevay, Ind., contain reflections of his childhood.

The books that made the most lasting impression upon his mind were Franklin's "Autobiography," Thomson's "Seasons," and Pope's "Essay on Man."

Eggleston became an ordained minister. His health failing, he acted as agent of the Bible Society, but finally was forced to abandon this for journalism. He was connected with the "Little Corporal" to which he contributed many children's stories, then he became editor of the "Sunday-School Teacher," and increased its circulation seven-fold. In 1870 he was made literary editor of the New York "Independent" and editor of "Hearth and Home." It was in the latter that his *Hoosier Schoolmaster* appeared first as a serial. In 1874 he tried the ministerial work again at Brooklyn, but health again failed and he retired to his beautiful home on Lake George. If surroundings can inspire a writer the lovely waters of Lake George should do it. It was there that he wrote most of his books. His wife was his able assistant until her death in 1889. His daughters are Mrs. Seely and Miss Allegra Eggleston who live with him. Eggleston's last novel deals with New York life. He is still writing and we hope to have many more valuable books from his pen.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What election was held in November, 1864?*
2. *Who were chosen President and Vice-President?*
3. *Who was the Democratic candidate?*
4. *How many electoral votes did Lincoln receive?*
5. *Describe Lee's condition at this time?*
6. *Describe Sherman's march through the Carolinas.*
7. *Where was Lincoln when he was shot?*
8. *What became of Wilkes Booth?*
9. *Who succeeded Lincoln?*
10. *Did the change benefit the South?*

JOAQUIN MILLER.*

WABASH DISTRICT, IND.

1841.

Tyler.

WORKS.

The Danites,
Songs of the Sierras,
Songs of the Sunlands,
Songs of the Desert,
Songs of Italy,
Collected Poems,

The Baroness of New York,
The Danites in the Sierras,
Shadows of Shasta,
Memorie and Rime,
'49, or the Gold-Seekers of the
Sierras,

Songs of the Mexican Seas.

Joaquin Miller's real name is Cincinnatus Hiner Miller, but few know him by that name—to the world he is Joaquin Miller the poet.

His ancestors were very poor in worldly goods but very rich in love of country. His grandfather fell in the battle of the Thames under Harrison; his cousin General Burnside was noted for bravery; and his brother John distinguished himself for gallantry on the field at Fredericksburg.

His parents moved to Union County, Oregon, when the boy was only nine. He gives the following account of his life from this time until he graduated at Columbia College, Oregon, in 1858:

"Since so many columns, I might almost say volumes, have been written about my inspiration and ignorance of books, by those who knew little or nothing of the subject, it might be well once for all, while I am here on the spot, to tell a few simple facts:

My father was a schoolteacher; my brothers were all school teachers; I also taught school. So I must have known at least something about books. Indeed my father was a very learned man—a very humble and unpretending man, but a man persistent in study. And I think he was the gentlest gentleman ever born. He never in his life raised either hand or voice in anger.

* See illustration.

When I tell you that for nearly sixty years he lived in the heart of the wilderness, among wild beasts and still wilder men, yet never fired a gun or even knew how to load a gun, you can get some idea of the beautiful character of this patient and gentle schoolmaster, my father, who sleeps down yonder under the valley oaks of Oregon, by the cool swift waters of the Willamette.

I was put to school here at once, before the schoolhouse yet had windows or an entire floor. I soon had a chum, a black-haired handsome and brilliant boy of about my own age. His father was rich, and this had spoiled him sadly. But to me he was an idol. I was dull, tow-headed, not at all a favorite with any one, very sensitive and very sad. And so, as this boy was kind to me, I adored and followed him in all things. He had a step-mother, got mad and proposed that we should run away to California. We set out on foot through the mountain trails, and travelled night and day. We met a bear in the path at dusk one dreary rainy evening, and barely escaped up a tree where we sat and shivered till morning. The next day we met a gentleman on horseback and asked him for money; for we were hungry and destitute. This man gave us a piece of gold and his name and address. It was more than ten years after that I was enabled to lay before the eyes of this great and good man, who so generously gave his gold to two boy tramps, any fit reward. He took my present and murmured, 'Bread on the waters.' He was glad, not for the worth of it, I think, but to find his faith in man not betrayed. This was Hon. M. P. Deady, known throughout the Union now as one of the ablest priests living.

No, not reading dime novels; nor were we hunting Indians. We were running away to the mines of California. And we ran and we ran! Our distracted fathers followed us, but they never overtook us. We marched hundreds of miles, struck the mines, went to work, were discharged, not being strong enough, separated, struggled, starved. I got on worse alone than with my chum; for all liked him, none liked me. I got a place as second barkeeper with Frank Campbell, brother of poor Bartley Camp-

bell, at The Forks. But I was bullied and knocked about all that dreary, dreadful winter. Out of this experience I afterwards wrote the book and the play of *The Danites*. And my poor, dear friend, Bartley Campbell, now dying in the asylum, wrote "My Partner," and made his fortune out of his brother Frank's letters and our mutual experience in The Forks. Frank Campbell was the cinnamon-haired barkeeper of the Howlin' Wilderness saloon, and I was the bullied and misunderstood little Billy Piper. The roughs called me a girl because I was pale and shy and had long, yellow hair.

The Parson was there, just as in the book and play. The widow was there; only she was washing clothes. The Judge was there, and Bunker Hill was there; Captain Tommy was there, and these are the names they bore, just as in the play. The two Danites I brought from the plains. But I am digressing. Two years of dreadfully hard times and I rode back to Oregon with only one hundred dollars, which I gave to father, for he was now in debt, and began where I left off at school. The school was a first-class college now. I got on better, and was chosen poet for the first commencement of Columbia College. The valedictory was published in 'The Herald' of this city—the first thing of mine I ever saw in print."

Miller entered the Law School and after he had completed the course there was admitted to the bar and began to practice in the mining districts of Idaho, and afterwards in Canyon City. He edited a newspaper, the "Democratic Register" published in Oregon. His object was to try to pay off the mortgage on his father's farm. His paper was suppressed—some say for alleged treasonable utterances. He crossed the mountains and then it was that he met the lady whom he made his wife after three days' acquaintance. Life with her was uncongenial, as must have been expected from such haste. She went back to her people—he returned to his friends. She was also a poet. Her name was Minnie Dyer, and her verses were published under the name "Minnie Myrtle."

The Indians besieged the town or settlement where Miller had

located, and he advanced against them at the head of an army that marched into the very heart of the Indian country. His bravery at this time so won the admiration of the soldiers that they offered to make him Judge, and being nominated he won the victory over his opponent in the hottest fight. He remained on the bench four years. About this time he wrote *The Songs of the Sierras*.

While his book was in press he accompanied his father to London, then returned to America, having been recalled by the illness of his brother. After this brother's death he went to his old home in Oregon for a time, and then returned to Europe, where he wrote *Songs of Sunlands* and *One Fair Woman*.

On his return to New York he married again, having procured a divorce from his first wife. He made his home in Washington City, but his father's illness and death called him West, and he now (1894) lives in Oakland, Cal., with his mother, wife, and child. His home is a beautiful one, and there many young people go to receive gratis the instruction offered by the poet and his mother, who are willing to prepare any student for college who is earnest and really desires to obtain an education.

From early boyhood Miller has written verses that are not devoid of merit, although it has been said of him that at that time he was ignorant of the rules of versification and of grammar. He assumed the name Joaquin from the Mexican brigand Joaquin Murietta, whom he had defended at one time. This fact caused the silly report to be circulated that Miller was the brigand.

He is very fond of the Indians. He said in *My Own Story*: "All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to them. I owe no white man anything at all. The Indians are my true and warm friends."

Although a Northern man in sentiment Miller is just to the South. This liberal and kindly spirit is shown in *The Sword of the South*, which appeared in "Literary Life." After a visit to

President Davis at Beauvoir, Miss., he paid a beautiful tribute to him—"a man who must forever remain a colossal figure in American history, and to have seen and conversed with him is sweet to remember as the years go on."

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. Tell what you know of General Sherman.**
- 2. Describe his raid through Georgia. What reason did he assign for burning Atlanta?**
- 3. Describe the burning of Atlanta.**
- 4. Who commanded the Confederate forces at first?**
- 5. Why was he removed?**
- 6. Who succeeded him?**
- 7. Describe Hood's Campaign in Tennessee.**
- 8. Who succeeded Johnston?**
- 9. Why was Johnston removed?**
- 10. Where was General Grant at this time?**

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AUGUSTA
EVANS WILSON.

AUGUSTA EVANS (MRS. WILSON).*

COLUMBUS, GA.

1835.

Andrew Jackson.

WORKS.

Inez,
Beulah,
Macaria,

St. Elmo,
Vashti,
Infelice,

At the Mercy of Tiberius.

"Miss Evans justly merits the title of the De Staël of the South. Like the author of *Corinne* she approaches a subject with a fearless, independent spirit, and gives it the whole energies of her mind."

"In the galaxy of Southern novelists" no name is more worthy of our attention and admiration than Augusta Evans Wilson's. She is of aristocratic lineage, a descendant on her mother's side from the Howards, one of the most cultured families of Georgia; on her father's side she inherited wealth, intellect, and refinement. She was born at Columbus, Ga., May 8, 1835. Her mother was Sarah S. Howard and her father was M. R. Evans. Augusta was the eldest child of a family of eight. She was quite young when her father left Columbus for Alabama, and scarcely ten when he moved to San Antonio, Texas.

The Mexican war had just ended, and everything was in a thoroughly disorganized condition, consequently there were no schools of any prominence, and had our novelist not been blessed with a cultivated literary mother, she could never have obtained the education which fitted her for the work she has accomplished. Mrs. Evans besides being a woman of intelligence and refinement possessed an unusual amount of true Southern courage, which enabled her in the face of all obstacles to take up the office of educator to her child.

During the Mexican war San Antonio was the rendezvous for

*See illustration.

the United States troops sent to assist General Taylor, and the brilliant uniforms of the soldiery, the martial music, and the exciting events that accompany war, combined with the picturesque, enchanting scenery around San Antonio, furnished an excellent theme for her daughter's first novel. This was *Inez, a Tale of the Alamo*, written when the author was fifteen, a striking and pleasing story, which has been universally read and appreciated. The Harpers published it in 1855, and four years later her *Beulah* appeared. This book won for the author many laurels, and is marked by originality and life-like style. It is said that a book in which is woven the author's own-life story is sure to be the finest effort ever made, just as "David Copperfield is Dickens's best, and "Mill on the Floss" George Eliot's best, so *Beulah* is Mrs. Wilson's masterpiece, or is generally so regarded, not, however, by the author herself. She thinks *Vashti* and *At the Mercy of Tiberius* contain the most polished passages of her literary work.

The Civil War cut her off from her publishers, so it was many years before she ventured on her third novel *Macaria*. She sent a copy of this book with a letter to the publishers through the blockade. It was carried safely to Havana, and thence to New York. The book had already been published by a bookseller in Richmond, Va., and printed in South Carolina on coarse Confederate paper. It was entered according to the Confederate States of America, and dedicated to the brave soldiers of the Southern army. Some portions of the manuscript were scribbled in pencil while sitting up with the sick soldiers in "Camp Beulah" near Mobile. A Federal officer in Kentucky seized and burned every copy of the Confederate edition of *Macaria* which he could lay his hands upon. In some way a Northern publisher obtained a copy, published it but swore he would pay no royalty to so "arch a rebel." Lippincott & Derby expostulated with him, and finally secured a contract by which the author should receive so much on every copy sold.

In one of the battles fought during the retreat of the Confed-

erate army from Chattanooga to Atlanta, a Southern soldier claims that his life was saved by a paper bound Confederate copy of *Macaria*, which he had hastily folded and placed in the inside pocket of his gray coat, when called from its perusal beside a camp-fire to go into battle. The bullet which might otherwise have killed him was found imbedded in the thick, coarse, yellow leaves of the novel.

After the Civil War ended Miss Evans went to New York to take the manuscript of her most ambitious effort, *St. Elmo*. Who has not read and read again *St. Elmo*: "The most praised and best abused novel ever written." None can comprehend at once the many historical references without great research and study, yet the strangeness of the hero, St. Elmo, and the loveliness of the heroine, Edna Earl, and the unusual attachment between the two, enlist the attention, admiration and even homage of the reader from the very first moment. The book met with unbounded success. Towns, hotels, steamboats and plantations were named after it, and the author was recompensed with large financial returns. The "high flown" language in which it is written, and the rare literary attainments of the little barefoot heroine drew forth severe criticism, and some one even ventured on a parody, "*St. Twelvemö*"; but all this could not affect the popularity of the book.

St. Elmo contains a description of that marvel of oriental architecture, the Taj Mahal at Agra in India,—a marble tomb erected to perpetuate the name of Noormahal, whom Tom Moore has immortalized in his "*Lalla Rookh*." A recent traveller visiting Agra in 1891 writes that he was surprised to find a Parsee boy almost in the shadow of the Taj Mahal reading a copy of the London edition of Mrs. Wilson's *Vashti*.

People were eager for her next work, and after *Vashti* appeared could not rest satisfied until they heard that another would soon be given them. Soon after *Vashti* was published Miss Evans married Mr. Wilson, a distinguished citizen of Mobile, Ala. Because of her delicate health he objected very seriously to her

writing, and at his request she discontinued it and devoted herself to decorating her home and grounds. This home is situated in a grove of magnificent oaks and fragrant magnolia trees on one of the most beautiful roads about Mobile. It is large and roomy, surrounded by broad piazzas. A wide hall like those one reads of in an old English novel divides the building. The floor is carpeted and the walls beautifully and artistically papered. But then the flower garden! When we see the thousand blooming plants, the fine collection of camellias, azaleas, geraniums and begonias, shaded walks, noble live oaks, and magnolias—all the attractions of art and nature combined, we are not surprised that Mrs. Wilson wrote so much of flowers and of beautiful gardens.

Time and time again flattering offers came for her to contribute to magazines and papers, but she refused. Not even a proposition to let her name her own price for a serial could tempt her. One publisher offered twenty-five thousand dollars if she would only allow them to publish her books in cheap "paper back" form, not to interfere with her library-bound editions, but this permission was never granted. She received a check for fifteen thousand dollars for *Vashti* before it ever went to press. Ten years elapsed between *Infelice* and her last work *At the Mercy of Tiberius*.

Mrs. Wilson has frequently been pronounced the most brilliant and fascinating writer in the South. That she is a remarkable woman no one will deny. Entering the literary field, without literary training, at the early age of sixteen, by her continued meritorious work she stands without question at the head of the novel writers of the South. She has woven into her novels all that is good and great in the human race, and she has given to her heroes and heroines the imperishable virtues of morality, Christianity, and beauty. She is not a professional writer,—literature has rather been an embellishment of her life. Her style has been severely criticised as "pedantic," but certainly this charge may with equal justice be brought against George Meredith, Bulwer, and George Eliot, and it is well established

that Mrs. Wilson's books have in many instances stimulated her young readers to study history, mythology and the sciences, from which she so frequently draws her illustrations.

A lady once asked Mrs. Wilson which one of her heroines was her favorite. "Ah," she replied, "do you forget that even if the youngest should be cross-eyed, red-headed and freckled, it is nevertheless the baby? I love my Beryl best of all, and consider *At the Mercy of Tiberius* my strongest book." Critics have pronounced Beryl's speech to the jury the most eloquent specimen of her style.

She is a typical Southerner and a most lovable and winsome woman. Sensitive and retiring, she is very appreciative of the good will of her fellow-beings. She said, "I hold peculiarly dear the confidence and esteem of my own sex; and I deem it a nobler privilege to possess the affection of my countrywomen than to assist my countrymen in making national laws."

Her whole life has been spent in the South, and her home has ever been a happy one. She has always preferred to act the part of a gracious hostess rather than seek elsewhere what she finds in perfection at her charming Southern home. Mr. Wilson, her husband, died in 1891.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Describe the Battle of the Wilderness.*
2. *Describe the Battle of Spottsylvania.*
3. *Describe the Battle of Cold Harbor.*
4. *In what battle did General Grant say, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer?"*
5. *Describe the Siege of Richmond.*
6. *What was the Mine Explosion?*
7. *Who was General Early? Describe his raid.*
8. *When was the Battle of Gettysburg?*
9. *Which side was victorious?*
10. *Who were the commanders?*

GEORGE W. CABLE.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1844.

Tyler.

WORKS.

Old Creole Days,
The Grandissimes,
Madame Delphine,
Dr. Sevier,
Silent South,
Grande Pointe,

Carancro,
Au Large,
Bonaventure,
Strange True Stories of Louisi-
ana,
The Negro Question,
Life of William Gilmore Simms.

Although George W. Cable is a Virginian by descent on his father's side, was born in New Orleans, spent his boyhood and early manhood at the South, and allied himself with the Confederacy during the late conflict, yet he has been accused of being untrue to the section which nourished him, and of falsely representing the institutions which are peculiar to his Southern home.

Being the son and grandson of slaveholders, is it not strange that he should in his *Silent South* and *Freedman's Case in Equity* accord to the blacks social equality with the whites? Born and bred in the land of the Creoles, is it not singular, to put it charitably, that he should have so misrepresented them as he has done in his *Creole Days*? Living where the convict lease system is in vogue, knowing as he did the good as well as the bad features of this system, why did he give only a one-sided view to mislead those already prejudiced against it? His Southern friends wondered at this and were disappointed in him. The South, so often misrepresented by Northern writers, felt this blow more keenly, dealt them by one professing to be of their number. He has been called a *renegade* by some, and many bitter things have been said about him by his own people.

This, however, must be said in extenuation of him. His mother was a New England woman. A child imbibes more of the mother's views on all subjects than those of the father's. It is natural that the mother should have had very strong opinions concerning abolition, as a horror of slavery had probably been instilled into her from childhood, and the son obtained his views from her. She was a hopeful, cheerful Christian and tried to bring up her boy to honor God, and to make the world better. She lived to see him a Christian and in turn trying to rear his children in the fear of God.

At fourteen George was fatherless and the family had no means of support. His school life ceased and he was forced to help to earn a living for his mother and the three other children. He began by being an errand boy in the Custom House, then became a clerk in a dry-goods store.

The "War between the States" found him just eighteen. He joined the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry and made a faithful soldier, brave, and conscientious. His mother's teachings were not forgotten, and in tent life he carefully studied his Bible, and abstained from all that was coarse or impure. His spare moments he devoted to the study of mathematics, of which he was very fond.

After the war he studied civil engineering, and went to survey the levees on the banks of the Atchafalaya river. This low malarial district brought on fever and his health at this time became so undermined that it is doubted whether he can ever fully regain his strength.

In 1869 he married Miss Louise Bartlett of New Orleans, a lovely refined lady. His eyes began to trouble him and his wife read aloud and did much of his writing for him. He had been fond of literature during all these years, but could devote no time to it as it became a struggle with him to win bread and meat for his family. His first work in the literary line was when he was reporter for the "New Orleans Picayune." He stipulated that he should not write theatrical notices, as he was conscientiously

opposed to the stage and never attended the plays. The editor broke faith and Cable was dismissed for refusing to write such notices. It really was with him a matter of conscience. Then he became a clerk in a cotton firm, and treasurer of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange. He wrote a great deal at this time but it was done in the early hours before his real work of the day began. The best magazines of the country accepted his work. His *Old Creole Days* was published by Scribners in 1879, and *The Grandissimes* followed in 1880 and one year afterwards his *Madame Delphine* appeared.

Dr. Sevier which came out in 1883 is considered his best work. It was dedicated to Marion A. Baker one of the editors of the "Times-Democrat."

Mr. Cable moved to Northampton, Mass., to be near his northern publishers. There he still lives (1894), and in this lovely home he has an appreciative, helpful, lovable wife and six very pretty and happy children.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who was General Farragut?*
2. *What was the expedition against Mobile?*
3. *What was the effect of the Blockade upon the Confederate States?*
4. *Describe the "Confederate Candle," and the substitutes used for coffee, tea, sugar and syrup.*
5. *How was salt obtained?*
6. *What was the value of Confederate money just before the surrender?*
7. *To whom did Lee surrender?*
8. *How large was his army at that time?*
9. *What position did Lee afterwards hold?*
10. *When did he die?*

WILL CARLETON.

HUDSON, MICH.

1845.

Polk.

WORKS.

Farm Ballads, dedicated to his mother,

Farm Legends, dedicated to his father,

City Legends, dedicated to his wife's brother "JUDDIE."

Farm Festivals, dedicated to his sisters and brothers,

City Ballads, dedicated to his wife,

Will Carleton the author of *Betsy and I are Out*, a poem which appeared in the "Toledo Blade," and created such favorable comment, was already known to the public through his book of poems. He is the youngest of five children, and was born in Hudson, Mich. His father was a practical, hard-working man, who saw some poetry but more reality in life; far different was his mother, a bright, cheery woman, who even in the wilds of Michigan where they moved soon after their marriage, wrote some poems, and no doubt kept many in her heart unwritten.

Both of his parents were well educated, liked to read, and were true Christians. His father wished his son Will, who early showed a fondness for books, to have the best advantages of an education; even these were meagre and hard to obtain in the wilderness where they lived. True may it be said, "Where there is a will there is a way." Will Carleton *would* be educated, and frail and consumptive as he was, he tramped five miles daily through mud and snow to secure the advantages of a school in which he could be taught Latin and Greek.

His father had no other idea than that he should be a farmer, and was greatly disgusted with him when he surprised him one day in the field delivering an extemporaneous speech to an imaginary audience, while "the steeds of the plow were enjoying a comfortable rest between the furrows." "He could throw more sarcasm to the square inch into his seemingly gracious words

than any one I ever knew," said Carleton, relating this incident about his father, "and he told me he feared I was ruining a tolerable good farmer to make an intolerably bad orator." The lecturer of the afternoon, crushed but not convinced, waked up his steeds and drove thoughtfully on. He says it has been a source of great comfort to him that his father lived to see him earning hundreds of dollars by his lectures, and admitted with a grave twinkle of his eye that "having looked the matter over from a non-agricultural point of view he had concluded there was more in him than he had supposed."

His son's first poetic effort was a letter in rhyme written to his sister at boarding-school, when he was only ten. His sister had written for papers and magazines, and he said he only wished to prove to her that she did not possess all the genius of the family. "I did up everything at the farm and in the vicinity in choice doggerel and mailed it to her. A precious young goose she must have thought me. I represented her favorite horse as about to die of melancholy because she was not there to ride him; told her the trees and flowers were all perishing because she was not there to smile upon them, and killed off two very healthy neighbors because their names happened to rhyme with some word of a mortuary character. The whole letter half amused and half scared the young lady." This sister died during his boyhood, and his grief was very great. In speaking of her he said: "In her I lost an appreciative and congenial friend, as well as an idolized sister. She would have made her mark in literature, and I hope to-day she is writing songs in heaven."

He had not the means to complete his collegiate education, so knowing no such word as fail, he determined to procure them. He had written a political poem, *Fax*, and the thought occurred to him to read it in some town at a distance from the college. Of course the matter must be advertised to secure an audience. He had little or no money beyond what was necessary to pay for the rent of the room, so he bought some wall paper, paint, and a paint brush and made his own advertisements, which he pasted about in different parts of the town. When evening came a

small number assembled, and they stood near the door to slip out if not interested. His audience did not leave, but remained to beg him to repeat it for the pleasure of their friends. He raised enough money in this way to take him through his college course. He says that frequently he would have to run a race with the crying babies in the audience to see which could get the hearing, but in spite of this he felt he was speaking to good hearts and healthy brains among these country people. One farmer lad said to him: "You have let considerable light into this district, and you've started me on the up-track," and it was such encouragement as this which sustained him in these hours of darkness.

When he graduated he read his *Rifts in the Cloud*. In 1871 he sent his *Betsy and I are Out* to the "Toledo Blade," and asked no pay for it, deeming it wise not to run the risk of its refusal by freighting it with a fixed price. Its success was phenomenal. It was copied into hundreds of papers, and the editors sent endless requests to have something else from his pen. His *Over the Hill to the Poor-House*, *Gone with a Handsomer Man*, and *Out of the Old House*, *Nancy*, followed. So at twenty-six fame came to Will Carleton.

"The critics may sneer at him and easily demonstrate that he is not a Wordsworth nor a Keats, who were likewise sneered at in their day. He is none the less an established poet, a writer unlike any other poet, past or present, which is saying much, and one whose books have a wider circulation than those of any other living poet, excepting of course the few writers whose works have become classics."

In 1880 he left Michigan and went East; there he married a lady to whom he lovingly dedicated his *City Ballads*, "To Adóra, friend, comrade, lover, wife."

In 1884 he travelled in England and delivered lectures which were well received everywhere. The "Pall Mall Gazette" said, in speaking of these lectures, "The illustrations were given with great power, moving the audience now to uproarious laughter, and now to tears. No one who was present will ever forget the

extraordinary power and vitality he gave to his written verse. The audience was fairly spell-bound, laughing through tears."

On one occasion when going to fulfil an engagement he was in a compartment with a very pretty young lady. She seemed greatly disturbed because she heard that the train was behind time. She appealed to Will Carleton to know if it were so. He told her that he thought they were an hour late. With a sigh she remarked, "I am so sorry. Will Carleton is to lecture in our town to-night, and I wanted to get home in time to hear him!" Carleton replied that he understood arrangements had been made for the lecturer to wait until the arrival of that train. She seemed greatly delighted to hear this and nestled cosily into her seat. After a few moments she asked her companion if he had ever heard Carleton. He replied that he had on several occasions.

"And how did you like him?" she asked eagerly.

"I have seen a great many lecturers I enjoyed better," was his reply. She seemed disappointed. Carleton says it was very interesting to watch her expression when she recognized him on the stage an hour or so afterwards.

Will Carleton is a musician of no mean ability. He plays well on several instruments and fills his little home with joy and brightness,

"A home that rejoices in love's saving leaven
Comes deliciously nigh to the splendors of Heaven."

This home has every comfort and refinement, presided over by an accomplished wife who is interested in all charitable and noble deeds. She was a Miss Niles of Massachusetts and at the age of twenty-three went as a missionary to Burmah under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Board. She returned to America in 1878; soon after she met Will Carleton and in 1882 they were married. No doubt the discipline she received as missionary established those habits of system and order so necessary to every one, but especially helpful in a literary household, and made her the financier that she is.

Edward W. Bok tells us, "Many a little detail in her bus-

band's busy life as a literary man is taken charge of by her. * * She is an efficient advocate of all that is good and true; but her methods are of the quiet order. * * She is like a sunbeam and you feel the better for having met her.

Such a woman as Mrs. Carleton is by nature a large part of a successful husband's career. She is the perfect embodiment of everything that is best and most lovable in woman. No sweeter disposition was ever given to any one. Trials and perplexities know no greater foe than her smile. Everything about her is quiet and gentle. Her life, her work, her charities, her manner, her conversation, all are alike—she is womanly in every respect."

His "sweet-faced mother" is an inmate of his home and is excessively proud of all that her gifted son has accomplished. The lovely blue parlors adorned with all the attractions art can give are by no means the favorite rooms in the home. A little study rich only in books, where the poet sits and writes, is the bright spot there. He doesn't write rapidly; he thinks slowly but he thinks well.

He has touched the hearts of the people as few others have done. He has made home and home affections sweeter to hundreds of thousands; he has written with a view to make the world purer and nobler; his object is infinitely above writing merely for art's sake.

Truly "the bright smile of God has come bursting through" his works and made his life a blessing.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Describe Sherman's advance upon Atlanta.*
2. *Name the battles fought on the way.*
3. *Why was Hood put in Johnston's place?*
4. *Why did he invade Tennessee?*
5. *Describe Sherman's "March to the Sea."*
6. *What was his Christmas present to Lincoln?* *See 2500*
7. *Describe the desolation wrought by his march.* *Edison 150 ca*
8. *Why did he burn Atlanta?*
9. *In what year?* *Nov - 1864*
10. *How many of the leading generals of the Civil War are still living?*

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.*

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

1849.

Zachary Taylor.

WORKS.

Dorothea or Vagabondia,
Surly Tim's Trouble,
Haworth's,
Earlier Stories,
Louisiana,
A Fair Barbarian,
Through One Administration,
Little Lord Fauntleroy,

Sara Crewe,
— Editha's Burglar,
The Pretty Sister of José,
Little Saint Elizabeth,
— That Lass o' Lowrie's,
Giovanni and the Other,
The Drury Lane Boy's Club,
The One I Knew Best of All.

Frances Hodgson was born in England and really did not live in America until after the war. She is claimed, however, as an American writer, as all her literary work has been done in this country. She has written so much of English life and scenery that one easily recognizes her English parentage and early surroundings.

She was fifteen years in Manchester, Eng., and it was there that she gained that wonderful knowledge of Lancashire dialect and character. After the death of her father reverses of fortune induced her mother to come to America. She settled first at Newmarket, Tenn., then later moved to Knoxville where a near kinsman resided. There she lived on a farm with her three sons and three daughters.

Frances was only sixteen when she conceived the idea of writing for journals. Her first attempt at a story was *Miss Caruther's Engagement*. After it was written she sent it to "Ballou's Monthly," but when she found that the editor did not intend to pay her anything for it, the question arose how could she get it back again as she was not able to buy the stamps for its return. In this dilemma she remembered that a negro girl who lived in the neighborhood was in the habit of selling fruit upon the

*See illustration.

SARAH
ORME JEWETT.



CHARLES
EGBERT
CRADDOCK.



FRANCES HODGSON
BURNETT.



streets of Knoxville. She determined to help her gather the fruit, and share the profits with her. Thus she was enabled to obtain sufficient postage not only to recover her manuscript but also to forward it to "Godey's Lady's Book." She did not dare ask her mother for any aid, for fear she would forbid her sending the manuscript to any one.

The editor in Philadelphia saw unmistakable signs of a thoroughly English story, and he wondered how such a story could come from Tennessee. He wrote a letter of inquiry and asked for another,—his object being to test the genuineness of the first. The young author quickly wrote it, and the first story soon appeared in print—much to her delight—but what delighted her still more was the thirty dollars paid for it. One can well imagine the pleasure it gave to show to her astonished household this sign of her talent being appreciated.

After this her pen never rested. Some of the stories written were very poor, and this may serve to encourage young writers. She sent some to "Peterson's Magazine," and it was in this monthly that her *Dorothea* first appeared. When it came out in book form, however, she had changed the name to *Vagabondia*. She sent an English story *Surly Tim's Trouble* to "Scribner's" now the "Century." This was not only accepted, but requests came for more like it.

In 1873 she married Dr. Swan Burnett a well-known oculist of Knoxville. They moved to Washington City soon afterwards and made extended visits to Europe. She had two sons Lionel and Vivien, and being an author did not nor does not now interfere with her duty as mother. The little Lord Fauntleroy the hero of her most celebrated work was very much as the mother has described him. One obtains an excellent idea of his childhood from the articles by his mother which appeared in the "Ladies' Home Journal" in 1894. His brother Lionel jealous of the nurse's attention to the little usurper of his place and rights, said, "Frow 'im in 'er fire," but we are very glad that the little gentleman was not thrown into the fire but has lived to teach the beautiful lessons of courtesy and filial devotion.

The style of dress described in *Little Lord Fauntleroy* became very fashionable, much to the disgust of many sturdy American youths who fretted at being made to look so much like girls.

The scenes described in the book are nearly all from life. The one in which Cedric undertakes to teach his grandfather baseball originated in this way, as his mother tells us. "One day Vivien thought it necessary to instruct me in the great national game. After a great deal of explaining I was obliged to admit that I was rather stupid. 'Oh, no, you are not, dearest,' protested the little boy. 'You are not stupid, but I am afraid I am not a good splainer, and then as you are a lady, of course baseball is not very easy to you.'"

Very few books have netted the author such a sum as this story for children. Mrs. Burnett received fifty thousand dollars from the stage alone, as she dramatized it herself, and was wise enough to secure the copyright, so she is paid a certified per cent for every presentation of it; and it is played as much in England as in this country, and always draws a large house.

The lass described in *That Lass o' Lowrie's* is a young working girl, that Mrs. Burnett saw in Manchester, when she the author was only nine years of age. The face lingered in her memory, and she has immortalized it in this, which is said to be her second best book.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Describe the invasion of Maryland.*
2. *Describe the Battle of Antietam.*
3. *When did Lincoln issue the Emancipation Proclamation?*
4. *What was that Proclamation?*
5. *What oath did President Lincoln take?*
6. *Describe the Battle of Fredericksburg.*
7. *What Southern general lost his life in that battle?*
8. *What author's son lost his life at Antietam?*
9. *Who commanded the opposing forces at that battle?*
10. *Who commanded at Fredericksburg?*

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FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD.*

BATHS OF LUCCA, ITALY.

1854.

Franklin Pierce.

WORKS.

Mr. Isaacs,
Dr. Claudius,
Zoroaster,
The Three Fates,
The Tale of a Lonely Parish,
Saracinesca,
Children of the King,
Don Orsino,
A Roman Singer,
Paul Patoff,
The Novel: What it is,

Marion Darche,
Marzio's Crucifix,
With the Immortals,
Greifenstein,
Sant' Ilario,
Khaled: A Tale of Arabia,
A Cigarette-Maker's Romance,
The Witch of Prague,
To Leeward,
An American Politician,
Pietro Ghisleri,

Katherine Lauderdale.

Marion Crawford's father was the eminent sculptor Thomas Crawford, and his mother was Louise Cutler Ward, a woman of rare culture, and who, although not an author, wrote remarkably well. Her son said that as a schoolboy he admired his mother's letters so much that he determined to imitate their style as soon as he grew up. His mother was the sister of Julia Ward Howe, so we can readily see how the boy inherited artistic and literary tastes. His parents went to Rome, and while in Italy the boy was born. His father lived only three years after his birth. When Marion was twelve years old he did not know one word of English, although he could speak fluently four of the European languages. In order to learn English his mother sent him to America, and he became a pupil of the St. Paul's School at Concord, N. H., where he remained until he was fifteen. Then he went to Exeter, England, to pursue his studies under a private tutor, and later completed his course at Trinity College, Cambridge. While at college he devoted a great deal of his time to athletics, and thus developed a strong and vigorous con-

*See illustration

stitution. He does not keep up these exercises since he has undertaken literary work, because he feels that one is not helpful to the other.

He studied at one of the German universities and we can trace incidents of his life there in his novel *Greifenstein*. The desire for travel was gratified by a year in the East. There he collected materials, doubtless, for his *Zoroaster*, and from Allahabad, India, he sent his first letter to the press. Later on he became editor-in-chief of the "Indian Herald." Ill health prevented his remaining abroad longer than the year, so he went to the northern part of Italy to rough it in order to regain his strength. In 1881 he returned to America and took a course of Sanskrit in Harvard University.

Mr. Isaacs was his first novel and the story of its being written is interesting. Mr. Crawford was dining with his uncle Samuel Ward, of New York, when the conversation turned on India and Crawford was asked to give some reminiscences of his sojourn there. Being gifted in relating a story, he told of Mr. Jacobs, the diamond trader of Simla, in such a charming style that his uncle persuaded him to write it for print. It was an immediate success. The pretty-love story is interspersed with pictures of Eastern life, tiger hunts and Arabian love songs—"an English beauty for a heroine, and a hero with a sublime descent." *Dr. Claudius* followed *Mr. Isaacs*. It is by some considered quite inferior. The scene is laid in Heidelberg under the shadow of the old castle there, and the guides of the present day delight to show the very spot where "Dr. Claudius" was when he saw the countess.

In 1884 Marion Crawford was married to Miss Elizabeth Christopher Berdan of New Hampshire, who was educated in St. Petersburg and Berlin. Her father was General H. Berdan who went over to Russia in behalf of an invention of his—the Berdan rifle—and his daughter while visiting America in 1880 met Mr. Crawford; the acquaintance was renewed while at Constantinople two or three years later, and they were married in

1884 at Bayukdere on the Bosphorus. She is very accomplished and gifted, a fine pianist and a true helpmate to her husband. Their home of late years has been at Sorrento overlooking the beautiful Bay of Naples—a fit home for any writer. There, surrounded by books and souvenirs of travel, he and his wife and children live an ideal life.

Crawford writes rapidly. In eight years he wrote thirteen novels. His publishers say that there is rarely an erasure ever made in his manuscripts, which are exceptionally neat, and he seldom spends more than two months on any book. *Dr. Isaacs* was written in thirty-five days; *Saracinesca* occupied him five months. The latter first appeared as a serial in "Blackwood's Magazine."

It is said that Mr. Crawford does not love literature as a profession but clings to it for the money that it brings to him. He does not receive a royalty from his publishers, preferring to accept a stipulated sum for each manuscript.

It is related that an elderly gentleman walked into a bookstore in Washington City and asked for Marion Crawford's last book.

"*Don Orsino* is the last book *she* has written," said the young lady clerk.

"Then the author is a lady?" asked the gentleman smiling.

"Oh! yes, indeed," was the confident reply.

"What does F. in the name stand for then?"

"That's for Fannie," was the ready answer.

"Send me six copies of *Don Orsino*, please. Here's my card," and the gentleman walked out still smiling.

"Who was that?" asked the proprietor, and the clerk handed him the card.

"Bless my life! that was General Berdan, Marion Crawford's father-in-law!" he exclaimed. "Did he buy any of his son's books?"

"Son?" repeated the clerk, and then very meekly replied, "Yes, six."

It cannot be said that Crawford's works, some of his later ones particularly, such as *Don Orsino* and *Pietro Ghisleri*, have a high moral standard. This is due probably to the foreign background of his stories. The scenes of many of them are laid in Italy—the ideas of life there are so different from what they are in America. However, these very works show a steady improvement in style and literary quality. His novels about New York life have not been very successful.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What was the Sioux War of 1862?*
2. *Who was "Little Crow"?*
3. *Describe the war in the West.*
4. *Describe the war in Tennessee. In Georgia.*
5. *Who commanded the two armies in Chickamauga?*
6. *Who was called the "Rock of Chickamauga"?*
7. *What effect did the battle at Missionary Ridge have?*
8. *Describe the condition of the Confederate soldiers at this time.*
9. *Give a sketch of General Bragg.*
10. *Give a sketch of General Rosecrans.*

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.*

HANOVER COUNTY, VA.

1853.

James Buchanan.

WORKS.

Befo' de War—Poems in Dialect,	The Old South,
In Ole Virginia—Short Stories,	Essays, Social and Political,
Two Little Confederates,	Pastime Stories,
Among the Camps,	Elsket and Other Stories,
Short Stories for Children,	On Newfound River.

One of the most prominent figures in Southern literature in the latter part of this nineteenth century is Thomas Nelson Page. His charming stories are more widely known and more generally read, perhaps, than those of any of his contemporaries. He is the son of Major John Page of Oakland and Elizabeth Burwell Nelson. He was born in Hanover County, Va., April 23, 1853. He is lineally descended from General Thomas Nelson who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and also a prominent figure in the War of the Revolution. He is a great-grandson of John Page of Rosewell, Va., who was a member of the Committee of Safety and succeeded James Monroe as Governor of that State in 1802; there is scarcely a distinguished family in Virginia to which he is not in some way related.

The home and boyhood of Thomas Nelson Page is described by himself in a most characteristic manner in his story of the *Two Little Confederates*. This is based upon the incidents of the late war, when that section of Virginia was inhabited alternately by the Confederate and Federal forces. One has only to read this charming story to become interested in her "little men" as their mother proudly called them, or "them chillern" as they were reproachfully spoken of by "Uncle Balla."

"Oakland was not a handsome place as our modern ideas go,"

* See illustration.

so one writer tells us, "but down in old Virginia where the standard was different, it passed in old times as one of the best plantations in all that region." "The boys thought it the greatest place in the world, except Richmond, where they had been one year to the Fair, and had seen a man pull fire out of his mouth, and do other wonderful things."

The Oakland plantation was a part of the original grant from the Crown of England to the Colonial Magnate, Thomas Nelson of York, grandfather of General Thomas Nelson, the distinguished ancestor of Mr. Page. There in the "great house" was our writer born, and there, among the old plantation lands out in the woods and the growing fields, was his happy childhood spent. Up to the time of the war his life was uneventful, so he tells us in his pleasant little narrative, but when he and his brother Frank heard around the tea-table talks of a probable war, they became at once aroused to its terrors. To their youthful minds war meant horrible things. They knew nothing of it except through the Bible accounts of the Children of Israel, where "men, women, and children were invariably put to the sword"; so when news reached Oakland of the John Brown raid the children were greatly excited. They formed a military company of the little negroes on the place, appointed themselves the commanding officers, and drilled assiduously with guns that "Uncle Balla" had made. This was but the commencement of a varied experience during that four years' struggle; a period full of incidents both sad and joyous; a period interspersed with storms and calms; and a period well calculated to frame a mind and character which was to figure so prominently in after years in the literature of his country. He was sent to Washington and Lee University to study under General Robert E. Lee, and later, when just twenty-one, he took the degree of B.L. at the University of Virginia. At this time he developed a taste for literary work, and while at both of these institutions he was a frequent contributor to the various University magazines. After leaving Washington and Lee he taught school one year in Jefferson County, Ky.

Environment as well as heredity has done much for him as for others. After graduating in law Mr. Page opened an office in Richmond, Va., where he has established for himself a successful practice. Shortly after this he wrote *Marse Chan*, with a view of securing the order to write the paper on the Yorktown Centennial for the "Century Magazine." He has ever since employed his leisure moments in weaving the memories of his old plantation life into those delightful stories which have charmed so many thousand readers. True, we know him better as an author, but as a lawyer he is also successful. His briefs are prepared with care and accuracy, his personality is engaging, and his arguments are forcible.

Mr. Page's first contribution to current literature was a poem entitled *Unc' Gabe's White Folks*, which appeared in "Scribner's Magazine." This poem received immediate recognition on account of its perfect delineation of the negro character and dialect, and was subsequently embraced in a volume entitled *Befo' de War*, published in conjunction with A. C. Gordon. Some years later *Marse Chan*, which firmly established Mr. Page's reputation as a writer of short stories, appeared in the "Century." *Marse Chan* is said to be the best story that has been written about our war. It is supposed to have been related by an old negro slave, a faithful follower of his master and mistress to whom the war had brought desolation. This story is a simple, honest, truthful and at the same time dramatic representation of the times and scenes that were enacted during the four years of bitter strife and struggle in the memorable "War between the States."

In a lecture in Atlanta, Ga., Mr. Page gave in easy style the incident upon which this story was based, which found its way immediately to the hearts of his hearers. The Atlanta "Constitution" in speaking of it says: "It was the story of a backwoods Georgia girl, whose lover was in the army. She had coquetted with him and let him go to the war without encouragement, but at last her heart got the better of her coquetry and she wrote him that she had really loved him all along, and if he

would get a furlough and come home she would marry him. Then, seeming to think that this was too great a temptation to put before a man, she scrawled a little postscript in which she said: 'Don't come without a furlough, for I won't marry you unless you come honorable.' This was found upon the dead body of a soldier who fell fighting in the ranks of a Georgia regiment."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Page, "that if those who contend that the people of the South were drawn into the war by politicians could have read this letter in the scrawling handwriting of an illiterate Georgia girl, they would see that the great conflict originated with the people and was sustained by them."

Other short stories, *Unc' Edinburg*, *Meh Lady*, *Polly*, *Ole Stracted*, etc., followed *Marse Chan* in rapid succession, all of which have been collected in a volume entitled *In Ole Virginia*. This volume has passed through many editions in this country and has been republished in England. All of these stories are good, but *Marse Chan* and *Meh Lady* cannot be excelled. They will be handed down as "little classics" in the index of Southern literature. *Unc' Edinburg's Drownin'* is said to be a story of himself and sweetheart. This may or may not be true.

Mr. Page is described as a man of charming personality. He is said to be "slender, with a strongly marked and genial face, lighted up by a blue eye which fairly dances in keeping time with his play of wit." He is energetic, industrious, and careful. With him law is a profession, a duty; literature a pastime, a pleasure. His peculiar forte in writing is his delineation of the old-time darkey, and his faithful representation of Southern life and people in the good old *ante-bellum* days. As a public reader his success has been pronounced. The magnetism of his personality is at once felt by his audiences, and he holds their attention from the beginning to the end. It is his simple rendition of his own productions that has added so much to their general popularity. His reading has often been compared to James Whitcomb

Riley's recitations. "True he holds the book in his hand, but you rarely see it; you see the old darkey who is talking."

In 1887 the degree of D.L. was conferred upon him by the Washington and Lee University, an honor most worthily bestowed. Travels in foreign lands where he met men and women in the literary and artistic world have added much to the interest and charm of his writings. He has since written *Elsket and Other Stories*, *Among the Camps*, and *On Newfound River*.

The Old South, the newest and latest of Mr. Page's productions, a volume of essays, has been hailed with delight by every true and patriotic Southerner. His masterly defence of a country and a people who have been misinterpreted and maligned must commend itself, not only to Southern people, but to every fair-minded reader of his work. It is dedicated to his countrymen and countrywomen. His chapter on social life in the South in *ante-bellum* days is a gem. In it he gives a true picture of the Southern matron as she really was,—gentle, tender, cultured, refined and industrious, which must be particularly grateful to our young women of to-day, who have constantly heard their mothers described as soft and amiable, but utterly useless in housewifely attainments. This book abounds in essays and addresses relative to the customs and manners of the "Old South." In a masterly way he shows that the "New South" is but a scion of the Old, that the principles that animated our fathers and mothers before the war are the principles that control their children to-day. He dispels the illusion that the "Old South" has been obliterated by the natural sequences of the war; and demonstrates beyond all cavil that what is familiarly known as the "New South" is but the outgrowth of the Old; the child of the grand old sire.

But the crowning glory of Thomas Nelson Page's writings is purity. He does not deem it necessary to descend to the coarse and audacious in order to be popular. He addresses himself always to the finer feelings of human nature and gives no encouragement to vice or vulgarity even by a suggestion. Such

writers deserve to be canonized in this age of daring and demoralization. That Mr. Page's writing and influence have always been on the side of truth and right is not surprising since we learn that his wife, a pure and lovely woman who died five years ago at the age of twenty-two, had been his inspiration. He wrote of her once: "Any mention of me would be incomplete without giving credit to my lovely wife, who was my inspiration and my model, and for whom I wrote, and whose memory is now my most cherished possession. Her name was Anne Seddon Bruce. All I am, and all I shall be I owe, and shall owe to her." Nearly all of his books are dedicated to her memory.

M. A. LIPSCOMB.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *When did Lee surrender?* April 9 - 1865
2. *What was the Sherman-Johnston Convention?*
3. *Describe Johnston's surrender.* 1865
4. *When was Lincoln killed? How?* Shot
5. *How did the South regard this?*
6. *Show why they were mistaken.*
7. *Describe John Wilkes Booth's escape and death.*
8. *Who was Mrs. Surratt?*
9. *What was the Union war debt?*
10. *Why was the Confederate war debt never paid?*

MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS).*

FLORIDA, MONROE COUNTY., MO.

1835.

Andrew Jackson.

WORKS.

The Jumping Frog and Other
Sketches,
Innocents Abroad,
Roughing It,
The Gilded Age (C. D. W.),
Tom Sawyer,
A Tramp Abroad,
The Prince and the Pauper,

Life on the Mississippi,
The Adventures of Huckleberry
Finn,
A Connecticut Yankee at King
Arthur's Court,
The Stolen White Elephant,
£1,000,000 Note,
Tom Sawyer Abroad.

"Mark Twain, the first humorist of his age, is a remarkable example of what genius and work can do to bring a man from poverty to affluence, from obscurity to marvelous success."

He adopted the *nom de plume* from hearing while on a boat that plied the Mississippi, the leadsmen take the soundings "mark twain" in sounding a depth of two fathoms. Clemens caught the happy suggestion and signed it to some articles which he sent soon afterwards to the "Enterprise" a paper published in Virginia City.

Mark Twain was born in Florida, Mo., 1835. His boyhood is faithfully portrayed in *Tom Sawyer* his best book. Roger McGregor an old resident of Hannibal, Mo. said, "I knew Sammy Clemens mighty well. We didn't call him Mark in those days, we called him "Lazy Bones," for a lazier, good-for-nothing boy I never did see. I've licked him many a time because he would not do the things his aunt Nancy Clemens told him to do." His mother really did put him to whitewash the fence; this job he traded off to his mates just as Tom did, while he sat upon the fence and ate apples. He really won the prize at Sunday-school as Tom did. It is true he named David and Goliath among the twelve apostles, and that he had a sweet-

* See illustration.

heart like "Becky Thatcher" before whom he "showed off," and for whom he received a merciless flogging.

Clemens's father was from an old Virginia family, several members of which had been in Congress. He himself was a man of brain and force of character. His mother was so kind-hearted that she was often imposed upon by her fun-loving child. This boy was only twelve when his father died and was one of four children left for her to support. Samuel was sent to school but he did not like to study and was often found playing truant and going in swimming, just as "Tom Sawyer" did. He tells us that surely he was not made to drown, for nine times was he pulled from the water before he was fifteen years old. Whenever a circus came to the little town it left Samuel with an ambition to become a clown, and whenever a minstrel show came, then he felt impelled to be a negro minstrel, and he always felt sure, if he were *a good boy* God would some day allow him to be a pirate.

His next ambition was to be a boat hand—he preferred to be the "cabin boy and wear the white apron and shake the tablecloth over the railing"—but he would be "a deck hand and throw the rope in case his aspirations were not gratified as to the cabin boy." Finally he ran away with the intention of going up the Amazon to explore it. True it was, he had only thirty dollars, but that seemed more than enough for such a purpose. After two weeks he reached New Orleans, and finding that the trip up the Amazon was rather impracticable, he took a position on the "Paul Jones," a boat that plied between New Orleans and St. Louis. He there worked his way up until he received as much as two hundred and fifty dollars a month. He was twenty-six when the "War between the States" began, and he entered the Confederate army. His brother being appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada Territory he went with him as secretary. It was there he wrote *Roughing It*, and as the position of secretary was a non-paying one he determined to try silver mining. Cart loads of silver were arriving from the mills every day, and

he became "as crazy as the craziest"; but his mining operations were a failure, so he commenced to write articles for the papers. Finally he was made editor with a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. This seemed to him like "bloated luxury." He accepted with some misgivings, but, as he tells us himself, if he had been asked at this time to translate the Talmud from the original Hebrew for the same salary, he would have attempted it, although with misgivings, and would have endeavored to throw as much variety into it as he could for the money.

Writing was not lucrative, so he decided to give a lecture. His friends begged him not to attempt it, but he said he would do it. He spent one hundred and fifty dollars in advertising. His posters ran thus: "*Doors open at 7½. The Trouble will Begin at 8.*"

To his and every one's amazement the house was packed and he cleared six hundred dollars. Then he went to New York. There, too, he was successful, and lectured to crowded houses.

His first book was *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras, and Other Sketches*. This sold well, and was as much appreciated in Europe as in this country. In 1867 he joined a party sailing for Europe. They visited France, Italy, and the Holy Land. Upon his return he wrote *Innocents Abroad or New Pilgrim's Progress*, which was sold by subscription. It was a great success. A German Count was urged to read *Pilgrim's Progress*, being told "there was great fun in it." He bought the book, as he supposed, but failed to see the fun. It was discovered that he had been reading *Bunyan's* "Pilgrim's Progress."

In 1870 Clemens married Miss Langdon who was beautiful and lovely; the courtship was not altogether smooth. His proposed father-in-law was very wealthy. When Mark asked for his daughter's hand he said: "I like you, but what do I know of your antecedents? Who is there to answer for you, anyhow?" Mark thought a long time, then said he supposed some of his old California friends would speak a good word for him. Mr. Langdon wrote to the parties whose names were given,

and in every instance they wrote back denouncing Clemens bitterly, and especially deriding his capacity for becoming a good husband. As Mark sat by the side of his *fiancé*, the old gentleman read the letters aloud. After a long silence he said: "Well, that's pretty rough on a fellow!" His betrothed said: "Never mind, I'll risk you anyhow," and she did, and has never regretted it. They were married in Elmira, N. Y., and left at once for Buffalo. They were met at the depot by friends and driven in a handsome carriage, with coachman and livery, to an elegant home beautifully furnished and delightfully situated. There they were met by the parents of the bride, who informed them that this was to be their future home. Tears came into the eyes of Mark Twain, and all he could say was, "Well, this is a first-class swindle." Not long after his marriage he settled in Hartford and became interested in insurance.

It is customary on board the large steamers for the passengers to give an entertainment for the benefit of the Seaman's Fund. When Mark Twain was going to Europe the last time, it was proposed that he should be tried on the charge of being "an inordinate unscientific liar," and the proceeds used for this purpose. He agreed and selected his lawyer to defend him. The judge, prosecuting attorney, and jurors were chosen, the witnesses selected, and the prisoner was brought in in chains. One of the charges made against him was that he had said that he "had dropped a tear on Adam's grave," and every one knew that the prisoner had never been to Adam's grave and had never shed a tear in his life, and another was that the *Jumping Frog* was an utter fabrication and the author of it ought to be condemned severely. Mark Twain's lawyer defended him on the ground of insanity and irresponsibility, and put two of the ship's physicians on the stand. They testified that they had never seen a man who talked so irrationally and that of course he must have an abnormally diseased mind. The prisoner was allowed to make his own defence, and upon his own testimony was convicted. The penalty was that he should read aloud every

remaining day of the voyage three hours from his own works. Mark Twain fell upon his knees when he heard that and groaned aloud imploring mercy. "Anything, anything," he said, "but that!" The entertainment was a success, and netted the Seamen six hundred dollars.

Mark Twain is still in Europe and will probably remain abroad for many years. His chief motive for living abroad is that his children shall be taught the modern languages in the countries where they are spoken. He has made Florence, Italy, his home, thinking it will benefit him and relieve his rheumatism from which he has suffered very much.

His *Gilded Age* written in conjunction with Charles Dudley Warner appeared in 1872. "Colonel Mulberry Sellers" takes a prominent part in this book. His *Punch Brothers*, *Punch* which took so well, and was read and repeated everywhere, appeared in 1878. *The Prince and Pauper* dedicated to "those good-mannered and agreeable children Susie and Clara Clemens" is an historical story of the time of Edward VI. This was published in 1881. *A Library of Humor* in which he was aided by William Dean Howells and which is a compilation of the characteristics of all American humorists living or dead was published in 1888. Mark Twain's *Scrap Book* has been used and abused.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. Describe the capture of President Davis.
2. Where was he confined? How long detained?
3. Who went upon his bond?
4. What were the losses in life on both sides?
5. How heavy was the war debt?
6. How many battles were fought?
7. In how many were the Federals successful?
8. In how many the Confederates?
9. How many were drawn battles?
10. Where is Fortress Monroe?

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

EATONTON, GA.

1848.

Zachary Taylor.

WORKS.

Uncle Remus; his Songs and his Sayings,	Daddy Jake the Runaway,
Nights with Uncle Remus,	Uncle Remus and his Friends,
Mingo and Other Sketches,	On the Plantation,
Free Joe and Other Sketches,	Balaam and his Master,
	Evening Tales.

Joel Chandler Harris was born in the little village of Eatonton, Putnam County, Ga., in 1848. His literary career seems an accident. His mother used to read "Vicar of Wakefield" to him, and although but a child it inspired him with a desire to write a story like it. He did write many stories when quite a boy, unlike the "Vicar of Wakefield," it is true, but none survived that childish period. From his "Old black Maumer" he had heard the story of "Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit" repeated over and over again. What child born in the South before the war did not know these stories by heart? The memory of them lingered with Mr. Harris, and he determined to give them to the children of the present day. He insists that they have no claim to literature proper—counts them simply as "stuff prepared during leisure moments of an active journalistic career, and lacks all that goes to make up a permanent literature."

While his reputation rests chiefly upon the delineation of the negro dialect in *Uncle Remus*, he has written other things worthy of commendation. At fourteen he was apprenticed in the office of "The Countryman," which was an experiment by the editor Colonel Turner to prove that a weekly paper could be successfully published upon a Georgia plantation ten miles from any post-office. Into the columns of this paper Joel Chandler Harris would slip certain articles of his own, which the editor detected

and complimented; and he offered to lend the young apprentice some of the books of his library to encourage him to improve his talents. In 1878 he sent one of his articles to a Northern magazine. However, most of the articles entitled *Uncle Remus; His Songs and Sayings*, were first contributed to the "Atlanta Constitution," as were also *A Rainy Day with Uncle Remus*, and *Nights with Uncle Remus*.

Mingo and Other Sketches introduced the countryman of Middle Georgia and the mountaineer of North Georgia; but these pictures, true as they are to life, do not compare in merit with his quaint negro dialect.

After the war Mr. Harris was connected with the "Crescent Monthly" and lived in New Orleans. Then he moved to Forsyth, Ga., and edited the "Advertiser." His home after that was in Savannah, where he was connected with the "Morning News." This paper was then edited by Mr. Thompson of "Major Jones's Courtship" fame. In 1876 when the yellow fever scourge was so fearful along the coast, Mr. Harris decided that it would be wiser to move to North Georgia, and he selected Atlanta as his home. The "Constitution" recognizing his ability invited him to become a member of the editorial staff. Sam W. Small the "Old Si" of that paper, and a writer of negro dialect stories, resigned about that time, and Harris was asked to take the place. Then it was that he determined to give to the world his "Brer Fox" and "Brer Rabbit." They immediately became popular North and South. Even England appreciated them, and *Uncle Remus* became a household word in both continents.

In personal appearance Mr. Harris is of medium height, inclined to rotundity. He has chestnut hair with a reddish tinge, and moustache of the same color. His eyes are blue, his complexion fair and ruddy. He is an exceedingly modest man—his success has not spoiled him. One cannot find anywhere a more natural or unaffected manner. His home is now (1894) at West End, Atlanta, where it delights him to entertain his literary

friends. His wife was Miss La Rose, a Canadian, whom he met in 1873 prior to the time of his removal from Savannah.

He is frank and outspoken on all subjects, and never hesitates nor does he fear to express his opinion about anything. He makes it a point to be in a good humor under all circumstances. He is one in a thousand who can be cheerful when he is sick. His eyes have a merry twinkle, and he extracts fun out of everything and everybody, but he can be serious when he works, however.

Joel Chandler Harris heartily protests against what is generally known as a "dialect story." He says strictly speaking there is no such thing as a dialect story. "Dialect is simply a part and parcel of character, and the writer who is developing or depicting character has no more thought of merely writing dialect than an artist who is compelled to paint a wart on a man's nose has of painting bunions." "In literature as in life people must be natural. They must speak their natural language and act out their little tragedies and comedies according to the promptings of their nature." "Dialect stories, so-called, are generally nothing but jargon simply written to introduce this jargon."

Dr. Chaney of Boston in speaking of *Uncle Remus* said, "I have sometimes wondered what the effect of such stories would be upon susceptible children. The unmixed admiration with which they greet the cunning, duplicity, deceit, ingenuity, the absence of conscience or conviction in which 'Brer Rabbit' excels, it would seem must have a damaging effect upon them. And, yet, the antagonist of 'Brer Rabbit' is commonly such a rascal, that there is a sort of moral tonic in having him caught up with by whatever means. Fire fights fire, when cunning matches cunning, and of the two 'Brer Rabbit's' deceit is so much more amiable than 'Brer Fox's' that it is comparatively moral to sympathize with it."

It has been said that *Uncle Remus* is an answer to Harriet Beecher Stowe's representation of slavery. He certainly had

nothing but pleasant memories of the discipline of slavery, and "Uncle Remus" represents a large class of the Southern darkey, not an isolated case. How he glories in telling of the mysteries of plantation life to a little child born since the war! How vividly he portrays the prejudices of caste and pride of family which were the natural results of slavery! How true and faithful he is to the memory of "Mars Jeems!" His truthful representations make his stories very natural to every one whose childhood was spent at the South before and during the war. There is a great deal of philosophy taught by *Uncle Remus*.

"De place wharbouts you spill de grease, right dar youer bound ter slide;
An' whar you fine a bunch er ha'r, you'll sholy fine de hide."

And again, "W'en freedom come bout de niggers sorter got dere humps up, and dey staid dat way, twel bimeby dey begun fer to git hongry, an' den day begun fer ter drap inter line right smartually. Dey er sorter comin' roun' now. Dey er gittin' so dey bleve dat dey aint no better dan de w'ite folks. An' w'en he gits holt er de fact dat a nigger kin have yaller fever same as w'ite folks, you done got 'im on de mo'ner's bench, an den ef you come down strong on de pint dat he oughter stan' fast by de folks what hope him we'n he wuz in trouble, de job's done. W'en you does dat, if you aint got yo hands on a new-made nigger den my name aint Remus, an' ef dat name's been changed I aint seen her abbertzied."

Then we have his song:

"W'en de nashuns er de earf is standin' all aroun',
Who's gwine ter be chosen fer to w'ar de glory-crown?
Who's a gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed en bol'.
En answer to der name at de callin' er de roll.
You better come now, ef you comin'—
Ole Satan is loose en a bummin'—
De wheels er distruckshun is a hummin',
Oh, come 'long sinner, ef you comin'!"

"Oh you nee'nter be a stoppin' en a lookin';
Ef you fool with Ole Satan, you'll git took in,
You'll hang on the aidge en git shook in,
Ef you keep on a stoppin' en a lookin'."

"De ole bee make de honey comb,
De young bee make de honey;
De niggers make de cotton en corn,
But de w'ite folks gits de money."

"De raceoon he's a cu'us man, he never walks twel dark
An' nuthin' never sturb his mine, twel he hear old Bringer bark.

Many such illustrations of his homely philosophy could be given if space allowed. Mr. Harris hopes to have the leisure some day to write a novel. Every one expects it to be excellent for the reason that everything he has ever yet written is excellent.

He has a house full of children. Julian is the eldest, and is now a reporter on the "Constitution," showing even at this early age decided literary tastes and aspirations. He and Lucien another brother delighted from childhood to gather around them their young companions to rehearse the stories which their father would tell them. All the children are early taught French by the mother who is an excellent linguist.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who became the twelfth President?*
2. *Who was "Old Rough and Ready"?*
3. *When was California admitted as a State?*
4. *What was called the "five bleeding wounds"?*
5. *What was the "Omnibus Bill," and by whom offered?*
6. *What great Southern senator died at this time? Did he favor the Compromise?*
7. *Upon what terms was Utah admitted?*
8. *The death of what two great senators soon followed?*
9. *Upon Taylor's death who succeeded?*
10. *When was the gold panic?*

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MAURICE
THOMPSON.



JAMES WHITCOMB
RILEY.



SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.*

GREENFIELD, IND.

1852.

Franklin Pierce.

WORKS.

The Old Swimmin' Hole, and "Leven More Poems," by Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone,
The Boss Girl, and Other Sketches, Afterwhiles,
Character Sketches and Poems,
An Old Sweetheart of Mine.

Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury,
Rhymes of Childhood,
The Flying Islands,
Green Fields and Running Brooks,
Old-Fashioned Roses,

James Whitcomb's father was a lawyer of Greenfield, Ind., and in travelling from court to court was frequently accompanied by his little son; thus the boy gained a taste for roving that has continued to the present time.

His father tried to make a lawyer of him, but soon saw that it was useless. Rhyming began with him when he was quite young—just large enough to reach to the top of a table where he wrote his four-line valentine which he illustrated with comic pictures.

He left school at a very early age, and adopted sign-board painting as a profession, even pretending at times that he was blind, being led about by a little boy from place to place; he did this in order to secure sympathy and patronage. He would run his hand over the surface to be painted, as if taking the dimensions, and then set to work. Crowds gathered around, amazed at the wonderful accuracy of the "blind sign painter." He seemed perfectly satisfied if his labors secured for him a night's lodging. On one of these tramps he "fell in" with a vender of patent medicine. It was agreed that the two should travel together, Riley collecting and amusing the crowd by his funny songs and banjo playing, while the medicine man sold his "Catholicon" to the people. Thus it was that he became

*See illustration.

acquainted with the ignorant and the unsophisticated folk whose language and dialect he has so successfully portrayed.

After this he became an actor in a theatrical troupe, and this led to his improvising songs and recasting plays. He tried very hard to write serious poetry, but gave it up because he said he found it very unmarketable. He adopted the dialect of the West, using the material collected during those wandering days, and this brought him at once into notice. The multitude of imitators of this style of poetry shows its great popularity.

His imitative powers are remarkable, as shown in his *Leonainie*, which he wrote after Poe's style. Every one was deceived, even the best literary critics. He declared that the poem had been found written on the fly-leaf of a book belonging to Edgar Allan Poe, and discovered by a relative of the deceased who had moved to Indiana from the East many years ago. The trick was very successful, and when discovered was the cause of securing him employment on a newspaper in Indianapolis, and there it was that he first published his dialect verse. Within the last few years Riley has contributed numberless pieces to periodicals, and has published a book of selections. His poem in imitation of Poe is not found in this volume, however.

Riley appeared as a reader of his own poems before large audiences in New York and in the West. These readings were in every way a success.

Eugene Field tells us that when Riley gave some of his readings on shipboard, as he was returning from Europe, he had two enthusiastic Scotchmen among his listeners. One of them remarked:

"Is it no' wonderfu' Donal', that a tradesman suld be sic a bonnie poet?"

"And is he indeed a tradesman?" asked the other.

"'Deed he is. Did ye no' hear the dominie intryjuce him as the *hoosier-poet*?"

The other replied:

“Just think o’ sic a gude poet spending his time making hoosieriery.”

It was in the Indianapolis “Journal” that many of Riley’s poems appeared. One to attract universal attention was *Little Orphant Annie*, which has amused and entertained children both of smaller and larger growth. Two of the verses run thus:

One’t they was a little boy wouldn’t say his pray’rs—
 An’ when he went to bed at night away up stairs,
 His mammy heerd him holler, an’ his daddy heerd him bawl,
 An’ when they turned the kivers down, he wasn’t there at all!
 An’ they seeked him in the rafter-room, an’ cubby hole, an’ press,
 An’ seeked him up the chimbley flue, an’ everywheres, I guess,
 But all they ever found was thist his pants and roundabouts!—
 An’ the gobble-uns ’ll git you

Ef you
 Don’t
 Watch
 Out!

An’ one time a little girl ’ud allus laugh an’ grin,
 An’ make fun of ever’ one, an’ all her blood an’ kin,
 An’ onc’t when they was company, an’ ole folks was there,
 She mocked ’em an’ shocked ’em, an’ said she didn’t care!
 An’ thist as she kicked her heels, an’ turn’t to run and hide,
 They was two great big Black Things a standin’ by her side,
 An’ they snatched her through the ceilin’ ’fore she know’d what she’s about!
 And the gobble-uns ’ll git you

Ef you
 Don’t
 Watch
 Out!

Mr. Riley can be very serious at times.

KISSING THE ROD.

O heart of mine, we shouldn’t
 Worry so!
 What we have missed of calm
 We couldn’t have you know!
 What we’ve met of stormy pain,
 And of sorrow’s driving rain,
 We can better meet again
 If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour,
 We have known
 When our tears fell with the shower,
 All alone—
 Were not shine and sorrow blent
 As our Gracious Master meant?
 Let us temper our content
 With his own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad :
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

Two or three years ago (1894) Riley, Nye, and Edwards started out on a Southern tour to give readings together. This was a happy combination of talent, and they were enthusiastically received. Riley and Nye wrote together the *Railway Guide*, which was published in Chicago.

Mr. Riley is an unmarried man and Bill Nye says, "I am constantly receiving letters from old maids and widows inquiring about him."

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name one important event in American history in each of the following years: 1783, 1787, 1789, 1792, 1797, 1800.

Who were ruling in England and France at the time?

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.*

ALBANY, N. Y.

1839.

Van Buren.

Bret Harte is credited with having given the impulse to the Southern movement in American literature which called forth Cable's "Creole Days," Craddock's "Tennessee Mountains," and Harris's "Uncle Remus." If this be true, great honor should be accorded him by lovers of literature.

"He is a man of few jokes, but much humor." He is the son of a teacher. His father, a man of literary culture, accepted a position in a seminary for young ladies in Albany, New York, where his son Bret Harte was born. Being dependent upon his salary for a support, Mr. Harte at his death left his family without any means, so that the son's education was of the most ordinary kind. "He lived in Albany until he was ten years of age, when he went to live with his married sister in New York City. It was there that his first literary effort was made—an incident which Mr. Harte relates in his deliciously humorous way.

His sister's husband was a man of mercantile pursuits and of a severely practical turn of mind; he looked upon his wife's small brother as a useless dreamer who would never amount to much of anything in life, so when young Harte composed some verses at the tender age of eleven and called them *Autumnal Musings* he felt very much of a culprit, but nevertheless addressed them to the editor of the 'Sunday Alta' and sneaked them into the post box. They were signed 'Bret,' his middle name, for he was called Frank in those days.

The following Sunday, on his way home from Sunday School, he passed a news-stand where the papers were always spread out on boards and held down with stones. He glanced furtively over them, and there uppermost on the first page of the 'Alta'

* See illustration.

was his poem. Of course his boyish heart was overjoyed. He scampered home with the precious paper, and bravely displayed the poem to his sister and her prosaic husband, and owned up to its authorship. Then what a storm followed! 'Never,' says Mr. Harte, 'have I passed through anything so terrible as that scene was to my young mind. My sister sobbed in anger and shame, and my brother lectured me roundly. They called up the horrors of the life of a literary vagabond, half-starved in an attic, and I was brought to believe that any one who dared to write verses was criminally inclined.' After this terrible damper it is needless to say that he put all thoughts of writing out of his mind. Two years later he ran away from school and home and crossed the plains with a caravan to California, the new El Dorado that was stirring every youthful breast at that time with feverish unrest. In his *Waif of the Plains* he narrates much of his actual experience on this adventurous expedition.

After arriving on the Pacific coast he tried all sorts of things. He mined some, set type, taught school, was an express rider, and dipped into frontier journalism. At the age of seventeen he was made deputy collector of taxes at his own request. He was laughed at for his ambition, for at that time no taxes had ever been collected in the wild lawless mining districts to which he was commissioned. He was, moreover, an especially slender and gentle-looking boy, wholly unlike the rough, 'bad 'men,' with whom he was to deal, and when he went out on his round of duty the men who had sent him never expected to see him return.

But he did return, and every tax was paid. He never was molested and he carried no firearms, not even a pistol; and never in all his dealings with those rough men did he receive an unkind or brutal word. He owes this to the fact that he showed himself helpless among them, and was always gracious and polite, and they respected him."

In 1854 his mother moved to California, and the son having joined her decided to open a school, so he walked from San

Francisco to Sonora, a distance of more than one hundred and twenty miles to do so. Whether his literary attainments were not sufficient to sustain this school, or whether he failed in discipline, or his patrons failed in paying him is not known. Suffice it to say, the venture was a failure and he was forced to try mining to gain a living, and afterwards became an apprentice in a printing office; so his literary career began by composing his first articles in type while working up his case.

He conducted a journal himself for a while, but his style did not suit the miners, and as their patronage supported the paper, his editorial experience was short. He returned to San Francisco and became connected with the "Golden Era." He described his frontier life, and these clever sketches contributed anonymously attracted the attention of the editor, who, as soon as he discovered their author, invited him to become one of the regular contributors to the paper.

During the "War between the States" he accepted the position as Secretary of the United States branch Mint and held that office six years, continuing to write all this time for San Francisco journals. *John Burns of Gettysburg*, *The Pliocene Skull*, *The Society upon the Stanislaus* and other poems were very widely copied, and universally admired.

It was in the "Overland Monthly," a magazine that Bret Harte originated, that *The Luck of Roaring Camp* first appeared. This is considered one of the finest stories he has ever written. Its style was new, and it dealt with the peculiar dialect of Western mining life, and the world questioned whether it should accept it or not. Bret Harte tells the story of the amusing manner in which it was discussed. He says, "It was written for the 'Overland Monthly' of which I was the editor. I had not received the proof sheets, when I was suddenly summoned to the office of the publisher, whom I found standing, the picture of dismay and anxiety, with the proof before him. My indignation and stupefaction may be well imagined when I was told that the printer instead of returning the proofs to *me*, had submitted them.

to the publisher, with the emphatic declaration that the matter thereof was so *indecent, irreligious, and improper* that his proof-reader, a young lady, had with difficulty been induced to continue its perusal, and that he, as a friend of the publisher and a well-wisher of the magazine, was impelled to present to him personally this shameless evidence of the manner in which the editor was imperilling the future of the enterprise." Finally the story was submitted to three gentlemen of culture and experience, friends of the publisher and the author, who were unable, however, to come to any clear decision. Bret Harte, as editor of the magazine, insisted that it should be published without any pruning, and its reception by the world proves who was the best critic. *The Luck of Roaring Camp* stood the fire of criticism which raged against it before and after its appearance. The little baby, the Luck of Roaring Camp, was the offspring of "Cherokee Sal." The mother dying left the child, alone and unprotected, in the hands of these rough miners. Their care of it, their love for it, their interest in it is deeply pathetic, although very humorous at times. It is quite a study to note how their profanity abates, how new thoughts and feelings are born in their hearts, and how the love for this little child leads these coarse men to live better and nobler lives. The author, it is true, might have taken another method to attain the same end, but he knew these miners well—he knew how best to reach their hearts—and when one thinks of that, the shock which the coarseness in the story first brings, in a great measure passes away.

The Outcasts of Poker Flat is considered by many his best production, but nothing brought him so prominently before the public as his *Heathen Chinee*. This appeared in 1870, and is a satire against the hue and cry that the Chinese are shiftless and weak-minded. The success of this poem induced Bret Harte to move to New York. He had accepted the Chair of Current Literature in the University of California, but he remained there only one year. He became a regular contributor to the "At-

lantic Monthly" as soon as he moved to New York, which was in 1871. In 1878 he was appointed United States Consul to Crefeld, Germany; he was transferred to Glasgow, Scotland, in 1880, and continued there until Cleveland's first administration made a change.

He has two sons—one a very successful actor, and the other a very successful business man.

A writer should be judged by the quality not the quantity of his work. Much that Bret Harte has written may pass out of memory, but *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *Santa Claus*, and *Miggles* will last as long as this language lasts, and American literature will be forever enriched by the truth and tenderness in them.

His other works are :

Condensed Novels,
Poems,
East and West Poems,
Poetical Works,
Mrs. Skagg's Husbands,
Echoes of the Foot Hills,
Tales of the Argonauts,
Two Men of Sandy Bar,
Thankful Blossoms,
The Story of a Mine,
Drift from Two Shores,
The Twins of Table Mountain, and Other
Stories,
Flip and Found at Blazing Star,
In the Carquinez Woods,
On the Frontier,
By Shore and Sedge,
Maruja, a Novel,

Snow-Bound at Eagle's,
A Phyllis of the Sierras,
The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh,
A Waif of the Plains,
Colonel Starbottle's Client,
Cressy,
The Queen of the Pirate Isle,
A Millionaire of Rough and Ready,
The Argonauts of North Liberty,
The Crusade of the Excelsior,
A Ward of the Golden Gate,
A Sappho of Green Springs, and Other
Stories,
A First Family of Tasajara,
Susy: A Story of the Plains,
Sally Dows, and Other Stories,
A Protégé of Jack Hamlin's, and Other
Stories.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name one important event in American history in each of the following years: 1870, 1877, 1881, 1885, 1889, 1893.

Who were ruling in England and France?

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK (MARY NOAILLES MURFREE).*

GRANTLANDS, TENN.

WORKS.

Where the Battle was Fought, In the Tennessee Mountains, The Prophet of Smoky Mountain, The Phantoms of the Foot- Bridge,	His Vanished Star, Down the Ravine, In the Stranger People's Country, The One I Knew Best, The Despot of Broomsedge Cove.
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Charles Egbert Craddock, for Miss Murfree prefers to be known by this name, is a native of Tennessee. Her great-grandfather Major Hardy Murfree for whom Murfreesboro, N. C., was named, received a large grant of land in Tennessee from the government, because of active services rendered during the Revolutionary War. His son, the grandfather of Charles Egbert, after serving his native State, North Carolina, as a member of Congress, removed to Tennessee, and there reared his family upon the landed estates bequeathed to his father. Mary Noailles Murfree's father became a lawyer, and was prominent in his profession. He settled in Murfreesboro, and married Miss Murfree who was connected with one of the most influential families in the State. Their home "The Grantlands" had to be given up during the war, and it soon became the battle-field of Murfreesboro. This old home and its surroundings have been vividly described in *Where the Battle was Fought*—one of Charles Egbert's stories, but by no means her best.

When quite a child Miss Murfree had a stroke of paralysis which caused lameness. She was debarred the ordinary pleasures of childhood, but this affliction in no way dimmed the brightness of her disposition. It encouraged a reading habit which has resulted in making her an author. She was always a good stu-

*See illustration.

dent, and was stimulated in her literary tastes and aspirations by a cultivated and literary father. Possibly she would never have given the world the books she has, had not disasters of war forced her to write.

When compelled to leave the old homestead her father moved to the summer home among the Tennessee mountains near Beersheba. There she made a study of the character of the mountaineers which has given her the reputation of a wonderful delineator of that particular class of people. She did not put the material then collected into any definite shape, however, until nine years afterwards, when they returned to their old shattered homestead, only to leave it in a short space of time for St. Louis where they now live. *In the Tennessee Mountains* was published soon after they reached that city. This is a collection of short stories. The first *The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove* appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," and the others quickly followed in the same magazine. The authoress spares no pains to verify her statements, and goes to endless trouble to gain all facts and points whether to represent a character or a place. In order to describe faithfully the game of poker in her book *Where the Battle was Fought* she made a careful study of that game of cards. To carry out some investigations in law in order to prove a point maintained, she studied Blackstone and thus acquired knowledge of many abstruse subjects. She investigated science in its supposed conflict with the Bible, to use in *The Prophet of Smoky Mountain* where the illiterate preacher wrestles with unbelief. *In the Clouds* is not as good as its predecessors.

Possibly not since Marian Evans appeared under the *nom de plume* of George Eliot has there been so great a literary sensation as when it was discovered that Charles Egbert Craddock was Mary Noailles Murfree of Tennessee. It is related, upon somewhat doubtful authority, that Oliver Wendell Holmes, hearing that Charles Egbert Craddock was in Boston, invited some friends to dine with the distinguished author. Whittier

only, of all the guests, had arrived when Craddock's card was brought up—a card written in that familiar masculine hand. Dr. Holmes immediately hastened to meet the author. Upon entering the room he found there only a demure little woman. He bowed courteously excusing his abruptness, and stated that the servant had brought him the card of Charles Egbert Craddock, and he had expected to see him. "I am Charles Egbert Craddock," said the quiet little body. "Impossible," said Dr. Holmes. "It can't be possible," and rushed to tell Whittier about it. "Whittier," said the impulsive Doctor, "Whittier, Charles Egbert Craddock is below and he is a woman!"

She has been called the "William Black of the Tennessee Mountains."

She tells us that when in childhood she sighed over the games in which her lameness forbade her joining, her mother comforted her by saying, "Never mind, dear, if you can't do what the rest do, you can do what they cannot—you can spell *Popocatepetl*."

FANNIE D. MURFREE a younger sister is also an author, and has written a very striking novel "Felicia," dealing with the marriage of a society girl to a professional singer.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. When and by whom was Memorial Day suggested?
2. Give a sketch of Mrs. Williams.
3. What were the Soldiers' Aid Societies?
4. When was Nebraska admitted as a State? *mech, 1867*
5. When was Alaska bought? *1867*
6. From whom, and what price paid? *Russia - 7200000*
7. What States were readmitted to the Union in 1868?
8. When was Georgia readmitted to the Union?
9. Name the principal events of Grant's administration.
10. Give a sketch of Ulysses S. Grant.

*(9) 15th Amendment
Pacific Rd. completed
Col. admitted*

Ex. By. held at Phil

Silver not demonetized

*(7) Ark
Ala
Geo
La*

7, + 3. Cor

MONTHLY REVIEW.

1. Who is Ik Marvel? *Mitchell*
2. Who boasted "a lineage stainless and well-nigh princely"? *Sayarré*
3. Who pictures so beautifully Venetian life? *Mitchell*
4. Who said we must not carry a sad face to a sick room? *Howells*
5. Where was "Pen Lucy"? *Howells*
6. Who made the children eat tulip bulbs for onions? *Harriet Stowe*
7. Who wrote "The Heathen Chinee"? *Francis Parkes*
8. Who wrote the "One Hoss Shay"? *Holmes*
9. Who was born at Benedict Arnold's birthplace? *Stedman*
10. Who was "Aunt Ritter"? *Johnson's father's servant*
11. Who was Elizabeth Ciemantine Dodge? *Stedman's mother*
12. Who is "The patriarch of Southern letters"? *Sayarré*
13. Who gave up all his private property to pay his debts?
14. What was the subject of Harriet Beecher Stowe's first composition? *3:11*
15. Who lived on Staten Island? *Cypres*
16. Who wrote "Over the Tea Cups"? *Holmes*
17. Who wrote "Dream Life"? *Marvel*
18. Did Harriet Beecher Stowe cause more suffering or lessen it by her novel? *more suffering*
19. Who wrote the "Diamond Wedding"? *Stedman*
20. Who said "His fame is our glory"? Of whom was it said? *Said of Holmes by*
21. Who was on the editorial staff of the New York Tribune? *Truman*
22. Who looks when smiling like an old Scotch farmer? *Truman*
23. Who wrote many books in French? *Sayarré*
24. Who was "Masterman Ready"? *5-5-3*
25. Who wrote "In the Tennessee Mountains"? *Bradash*
26. To whom did Holmes probably give "the side door key" of his heart? *school-mist*
27. What poem was written by firelight? *Beckwith*
28. Who wrote "Norwood"? *Hardy*
29. Who was pronounced the best sonnet writer in America? By whom? *Hayne*
30. Who said he was madly, hopelessly, bottomlessly in love? *Johnson*
31. What book was printed on Confederate paper? *Moreau*
32. What Louisiana writer married a Georgia woman? *Sayarré*
33. How did Mark Twain get his *nom de plume*? *Saunderly*
34. How many times did Eggleston have to go through his spelling book? *five*
35. What novel saved a soldier's life? *Macaria*
36. Whose mother was a poet? *Stedman*
37. Who wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin? *Stowe*
38. Who wrote Vashti? *Wilson*
39. Who wrote "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"? *Eggleston*
40. Who wrote of Creole life? *Sayarré*
41. Who wrote "Colonial Ballads"? *Margaret Preston*
42. Who lived in Florida and for what purpose? *Stowe*
43. Who was called the "De Staël of the South"? *Stowe*
44. Who wrote "The Dukesborough Tales"? *Richard Johnson*
45. Who wrote the "History of Louisiana"? *Sayarré*
46. Who punished the boys who went to the circus? *Eggleston's teacher*
47. Who wrote a novel at fifteen? *Francis*
48. In which of Mark Twain's books does he describe himself? *Tom Sawyer*
49. Whose father taught him never to tell a lie, and to knock down one who said he did? *Eggleston*
50. What author's husband died in 1891? *Francis*
51. When was "Inez" written? *American War*

52. Who was reared on a Georgia plantation? *Johnston*
53. Whose home is with her two sons? *Miss Stone*
54. Who was the recognized captain of his schoolmates? *Aggleston*
55. Who thought it no harm to hide negro slaves from their owners? *Stowe*
56. What writer is a famous critic? *Stoddard*
57. Who read Latin at ten? *Preston*
58. Who advocated building the first steam railway? *Hali's father*
59. Whose home is near Mobile, Ala? *France*
60. Who wrote "Poets of America"? *Edmund Clarence*
61. What is Mark Twain's real name? *Samuel Clemens*
62. What did Dr. Holmes say about our brains? *70 yr clock pages*
63. Who talked in rhyme? *Salter of Salisbury*
64. Who wrote "The New Pilgrim's Progress"? *Swain*
65. Whose mother commended him for having a hundred in deportment? *Hali's*
66. Who copied one of Milton's hymns to deceive a publisher? *Stockton*
67. Who is the Mimosa of Southern literature? *Preston*
68. Who was educated in New Orleans? *Aggarre*
69. In what book is Taj Mahal described? *St. Paul*
70. Who wrote "Meh Lady" and "Marse Chan"? *Page*
71. Who wrote "Little Foxes"? *Ston*
72. Who wrote "Punch, Brothers, Punch"? *Swain*
73. Who received a check for \$15,000 before her book was published? *France*
74. Name Holmes's four most noted works? *308*
75. Who stole the mince meat? *Stockton*
76. Who wrote "The Goose-Pond School"? *St. Paul*
77. Who was "Colonel Sellers"? *Swain*
78. Who was kicked out of bed? *Stockton*
79. Who wrote "Freedman's Case in Equity"? *Salter*
80. Who received \$1.50 for his first literary venture? *Travulbridge*
81. Who asked for a black silk dress for the novel that has been so widely translated? *Ston*
82. Who wrote under the *nom de plume* "Philemon Perch"? *Salter*
83. Whose teacher is described as a "feather pillow sort of a man"? *Salter*
84. Who wrote "Ben-Hur"? *Ben Hallgoe*
85. Who wrote the "Two Little Confederates"? *Page*
86. Who climbed a ladder to get to his bed? *Harrell*
87. Who wrote the "Old Red Hills of Georgia"? *Harrell*
88. Who took an oath to avoid prevarication under all circumstances? *Harrell*
89. Whose children were early taught French? *Harrell*
90. Who was called the "William Black of the Tennessee Mountains"? *Cradock*
91. What was Longfellow's nickname? *Head*
92. Whose speech on President Davis created such misrepresentation? *Jackson*
93. What author was born in Savannah, Ga.?
94. Who was sent as Minister to Mexico? *Salter*
95. Who wrote "My Double, and How He Undid me"? *Hale*
96. Who wrote "Farm Ballads"? *Salter*
97. Whose paper was suppressed for alleged treasonable utterances? *Salter*
98. Who went to sleep over Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding"? *Hale*
99. Who was sent as Minister to Austria? *Salter*
100. Who belonged to the "Crazy Club"? *Stockton*

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. Who was called the "Schoolmaster of the Republic"? *Webster*
2. What American poet wrote two hundred and seventy-eight poems before she was seventeen? *Maria F. Howitt*
3. Who has been called "The Nestor of the Press"? *Chas. Darnall*
4. What battle of the Revolutionary War was fought with a broomstick? *1783 Mrs. Day whipped procat m*
5. Who was the first woman in the United States to devote herself to literature? *Hannah Adams*
6. What battle of the Revolution was fought four years before Lexington? *Alamance Creek*
7. Who was called "Old Fuss and Feathers"? *A. Scott*
8. What is the origin of the expression, "Fifty-four, forty or fight"? *Said by Wm Allen*
9. How did the expression "Brother Jonathan" originate? *Washington said*
10. Who was called the "American Cato"? *Sam'l Adams*

8) Oregon boundary question in
S. Senate 1844

*Julia
Annie
Florence*

CHAPTER VI.

LIVING WRITERS CONTINUED.

1894.

NOVELISTS AND STORY WRITERS.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, Fredericksvern, Norway, 1848, is so associated with American Men of Letters that although he did not come to the United States until he was twenty years of age, he is claimed as one of her sons. His father visited America in 1854 and left his family in the care of his wife's father Judge Hjorth. The mother died when Hjalmar was eleven and the grandfather continued the care of the boy. As a child he was passionately fond of animals of all kinds—he had several hundred pigeons, besides rabbits, dogs, cats, cows, and horses. When it was decided to send him to school in the city, his trunk was packed and the steamer was due, but the boy could not be found,—the steamer was at the landing and still he could not be found. The servants searched every nook and corner; finally the dairy maid suggested that he had gone to say farewell to the animals, and upon investigation there sure enough he was found with his arms around the neck of a calf, weeping bitterly. He was miserably homesick at school, but he was a plucky boy, and would not allow himself to be imposed upon. He was sent to Leipsic, Germany, and afterwards to the University of Norway. When he came home his ambition was to be a poet; his grandmother encouraged him, but his father said "Norway is too small a country to support poets. If you are serious in your aspirations to become a man of letters, you ought to conquer a

language in which you can address the great world,—English, French, or German,—that is, if you have anything to say to which the world will care to listen.” So Hjalmar came to America in 1868 and settled in Chicago. His father had deposited with a friend there some money to be given to the first of his sons who should come to this country. He began to edit a Scandinavian paper entitled “*Fremad*,” then he became Professor of German at the Cornell University. He had been in this country only two years when he wrote his *Gunnar*. As a boy going back and forth to school he was accustomed to stop at the peasants’ houses, where he would hear the same legends which he had heard from the servants when a child in his grandfather’s hall. These stories supplied the material for the description of Saeter life in *Gunnar; a Norse Romance*. The book found a publisher in this way: Boyesen was in the Harvard College Library, Cambridge, one day and the librarian requested him to write his name in the visitors’ book. When he saw the peculiar signature he asked if he were not a Norseman. Upon the affirmative reply he told him that Professor Child was very anxious to find a Norseman to translate some Norwegian ballads for him. He met Professor Child afterwards by appointment and translated the ballads; both were pleased, the one with the other, and an invitation accepted to dine together. William Dean Howells, then editor of the “*Atlantic Monthly*,” was a guest also, and Professor Child asked Boyesen to read extracts from his manuscript to him. Howells became greatly interested, begged him to spend several days at his house and to read the rest of the manuscript; this resulted in an offer to publish it.

While at Cornell he met the lady whom he afterwards married. Her name was Lilly and she was the daughter of a New York banker. An anecdote is told of Boyesen showing that while he has genius he has plenty of heart also. One day while lecturing to his class on Goethe, and discoursing upon the claims of Lili one of Goethe’s many loves, he astounded them all by announcing that she was “the daughter of a New York banker.”

Roars of laughter greeted this statement, and the lecturer although overwhelmed with confusion soon recovered himself.

Boyesen gained his reputation as a writer by his strong and vigorous Norse stories. The best known probably is *Gunnar*, but he has written *Ilka on the Hill*, which was dramatized as *Alpine Roses*, *Falconberg*, *Goethe and Schiller; Their Lives and Works*, *A Daughter of the Philistines*, *Vagabond Tales*, and *Against Heavy Odds*.

He sent his articles to the magazine simply signed H. H. Boyesen, but the editor said that would never do, and insisted upon the whole name Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, saying the very oddity of the name would attract readers, and he proved to be a true prophet. The signature did attract while the story held the attention of the readers. The author acknowledged the wisdom of the suggestion and said, "I would not take anything for it."

After leaving Cornell he became Professor in Columbia College, and then delivered a course of lectures on literary topics in New York. *Wied 1890*

JULIAN HAWTHORNE, Boston, Mass., 1846, is the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne; although his school and college days were passed in America, yet he has spent in all seventeen years abroad. He entered Harvard in 1863, and then studied civil engineering in Dresden, Germany.

He did not intend to follow literature as a profession, preferring the life of a hydrographic civil engineer. He began work in the New York Dock Department, but as he expressed it he was "rotated" out of office, and for lack of something better to do began to write. It is not often that circumstances such as these will make a writer, but doubtless an inherited love for the pen lurked in his veins, and the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne became a writer in spite of himself.

The bulk of his literary work has been for the magazines and

newspapers. One of the best specimens of his style is the biography of his father and mother. He has written a great deal for the London "Spectator" and the "Contemporary Review," under the title of *Saxon Studies*, which was the fruit of a four years' residence in Dresden.

His summer home now is in Sag Harbor, Long Island. It is about a half mile from the beach and has a beautiful frontage. The family spend their time boating, fishing, rowing or playing games. His wife Mrs. Minnie Hawthorne is a great gardener and "has transformed the desert into a paradise of flowers." Among his children are four daughters, Hildegarde, Gwendolen, Beatrix, and Imogen, and two sons, Frank and Henry.

Mr. Hawthorne says he can do no satisfactory work in New York, for the bustle of the city is not conducive to literary thought or expression. He can do in the country in six weeks what it would take months to accomplish in the city.

He and his boys are noted athletes. He wisely believes in the development of the body as well as the mind.

His published works are:

Bressant, Sebastian Strome, Idolatry, Fortune's Fool, Garth, Dust, Archibald Malmaison, Beatrix Randolph, Ellice Quentin, Noble Blood, Prince Saroñi's Wife, Love—or a Name, The Trial of Gideon, The Professor's Sister, A Dream and a Forgetting, Constance, Confessions and Criticisms, A Messenger from the Unknown.

His sister ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP, Massachusetts, 1851, has written a volume of poems "Along the Shore," besides numerous articles for magazines. She studied art for many years in Europe and married the journalist GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

EDGAR FAWCETT was born in New York City in 1847, and has written both prose and poetry without stint. He was educated at Columbia College, and was graduated there in 1867.

Since that time he has devoted himself exclusively to literature. His time is spent in New York in the winter, and in the summer at his home at Rye, N. Y. He has travelled extensively in Europe.

Nearly all of his books describe New York life. Julian Hawthorne said of him, "He has a familiarity with the phases of life in that city which recalls Balzac's knowledge of Paris. He is experienced in all kinds of literary work, from literary criticism to play-writing; he is diligent, and bestows pains on all he does. No American writer has improved more steadily than he. His portrayal of character is distinct and vivid. Ten years ago, the emotion in his stories was too hysterical; his episodes were too violent; he described too minutely and constantly." Besides his novels he has written two volumes of poetry, *Song and Story* and *Romance and Revery*.

His works are :

Purple and Fine Linen, A Hopeless Case, The Adventures of a Widow, Social Silhouettes, The House at High Bridge, Olivia Delaplaine, Solarion, The False Friend (a Play), Short Poems for Short People, Poems of Fantasy and Passion, Song and Story, The Buntling Ball, Romance and Revenge, and Agnosticism and Essays.

MARY ELEANOR WILKINS, 1862, is the daughter of Warren E. Wilkins of Randolph, Mass. Reared as she was in this New England village, she could well present in after years the sketches that have brought her so prominently before the readers of her style of literature. She was educated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and though too young to have been there under the influence of that noted, godly teacher Mary Lyon she must have received the impress left upon the school from her Christian life and teachings. Her home was at one time in Brattleboro, Vt., but she finally removed to her native town, and from there she sends her articles to the magazines and papers. She says she has absolutely no bump of locality and only knows the way to the post-office and back. Her first pub-

lished story is *A Humble Romance*, but her *Jane Field* probably brought her more prominently before the public.

Miss Wilkins tells us how she once allowed her ugly feelings to get the better of her. When a child she saw at a party one evening a little girl whose sash was the envy of all around. She herself was able to have only a piece of ribbon tied around her waist, so in a spirit of jealousy she quietly remarked that it was no longer fashionable to wear sashes. This speech took away all enjoyment from the owner of the new sash.

It has been stated that Miss Wilkins draws all her characters from real life, but she denies this, her studies are as natural as though taken from real life. MARY L. BOOTH of "Harper's Bazaar" was the first to give her encouragement. It was in the columns of that paper that *A Humble Romance* first appeared.

The cramped handwriting in which her first story *Two Old Lovers* was written indicated an "ambitious child," but as it was Miss Booth's custom to read over a manuscript three times on different days in different moods she paid this compliment to the *Two Old Lovers*. She sent a handsome check to Miss Wilkins and did not cease to befriend the young writer, who received praise from the leading minds of the day—Lowell praised her, and Holmes and Howells are admirers of her style.

PHILLIPS BROOKS pronounced her *Humble Romance* "the best short story that was ever written." Miss Wilkins has not won her fame without a struggle. She has toiled faithfully and incessantly, often discouraged, but never hopeless.

Some of her works are:

Giles Corey; Yeoman, Jane Field, A Humble Romance, A New England Nun and Other Stories, Young Lucretia and Other Stories, and Pembroke.

AMÉLIE RIVES CHANLER, Richmond, Va., 1863, received the name Amélie from an aunt born in Paris during the reign of Louis Philippe, and named for his queen. She is the granddaughter of William Cabell Rives, Minister Plenipotentiary to

France in the early part of this century. Her father was Colonel Alfred Landon Rives and her mother was Miss McMurdo. Amélie's early life was spent at Castle Hill, Albemarle County, Va., and later the family moved to Mobile, Ala. She was educated entirely at home under private tutors. She was always an imaginative child who delighted in gathering around her the neighbors' children and rehearsing to them the wonderful inventions of her brain. She was then and is now morbidly sensitive, and there is no estimating how much that may account for many of her peculiarities, and much concerning her that cannot be understood. To such a nature how goading must be the constant misrepresentations of her and her works!

That she is a genius cannot be denied. Besides her literary gifts she is an artist of unusual ability and spends hours in her studio with brush in hand.

She is a woman of moods and fancies, but in manner as simple as a child. The editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," who was the first to discover her talent as a writer, says that she never talked of herself or her writings, as she has been accused, and, "Instead of pushing her work upon me, she was so modest about it that I had to get the first story published through her mother." Her *Brother to Dragons* appeared in this magazine. It attracted immediate attention on account of its daring originality. She had written verses, essays, and stories long before she was fifteen, but with no intention of publishing them. Like Nathaniel Hawthorne for many years she destroyed all that she wrote. Flattered and gratified by the reception given to her first story she followed it with others—*Farrier Lass of Piping Pebworth*, *Nurse Crumpet's Story*, *Story of Arnon*, and *Virginia of Virginia*, besides some poems. Nothing that she ever wrote, however, created the sensation of the *Quick and the Dead*, her first novel, which appeared in 1888. It was condemned at once as "immoral," "unfit to be read," and "impure." This very condemnation by the press, sad to say, was the best advertisement that the book could have had, and it soon had scores of readers

far outnumbering those of her previous works. It is to be regretted that this brilliant writer ever pandered thus to public taste in a work which reflects no credit upon the author and one which has offended the tastes of the more refined class of her readers—those who had been charmed by the beauty and freshness of the stories that had preceded it. A tragedy in five acts *Herod and Mariamne* soon followed. The work is based upon historical facts given by Josephus and is filled with passion, deep intrigue, wild jealousy, hatred, murder, and terrible revenge. It is undoubtedly a strong play, showing wonderful literary and dramatic genius, but needs much pruning to rid it of its coarseness and passion, and make it acceptable. Had Amélie intended all that her readers found in her last named works she would have continued in the same vein when *Barbara Dering* appeared. This is as free as possible from all that could offend, showing that the young author was not conscious of much that her former words implied.

In 1888 she married John Armstrong Chanler of New York, a great-grandson of the original John Jacob Astor. The courtship was at Newport. They spent the years of 1890-'91 in Europe. Mrs. Chanler studied art in Paris, and her friends feared that its fascinations would interfere with her literary work. Her health became impaired, however, so that she was forced to abandon the brush and then it was that she resumed the pen.

Her other works not before mentioned are: *The Witness of the Sun*, *Athelwold*, *According to St. John*, and *Tanis, the Sand Digger*.

"The Critic" said, "She sees Nature with the eye of a painter, and describes it with the voice of a poet."

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS, the author of *Two Runaways and Other Stories*, was born in Macon, Ga., April 23, 1854. Educated at a private school until fifteen years of age, he gave

up his studies to accept a clerkship in the Sixth Auditor's Office, Washington, D. C. Voluntarily resigning this, he returned to Georgia, where for several years he held the position of bookkeeper. Becoming more ambitious he studied law, graduating from Mercer University, Macon, with the degree B.L. Then followed a period passed through by all promising young lawyers of prospects rather than realizations. "Two years of sedentary and unprofitable expectation behind Coke and the Code, with a few desultory convictions, satisfied whatever craving for legal excitement he may have had." About this time the first literary effort, a story, *Varoli Bayerdierre*, appeared in the "Waverly Magazine" of Boston. For this production he received the sum of fifteen dollars, and according to his own account, as this was more profitable than the law, he adopted story writing as a profession. He continued to contribute stories to this magazine until he was appointed local editor of the "Macon Telegraph," which position he held for three or four years.

In 1881 he became associate editor and joint owner with J. F. Hanson a prominent manufacturer. The gifted ALBERT R. LAMAR was at this time managing editor of the "Telegraph." This paper became widely known as a tariff advocate, its editors living to see many of its opponents adopt the same policy. During this time Harry Edwards was editorial paragraphist; he studied the protective idea very thoroughly, contributing most of the articles on this subject. He also wrote many interesting, humorous and pathetic poems and sketches, some of which were *The Atlanta Horn*, *The Man on the Monument*, and *The Dooly County Safe*. X. I. E. a *nom de plume* was taken from the last three letters of "Roxie" the name of a sweetheart whom he afterwards married.

In 1885 his first magazine story of any decided merit, *Elder Brown's Backslide*, was published in "Harper's Magazine." It was followed by *The Two Runaways*, *Sister Todhunter's Heart*, *De Valley an' de Shadder*, *an Idyl of Sinkin' Mountain*, *Mine*, a

Plot, Tom's Strategy, A Born Inventor, and How Sal Came Through, all of which appeared in the "Century." *Old Miss an' Sweet-heart* was subsequently published in "Harper's." During this time there appeared in these and other magazines a number of dialect verses, probably the best of which is *The Fence Corner Oration*. He has also written many children's stories for "St. Nicholas" and "Youth's Companion." In 1890 the "Century" published *The Two Runaways and Other Stories*.

All of Harry Edwards's sketches are founded on fact. He is thoroughly familiar with the scenes and characters of which he writes, and selects his subjects from the every-day life around him. His plots are thoroughly original; there is in them nothing of the commonplace, and his stories are filled with quaint conceits and bright ideas. *Mine, A Plot*, is so thoroughly peculiar that it would be impossible to give an idea of it in a short sketch. He has the happy faculty of never repeating himself. Each story, no matter what the subject, while thoroughly true to life is a new and distinct phase of human character, excellently drawn. His style, simple and unaffected, is a delightful combination of sentiment and pathos with the subtlest humor.

Besides possessing literary talents, he is quite musical, having set to music *Mammy's Li'l Boy* and *Comin' from the Fields*, two of his own poems. For darky lullaby *Mammy's Li'l Boy* is the best we have. He is also a very good amateur in water-color painting; one of his friends boasts of possessing a number of sketches, the subjects of which are taken from his stories. In 1881 he married Miss Mary Roxie Lane, of Sparta, Ga.

Mr. Edwards's admirers are not confined to those who appreciate his literary productions. He is widely known socially, and his charming, genial disposition and manly Christian attributes have gained for him the respect and friendship of all. His wife shares in his general popularity in that charming city of Macon which boasts of as refined and cultured society as any to be found in the Empire State of the South.

AUGUSTA LAMAR (BACON) CURRY.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, Wheeling, W. Va., 1831, is the wife of L. CLAKE DAVIS, a journalist of note in Philadelphia. She was reared and educated at her native place, and after her marriage became connected with the editorial staff of the New York "Tribune." In 1861 there appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" a serial story entitled *Life in the Iron Mills*, and at once it was seen that the author not only had an insight into the character of the class of people described, but that she had considerable talent in analyzing that character. *A Story of To-day*, afterwards published as *Margaret Howth*, soon followed from the same pen, and all began to acknowledge the ability of the writer, who was discovered to be Miss Rebecca Harding. Since her marriage in 1864 her friends complain that journalism has drawn her too much from story-writing, and they see too seldom books that bear her name.

She has written besides the above, *Waiting for the Verdict*, *Dallas Galbraith*, *The Captain's Story*, *John Andross*, *The Faded Leaf of History*, *Kitty's Chord*, *A Law unto Herself*, *Natasqua*, *Kent Hampden*, *Here and There in the South*, *The Lady of Fort St. John*, and others.

The two sons of Mrs. Davis are quite well known. One is RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, born in 1865; both have inherited their father's journalistic taste and their mother's ability to write a story. The father was for twenty years the editor of the Philadelphia "Inquirer," and is now the editor of "The Philadelphia Public Ledger." Richard Harding graduated from Johns Hopkins, Baltimore. His first story to attract attention was about football. This came out in "St. Nicholas." His first novel was published while he was at college. The hero was Van Bibber, a character which has figured so prominently in his other stories. He watched with eagerness the window where his books were displayed for sale, and became greatly disheartened because they were sold so slowly. His mother and relatives, seeing it, formed a plan to buy up the edition without his knowledge. He could not understand then why they so vehemently discouraged

his bringing out a second edition of the book, and probably would never have understood it had he not discovered accidentally very nearly the entire edition in his mother's closet. This anecdote can well be told of one whose books now have a ready sale whenever offered to the public. He is best known as a story writer by his *Gallagher*. *The Other Woman* was disappointing, but *Van Bibber and Other Stories*, and *The West from a Car Window* have come up to the highest standard. Particularly attractive is his *Stories for Boys*. His other works are *The Rulers of the Mediterranean* and *Our English Cousins*.

He acted as reporter for the New York "Evening Sun," and gained quite a reputation for working up detective stories. One cannot fully understand why Mr. Davis apparently sympathizes with criminals and detectives, as shown in *My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raglan*.

A younger brother, CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS, has been for several years a successful journalist as well as a contributor to magazines. President Cleveland appointed him to fill the post of Consul in Florence,—an appointment acknowledged by all to have been wisely made.

Richard Harding is now connected with the "Harper's Weekly," and still continues to write his charming stories. He is also a musician, and has set some of Rudyard Kipling's poems to music.

Soldiers of Fortune

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, Philadelphia, Penn., is of Puritan descent, with ancestors who have been prominent in law and politics. She was born in Philadelphia but educated in New England, and then went to California to study kindergarten methods. She began to teach in San Francisco with her sister Miss Nora Smith assisting her, and the two have been instrumental in the establishment of over sixty kindergartens for the poor in San Francisco and Oakland. She was married to Mr. Samuel Bradley Wiggin, a young lawyer, and gave up the regu-

lar teaching work, but continued to lecture the training class twice a week. She would tell the children stories to entertain them, and these were the stories which were afterwards collected into book form, and which have so delightfully entertained children of a larger growth.

HAMILTON W. MABIE, in "The Book Buyer," says, "Mrs. Wiggin is one of those fortunate persons who cannot be dull even under provocation." She moved from California to New York, and having no kindergarten work on hand devoted herself to literature. She sent *The Story of Patsy* and *The Bird's Christmas Carol* to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. who accepted them at once. Besides the talent for delightful story-telling, she is a musician, sings well, and composes settings for her poems. She is also an excellent elocutionist. She is still young and handsome. Her first literary work was *Half a Dozen Housekeepers*, a serial story which she sent to "St. Nicholas." She waited a long time before hearing from it, but finally received a check for one hundred and fifty dollars which fully repaid her patient waiting.

One of her last books is *Cathedral Courtship*. "The Speaker" says, "Any one who wants pure enjoyment, at once refined and intellectual, can hardly do better than turn to this book."

The death of her husband in 1889 was a grievous blow to her. She bravely rallied, and returned to California to resume her kindergarten work. She is now at the head of a Kindergarten Normal School.

She has published also—

A Summer in a Cañon, Timothy's Quest, The Story Hour, Kindergarten Chimes, Polly Oliver's Problem, Children's Rights.

JAMES LANE ALLEN, Lexington, Ky., is no stranger to those who have read his charming stories in "Harper's," "The Century" and "Lippincott." His home is in Cincinnati although he is a Kentuckian by birth and closely identified with

Southern literature. He graduated at the University of Kentucky and decided to fit himself for a professorship and to take a course at the University of Virginia, but the death of his father prevented this and he began to teach at once, hoping some way might be opened to him for foreign study.

Born in the fifties at Lexington, Ky., surrounded from childhood with cattle and blue grass, is there any wonder that he gives us such charming sketches of that scenery and of the people who live about it? He writes with a naturalness and a purity rarely equalled and rarely excelled. Some object to his *John Gray* which appeared in "Lippincott" in 1892, although Mr. Allen thinks it his finest work. This story is of the modern cast, and treats of what M. Taine would term practical psychology.

His short stories, *King Solomon*, *Two Gentlemen of Kentucky*, *Posthumous Fame*, *The White Cowl*, and *Sister Dolorosa*, appeared in a volume called *Flute and Violin*. Another of his stories is *The Home of Silent Brotherhood*. He has lectured lately upon the *Literature of the New South*.

His first teaching was in the Kentucky University, and later on in Bethany College, Kentucky, but finally the longing to devote himself to literature induced him to go to New York to try what he could do there. He "took up his abode in a garret" and started out in a very humble way. An essay, a review of Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady," was accepted by the "Critic," also a poem by "Harper's." This was encouraging. He knows the literary pulse of the American public and writes now to please it; fortunately it pleases him also.

S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D., Philadelphia, Penn., 1829, is like his father, an author and physician. After graduating from the Jefferson Medical School he spent several years in Europe. During the war, 1861-'65, his articles appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly." (His contributions to the medical profession have been very valuable. He is a member of the National Academy

of Sciences of the United States, and of numerous scientific societies. His novels have called forth the highest commendation from the most eminent critics. He is also a poet of decided ability.

He has written besides his medical works,

Heephzibah Guinness, Roland Blake, Far in the Forest, Characteristics, and poems *The Masque, The Cup of Youth, Psalms of Death, The Mother and Other Poems, You and I, The Hill of Stones, In War Time, The Quaker Graveyard, and How the Cumberland Went Down.*

His son Langdon Elwyn Mitchell inherits some of his father's talent, especially strong imagination and lyric ability.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON, Vacluse, Fairfax County, Va., 1835. Miss Constance Cary belongs to an old Virginia family related to the Fairfaxes and Jeffersons. Her home was destroyed during the "War between the States," and consequently she witnessed much of the horrors of that struggle. After its close she accompanied her mother to Europe and while in France was a witness to the final scenes in Louis Napoleon's reign.

Upon her return to the United States she married Burton Harrison a Virginia lawyer who was at one time the Secretary of President Davis. They moved to New York in 1876, and there Mrs. Harrison began her literary life. Her first magazine article was *A Little Centennial Lady*, which attracted much attention, and since that she has written a great deal.

Few literary women in New York are better known. Her soft voice and gentle manner, for which Southern women are so famous, and her art of entertaining all serve to make her charming and a general favorite, and her home a social and literary center. She has produced several plays, chiefly adaptations from the French. The work that has probably gained her more reputation abroad is *The Anglomaniacs*. This appeared in "The Century" without her name. It ranked her at once among the best novelists. She has been kindly criticised by French and English critics, and made many friends in Paris

and in London. The work she is now preparing is said to deal with Syria and Morocco.

She has published—

Golden Rod, Helen of Troy, Woman's Handiwork in Modern Houses, Old-Fashioned Fairy Book, Bric-a-Brac Stories, Flower de Hundred, My Lord Fairfax of Greenway Court, The Homes and Haunts of Washington, The Russian Honeymoon, Sweet Bells Out of Tune, A Daughter of the South and Other Tales, Bar Harbor Days, Edelweiss of the Sierras and Other Tales.

FRANK HOPKINSON SMITH, born 1838, is a native of Baltimore, Md., and is very gifted. He is an artist, a society man, a musician, a story-teller, and a story-writer. He has no need to work, for he has a "comfortable" income, and thus has been enabled to study as a "water-colorist" in which art he has become proficient. Like Sir Joshua Reynolds, Frank Hopkinson Smith *will* paint on Sundays, and it is to be hoped that he has a learned Dr. Johnson to expostulate with him for this violation of God's day. His friends wonder how he finds time to write, as he is kept so busy with his brush. It is said that his stories are outlined rapidly on coarse paper with lead pencil, and then turned over to his stenographer to copy for publication. These stories are either the record of his personal daily experience or are the incidents suggested by them. *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* is said to contain the memoirs and traditions of his own boyhood, many characters being drawn from the life of his father's acquaintances. If in *Colonel Carter* Mr. Smith intends to present a picture of the old-time Southern gentleman—cultured, high-toned, courteous, and hospitable—he has failed; but if he intends simply to present one of a class in the South,—one who prides himself upon blood and position, and who makes friends by his free and easy way of living, and borrows *meaning to return* but never does it,—then his book is an undoubted success. There have been and there are still found some of this type at the South; it is not, however, the highest type of the true Southern gentleman.

Mr. Smith's other works are:

A Day at Laguerre's and Other Days, A White Umbrella in Mexico, Old Lines in New Black and White, Well Worn Roads, A Book of the Tile Club, and Stories of Old Negro Servants.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL, Gloucester, Va., a descendant of that aristocratic family of Seawells in Virginia, whose women, as Henry A. Wise once said, were "strikingly remarkable for their strength of character and beauty of person," is a niece of Ex-President Tyler. She says the misfortune of her life was to have been given such a name as *Molly*—not even a nickname for Mary as is so often supposed. In the effort to redeem it she put Elliot in herself. Reared upon a large plantation amid the ease and luxury of old-time Southern life, she was educated somewhat after her own way. Fortunately her way was an excellent way, for after Charles Lamb's plan she "was turned loose in a library of good books." In her father's home was found the best literature of the eighteenth century. These English classics she read, and was especially fond of poetry. She did not read a novel until after she was seventeen, and the first was Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." Her three amusements were reading, riding and piano-playing. She prides herself on being country born and country bred. Her father, a prominent lawyer, died just as Molly reached womanhood. The life on the plantation, which had been little changed "after freedom," had to be given up. Then she thought to make use of the learning she had acquired. She sent some stories to "Lippincott's Magazine." William S. Walsh was then editor, and he recognized the ability of the writer to be unusual, and encouraged her from the beginning. Her first stories were signed with a pen-name—so great a fear did she have of appearing in print over her own signature. Her friends persuaded her to sign her own name, but not until *Maid Marian* was published would she consent. This is undoubtedly her best story. She ventured into the field of juvenile literature when she sent *Little Jarvis* to "Youth's

Companion" to contend for the five hundred dollar prize. This is a touching story of a thirteen-year-old midshipman who "gloriously preferred certain death to the abandonment of his post." She said of this story: "*Little Jarvis*—the only thing I ever wrote that came near pleasing me." It is needless to add that the story won the prize. Possibly the essay *On the Absence of Creative Faculty in Women* has attracted more attention than any of Miss Seawell's books. Women answered it, and the discussion was joined in by Andrew Lang, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and others. The "Critic" said that essay attracted more attention than any single article ever published in its columns.

In style Miss Seawell is said to resemble Jane Austen the English writer. Her works, besides numberless short stories, are:

Young Heroes of our Navy, Maid Marian and Other Stories, Midshipman Paulding, Hale Weston, Paul Jones, and The Midshipmen's Mess.

FRANCES FISHER, better known as CHRISTIAN REID, was born in Salisbury, N. C., where she lived until her marriage in 1887. Her father Colonel Charles F. Fisher was killed in the beginning of the war at the battle of Manassas, and her mother having died in infancy the child was early left an orphan.

She was very young when she began to write and published her first book *Valerie Aylmer* in 1870. It was immediately successful and others followed rapidly. Most of her books were published by the Appletons, but a few, Roman Catholic in tone, such as *Armine* were brought out by the Catholic Publishing Company of New York.

In 1887 she married James M. Tiernan and since then has resided in Mexico.

One of her works *The Land of the Sky*, descriptive of the beautiful mountain scenery about Asheville, N. C., did much to bring that lovely region to the knowledge of the travelling public.

Her *nom de plume*, Christian Reid, was said to have been taken from Christian, a family name on the mother's side, and Reid on her father's. The first article so signed was accepted

by the Appletons and a cheque for fifty dollars sent to "Christian Reid." Being in a dilemma as to how to collect the cheque payable to order, she applied to her lawyer for advice. He advised her to make it payable to him and thus she could avoid detection; but later one of the firm of the Appletons wished to see her as he passed through North Carolina, and upon inquiring could not discover such a person in Salisbury. He applied to the postmaster, and he said probably Mr. Reid was related to the Fishers and had been visiting them perhaps, as his mail was sent in their care. Miss Fisher saw then that it was best to take the postmaster into her confidence.

Christian Reid's style is very striking in its naturalness and truthfulness. *The Picture of Los Cruces* appeared in "Lippincott." The scene was laid in Mexico in the ancient house of a noble family.

Her other works are:

Mabel Lee, Morton House, Ebb Tide, Nina's Atonement, Carmen's Inheritance, A Daughter of Bohemia, A Gentle Belle, Hearts and Hands, A Question of Honor, After Many Days, Bonny Kate, A Summer Idyl, Hearts of Steel, Armine—a Story, Roslyn's Fortune, Miss Churchill—a Study, A Child of Mary, and Philip's Restitution—a Novel.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD, Boston, Mass., 1844. When we remember that the father of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Rev. Austin Phelps, was Professor of Rhetoric in Andover Theological Seminary, and that the mother, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, was an author of considerable note, we are not surprised at the literary attainments of the daughter, who had been given another name, which was changed to Elizabeth Stuart after her mother's death.

She was a precocious child, with a vivid imagination, which might have led her into a visionary sort of existence had it not been for her liberal and thorough education. When she was thirteen she began to send stories and sketches to the publishers. In 1876 she delivered lectures in the Boston University, and this,

with her charitable, temperance, and general reform work, occupied all her time. In 1886 she became the wife of Rev. Herbert D. Ward. In the summer their home is in East Gloucester, Mass., and in the winter in Newton Highlands. Although she has done so much in a literary way, she does not neglect to do good in a philanthropic or benevolent way.

She is probably best known to the public by her *Gates Ajar*, which passed through twenty editions the first year. It was far more successful than the two of a similar vein that followed, *Beyond the Gates* and *The Gates Between*. Besides her books she has written much for magazines and papers. She has furnished poems and short sketches to "Harper's Magazine," "Atlantic Monthly" and "Youth's Companion."

Her other published works are:

Hedged In, The Silent Partner, The Story of Avis, Sealed Orders and Other Stories, Friends—a Duct, Doctor Zay, An Old Maid's Paradise, Burglars in Paradise, The Madonna of the Tubs, Men, Women and Ghosts, My Cousin and I, The Struggle for Immortality, The Master of the Magicians, Donald Marcy, Ellen's Idol, Up Hill, The Tiny Series, The Gypsy Series, Mercy Gliddon's Work, I Don't Know How, The Trotty Book, Trotty's Wedding Tour, What to Wear, Poetic Studies and Songs of Silent World, Jack the Fisherman, Fourteen to One, and Come Forth.

OLIVER OPTIC, Midway, Mass., 1822, has written more stories for boys probably than any other writer in America, and a compiler of authors would run great risk of being mobbed by the boys of the land if his name should be omitted from a text-book on American literature. His real name is William Taylor Adams, and for twenty years he was a teacher in the Boston public schools. One can well understand then where he acquired that knowledge of boy nature he so well depicts in his stories. He is not altogether a writer for boys—he writes sentimental tales, temperance stories, religious stories and society sketches as well. One of Mr. Adams's peculiarities is that he has a pen-name for each style of writing. He took the name

of Oliver Optic from a character, Dr. Optic, which he saw represented on the stage in Boston. This name he signed to all of his juvenile stories. He had been an author thirteen years before he attempted a story for boys. He was persuaded to write his "Boat Club Series," and the first of these articles proved so successful he has continued in that line of fiction.

It has been urged that his stories are too sensational. He takes the ground that the interest of boys must be caught by the spirit of adventure if you wish to hold their attention while you teach a lesson. "He never idealizes evil nor leaves it unpunished. He never fails to teach a lesson of chivalry and to stir ambition." He has travelled extensively and is able to write as interestingly of other countries as his own. He is a great favorite with all who know him. He and his wife live at Dorchester in Boston. Their only child is the wife of Sol Smith Russell, the popular actor.

His works are:

The Boat Builder Series (6 vols.), *Army and Navy Stories* (6 vols.), *Young America Abroad* (1st series) (6 vols.), *Young America Abroad* (2d series) (6 vols.), *Woodville Stories* (6 vols.), *The Starry Flag Series* (6 vols.), *The Onward and Upward Series* (6 vols.), *The Great Western Series* (6 vols.), *The Lake Shore Series* (6 vols.), *The Way of the World*, and *Living too Fast*.

Mr. Adams says, "When I began to write stories for the young I had a distinct purpose in my mind. How well I remembered the books I read, unknown to my parents, when I was a boy! The hero of these stories was a pirate, a highwayman, a smuggler, or a bandit. He was painted in glowing colors, and in admiring his boldness my sympathies were with the outlaw and outcast of society. These books were bad, *very bad*, because they brought the reader in sympathy with evil and wicked men. It seemed to me that stories just as interesting, just as exciting, could be written without any of the evil tendencies of these harmful books. I have tried to do this in the stories that I have written for young people."

A. D. T. WHITNEY, Boston, Mass, 1824. Adeline Dutton Train, the daughter of Enoch Train, a Boston shipping merchant, and founder of the packet line between Liverpool and Boston, is known to us through her well-told tales. She was educated at Boston and one of her teachers was George B. Emerson, called by some "the prince of teachers." The impress of a good teacher was surely left upon this pupil. Her books carry moral lessons to the young. She was married in 1843 to Mr. Seth D. Whitney of Milton, Mass., and for many years her household cares were such that she could not devote any time to her literary work. An occasional article to some one of the religious journals was the best that she could do. Her first venture was a *Book of Rhymes*. Then followed:

Mother Goose for Grown Folks, Boys at Chequassett, Faith Gartney's Girlhood, Hitherto — a Story of Yesterday, Patience Strong's Outings, The Gayworthys, Leslie Goldthwaite, We Girls, Holy Tides, Real Folks, The Other Girls, Sights and Insights, Odd and Even, Bonnyborough Whiten Memories, Daffodils, Punsies, Homespun Yarns, Ascutney Street, A Golden Gossip, Bird Talk, and Just How.

Her daughter MRS. CAROLINE LESLIE FIELD has published prose and verse. She is known to the reading public through her contributions to periodicals.

ISABELLA McDONALD ALDEN, Rochester, N. Y., 1841. Who does not know Pansy? But all her friends would like to know more about her. She was born of wise, Christian parents. What earthly blessing can be greater? The father was a strong temperance man, because he knew intemperance to be a vice, and had pronounced convictions upon all subjects tending to social reform; an abolitionist in the true sense of the word, because he honestly believed slavery to be a sin. The mother was a sunny-hearted woman, unselfish and devoted to everything that was "pure and of good report." Their little girl Isabella McDonald was called "Pansy" because of an incident that occurred in her childhood. Her mother had taken great

pride in a bed of pansy blossoms. The child seeing the flowers, and thinking no one more deserving of them than her beautiful mother, pulled them every one and carrying them in her little hands threw them into her mother's lap exclaiming, "I pulled *every one* for you." She could not understand her mother's look of distress, for she had been watching them to use for a special occasion the next evening and her grief was not feigned. The father seeing the disappointed look on the little girl's face, caught her up, seated her on his shoulder and said, "Never mind, baby, you shall always be my little pansy-blossom." An unwise parent might have punished the child for what was innocently done—not so this father whose success in the formation of his child's character was so marked.

Pansy tells us herself of another incident touching the wise management of this loving father. "I recall a certain rainy day, when I hovered aimlessly from sitting-room to kitchen, alternately watching my father at his writing and my mother at her cake-making. She was baking, I remember, a certain sort known among us as 'patty-cakes' with scalloped edges and raisins peeping out all over their puffy sides. I put in an earnest plea for one of the patties as it came from the oven, and was refused. Disconsolately I wandered back to my father's side. He was busy with his annual accounts.

Our home was in a manufacturing town, where the system of exchange known as 'due-bills' was in vogue. Something caught my eye which suggested the term to me, and I asked an explanation. Father gave it briefly. Then I remember the doleful tone in which I said, 'I wish I had a due-bill.' My father laughed, tore a bit of paper from his note-book, and printed on it in letters which his six-year-old daughter could read:

DEAR MOTHER:

Please give our little girl a patty-cake for my sake.

FATHER.

I carried my due-bill in some doubt to my mother, for she was not given to changing her mind, but I can seem to see the smile

on her face as she read the note, and feel again the pressure of the plump, warm cake which was promptly placed in my hand. This incident took on special significance from the fact that I gave another application, as children are apt to do. As I knelt that evening repeating my usual prayer, '*Now I lay me down to sleep,*' and closed it with the familiar words, '*And this I ask for Jesus' sake,*' there flashed through my mind the conviction that this petition was like the due-bill my father had made me—to be claimed because of the Mighty Name signed. I do not know that any teaching of my life gave me a stronger sense of assurance in prayer than this apparently trivial incident."

Pansy has been writing all her life. She scarcely remembers when she did not keep a journal, and this with letters to the absent loved ones formed a habit of expressing her thoughts which has been of great service in her after work.

When she was ten years old she wrote the story of the clock, which when read aloud brought the tears to her father's eyes. He said the story must be printed in order to preserve it, and that she might sign her pet name "Pansy" to it. How delighted the child was to see something of her own really in print. It was, however, ten years later before her first book appeared. This was *Helen Lester*, written for a prize which it gained. Thus encouraged she continued to write and has given to the world over sixty volumes, all teeming with love to God and love to her fellow-men. She has dedicated her work to the advancement of the Christian religion in the home life and in the business life.

Miss McDonald married Rev. G. R. Alden, the pastor of a large church in Rochester, and works faithfully by his side, and is a model pastor's wife. She is the president of the Missionary Society, superintendent of the primary department of the Sunday School, identified with the Chautauqua assemblies, prepares the Sunday School lessons for the "Westminster Teacher," furnishes a serial story to the "Herald and Presbyter," and edits "Pansy,"

a well-known Sunday magazine for boys and girls, besides the "Primary Quarterly."

While Mrs. Alden enjoys her literary work she makes it subservient to her Church and Sunday School work. She says, "My rule has been to write when I can get a chance, subject to the interruptions which come to a mother, a housekeeper, and a pastor's wife."

She takes a special pride in the letters received from members of the "Pansy Societies." They all have a whisper-motto—"I will do it for Jesus' sake," and all have a badge, a beautiful pansy painted on white satin. The members are pledged to try to overcome some besetting fault. Already there are thousands of members who are trying to stop fretting, to obey parents, to be patient, to say only kind words, to overcome carelessness, to make somebody happy, and no one can estimate the good done by this beautiful and simple means to form correct habits in early life.

One little girl wrote to her, "I have tried for a week to find the fault that I want most to overcome, but I do not know which one it is, I have so many; it seems to me as if every one else has but one fault. One of mine is not obeying *quickly* when mamma speaks."

Mrs Alden is still in the prime of life. God grant many years may be added to her life, and many more seeds for usefulness may be sown!

Her best known works are:

Four Girls at Chautauqua, Chautauqua Girls at Home, Tip Lewis and his Lamp, Three People, Links in Rebecca's Life, Julia Reid, Ruth Erskine's Crosses, The King's Daughter, The Browning Boys, From Different Standpoints, Mrs. Harry Harper's Awakening, The Pocket Measure, and Spun from Fact.

✓ MRS. VON TEUFFEL, Bangor, Me., 1851, is a writer of stories. She is the author of *One Summer* and is better known by her maiden name, BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD, than by that of her

husband. She graduated from the High School in Bangor. She showed literary tastes at an early age, and her first novel, considered by many her best, rapidly brought her into notice.

She determined to go abroad in order to get the benefit of travel as a means of culture. She studied in Stuttgart, Germany, and while there chaperoned American girls who desired to study music, art, and languages.

She met while abroad Dr. Von Teuffel, a physician of the court, and was married to him in 1890. He is a man of wealth and social standing, literary in his tastes, and encourages his wife in her efforts. She is a model housekeeper, and does not allow her literary work to interfere with wifely duties. She is fond of dress and society, and attends to her social as well as her other duties, so her life is quite a busy one.

Her published works are:

One Year Abroad, Aunt Serena, Guenn, Aulnay Tower, A Battle and a Boy, No Heroes, The Open Door, A Fellowe and His Wife, Tony the Maid, and One Summer.

AMELIA E. BARR, Ulverstone, Eng., 1832. Although of English birth and parentage, Mrs. Barr has been so connected with America in all her literary work that we claim a place for her in the literature of this country.

Her maiden name was Amelia Huddleston. She was brought up in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, and early turned to books for recreation and instruction. When only nine years of age she became her father's companion and reader. Thus it was she read books far beyond her comprehension, but they tended to develop her mental qualities. She was only eighteen when she married Robert Barr a Scotchman. They came to America soon after and travelled through the West and South and finally settled at Austin, Texas. They remained there until after the Civil War when they moved to Galveston, where Mr. Barr and four sons were stricken with yellow fever and died. Mrs.

Barr and her remaining children—three daughters—went to New York. A merchant of that city engaged her to instruct his children in ancient and modern literature, music, and drawing.

Mrs. Barr asked advice of Henry Ward Beecher, then editor of the "Christian Union," in regard to contributions to magazines. He encouraged her to write for his paper. Through the Beechers or Dr. Lyman Abbott she met the Harpers and wrote for them many years. An accident proved in the end a providential blessing. Being confined to her chair, unable to employ herself otherwise, she wrote her first novel, *Jan Vedder's Wife*. Since then she has written a great deal. She lives at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson where surrounded by her children and friends she is unusually happy in her literary work. "Her career is an illustration of the capacity of woman under stress of sorrow to conquer the world and win success." Many of the plots of her stories are laid in Scotland and England. The scenes are from her girlhood recollection of surroundings. Her works are:

Jan Vedder's Wife, The Border Shepherdess, Feet of Clay, Friend Olivia, The Bow of Orange Ribbon, Remember the Alamo, She Loved a Sailor, A Daughter of Fife, The Squire of Sandal Side, Paul and Christina, Master of His Fate, The Household of McNeil, The Last of the Macallisters, Between Two Loves, A Sister to Esau, A Rose of a Hundred Leaves, A Singer from the Sea, The Beads of Tasmer, The Hullam Succession, The Lone House, Christopher and Other Stories, The Lost Silver of Briffault.

SUSAN WARNER (Elizabeth Wetherell), New York, N. Y., 1819. To all readers of *The Wide, Wide World* a word about the author will be of interest. She was the daughter of Henry Warner, a lawyer of New York City.

Susan and her sister Anna remind us of the Brontë sisters. They wrote a series of semi-religious novels which have had an extraordinary sale. Susan wrote *The Wide, Wide World* and *Queechy*; Anna wrote *My Brother's Keeper*; the two together wrote *Say and Seal*. Susan's *nom de plume* was "Elizabeth Wetherell," and Anna's was "Amy Lothrop." The third novel

by Susan did not equal the standard of the first. *The Old Helmet* was better.

The sisters live near West Point on the Hudson. They also wrote together *Christmas Stocking, Books of Blessing*, 8 vols., *The Law and the Testimony*. Susan's works are:

The Wide, Wide World, Queechy, The Hills of Shatemuck, The Old Helmet, Melbourne House, Daisy, Walks from Eden, House of Israel, What She Could, Opportunities, and House in Town.

Anna's works are:

Dollars and Cents, My Brother's Keeper, Mr. Rutherford's Children, Casper, Pond Lily Stories, Hard Maple, Sunday all the Week, Children of Blackberry Hollow, Stories of Vinegar Hill (6 vols.), *Star Out of Jacob, Three Little Spades, Melody of the Twenty-third Psalm, Way-faring Hymns, Little Jack's Four Lessons, Hymns of the Church Militant, The Other Shore, Gardening by Myself.*

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1846, is the daughter of a lawyer in Buffalo, N. Y., and from him inherited that legal turn of mind shown in all of her books, but more especially in *The Leavenworth Case*. When that appeared many insisted that none but a lawyer could have so managed the evidence, and felt that this must be the one exception where a man had assumed a woman's name to conceal his identity. It was soon discovered, however, that the work was not only of a woman, but of a very young woman. Miss Green wrote this novel soon after her graduation, and could not have been more than twenty-one or two. It is used in some colleges as a text-book to prove the fallacy of circumstantial evidence. It has been translated into many languages, and the sales from this alone have brought the author a fortune.

As a child she wrote poems and stories. Her girlhood was passed in Brooklyn, N. Y., with the exception of three years in Buffalo. Her education was received principally at the Ripley Female College, Poultney, Vt.

Her first volume of poems appeared in 1882. It was called

The Defence of the Bride, and Other Poems. The second appeared in 1887, *Risift's Daughter*. The subjects chosen for her poems are generally legendary themes, striking and bold in nature. In 1884 she married Mr. Charles Rohlf, formerly an actor who took leading parts in the support of such tragedians as Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. They have two children, and their home is in Buffalo. She never neglects her household duties nor her social calls. She has a fancy for retaining the original manuscripts of her novels, and saving the stumps of the pencils used in writing them. Her other works are:

The Sword of Damocles, Hand and Ring, A Strange Disappearance, The Mill Mystery, X. Y. Z., Behind Closed Doors, The Forsaken Inn, A Matter of Millions, The Old Stone House, Cynthia Wakeham's Money, and 7 to 12.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, Calais, Me., 1835, was the daughter of Joseph N. Prescott, a lumber merchant and a lawyer of Calais, Me., and Sarah Bridges, who was of good New England stock.

Soon after Harriet's birth her father was seized with the gold fever and they went to the Pacific coast to try his fortune among the miners. He was stricken while there with paralysis and became a confirmed invalid. They returned to Calais. Harriet entered the Putnam Free School and while there won a prize for an essay on Hamlet—an essay which attracted the attention of Mr. Higginson, and he encouraged her to devote herself to literature. She completed her education at the Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H. Then she began to write stories to aid in the support of her invalid father. *The Amber Gods* is her best known work. In 1865 she married Richard S. Spofford, a lawyer of Newburyport, and made her home at Deer Island in the Merrimac River. They bought the entire island. Her husband, a cousin of A. R. SPOFFORD, the Congressional Librarian, died in 1889. The widow spends her time between Boston, Washington, and Deer Island.

Her works are:

Sir Rohan's Ghost, The Amber Gods and Other Stories, Azarian, New England Legends, The Thief in the Night, Art Decoration Applied to Furniture, Marquis of Carabas, Hester Stanley at St. Mark's, The Servant Girl Question, Ballads about Authors.

MARTHA FINLEY, Chillicothe, Ohio, 1828. If we were asked what books are most helpful in shaping the minds and hearts of the young girls of to-day we would answer the Elsie Books. Martha Finley is the author, and she has admirably succeeded in keeping her personality from the public, but she is well known through her books.

Her parents, Dr. James Brown Finley and Maria Theresa Brown, were Ohio and Indiana people. She was educated in part in both states. After her parents' death she moved to New York, and later to Philadelphia. Her health failed while teaching there, so she moved to Elkton, Md., to be near her physician. She was twenty-six before she began to write. First she wrote Sunday School stories anonymously, and these were so acceptable that her publishers begged her to sign her own name, but her relatives objected to this and she wrote under the *nom de plume* Martha Farquharson. *Elsie Dinsmore* was written in 1863.

Miss Finley had no intention of writing more than one of the Elsie Books. She prayed during the late war for the ability to write a book which would yield her an income. *Elsie Dinsmore* was the answer to that prayer. It has been continued in sequels because the requests have been so numerous and the demands of the publishers so imperative. It seems impossible to bring the series to a conclusion.

Although Miss Finley is an invalid she is noted for her bright and cheerful disposition which makes her greatly beloved by all.

She believed in the abolition of slavery, and this sentiment is brought out constantly in her books.

Some of her last works are novels, such as *Wanted a Pedigree*,

Casilla, or Children of the Valleys, Old-Fashioned Boy, Lilian, and her other works are:

Jennie White, Mabita, Willie and His Days, Ella Clinton, Aunt Ruth, Marion Harvie, Anandale, Clouds and Sunshine, Cares and Comforts, Hugo and Franz, Brookside Farmhouse, A Man's Fault, The Shannons, Rufus the Unrady, Do Good Library (9 vols.), *Little Books for Little Readers* (6 vols.), *The Open Books* (6 vols.), *Pewit's Nest Series* (12 vols.), *Elsie Dinsmore Series* (17 vols.), *Myrie's Work, Lame Letty, Try, Nursery Tales, Willie Elton, Little Joe Carter, Robert and Daisy, A Week in Lillie's Life, Eva Morton.*

SARAH ORNE JEWETT,* South Berwick, Me., 1849. "Alice Elliot" was the pen-name used by Miss Jewett when she first began to write for magazines and periodicals. She was the daughter of Dr. Theodore H. Jewett, a well-known physician of Berwick. In the dedication of *Country By-Ways* the daughter lovingly alludes to him thus: "To my dear father; my dear friend; the best and wisest man I ever knew; who taught me many lessons and showed me many things as we went together along the Country By-Ways." Throughout the book there are many things which suggest that this wise and painstaking father was in the mind of the author, and through her characters in other books she makes him speak. In Dr. Leslie the sympathetic and intimate companionship between him and "Little Nan" are wonderfully suggestive of Sarah Orne and her own father.

Sometimes trivial events are of great moment in one's life. Miss Jewett tells us that once in a book of sermons, the title of one caught her eye, "Every Man's Life a Plan of God," and although she did not read the sermon and never saw the book afterwards, she never forgot that heading, and from it she learned the lesson that since our lives are planned with so much love and wisdom, must it not be that our sorrows and hindrances come just from our taking things wrong? "The possibilities of wickedness and goodness in us are both unlimited." "But God must always know what blighted and hindered any growth of his; and let us believe that He sometimes saves and

*See illustration.

pities what we have scorned and blamed." This thought brings a brightness and cheer into all that Miss Jewett writes. When we read one of her books a restful spirit comes over us. It is, as has been said, like stepping out of a factory with all its whirling sounds into a country road, where all is peace and silence, and the clear sunlight flickers on the quiet fields.

Her studies are mostly of New England village life, but she brings an earnest, kindly spirit to cheer discouraged or perplexed humanity.

"Well, there's some days when I gets downhearted, and I just look up there, and sees them flowers blooming so cheerful, and I says, 'There! this world ain't all cold and poor and old, like I be; and the Lord, He ain't never tired of us, with our worrying about what He's a-doing with us; and heaven's a-coming before long anyhow.'"

Her first book *Deephaven* was published in 1877. The year following *Play-Days* appeared. It opened with the little poem about the discontented buttercup and the sage advice that the robin gave to it. The buttercup begged the robin to find a frill for her like the one the daisy wore.

" 'You silly thing!' the robin said,
 'I think you must be crazy.
 I'd rather be my honest self
 Than any made-up daisy!
 Though swallows leave me out of sight,
 We'd better keep our places;
 Perhaps the world would all go wrong
 With one too many daisies.
 Look bravely up into the sky,
 And be content with knowing
 That God wished for a buttercup
 Just here, where you are growing.' "

And so throughout her books she teaches these same sweet lessons of contentment and trust.

Critics have urged that she does not portray the deeper passions of human nature, and there is no note of sympathy for erring humanity. If this be true, it is due perhaps to her early training, for the restraining of all emotional expression was considered a religious duty in the New England home.

Her childhood was dreamy and imaginative, and as she was always delicate the woods, the birds, and the flowers did more for her education than books and teachers. She was fond of reading, however, and the library was found to be an attractive place to the little girl.

A Marsh Island has been criticised unfavorably because the ending is too abrupt and no lesson of any kind taught.

Her published works are:

Deephaven, Play-Days, Old Friends and New, Country By-Ways, The Story of the Normans, The King of Folly Island and Other People, The Mate of Daylight, A Country Doctor, A Marsh Island, A White Heron and Other Stories, Betty Leicester, A Native of Winby and Other Tales, Strangers and Wayfarers, Tales of New England.

GRACE GREENWOOD—Mrs. Sara Jane Lippincott, 1823—is a native of Pompey, N. Y., although since her marriage her home has been in Philadelphia when not in Europe. Her stories for children are well known. In many of them we catch a glimpse of herself. She tells us that as a child she was a “dark, slender, big-eyed, bashful little miss, so impulsive as to be fearfully liable to say and do the wrong thing; absurdly truthful, oppressively affectionate, yet hot-tempered and morbidly sensitive; dreamy, moody, full of strange fancies and odd ways, and thought by the neighbors a little ‘queer’.”

Her father was a physician living in central New York; he was a scholar, and a gentleman-farmer, and found little that was congenial in the primitive country life about them.

Her school days were spent at Rochester in the Collegiate Institute. While there she tells us she was fired with the desire to become a teacher—a great teacher, but arithmetic checkmated her. “Arithmetic it was that checkmated me here, overcame me with such utter defeat and humiliation that I felt before the blackboard as though standing in a pillory in the midst of a jeering populace. As for the higher mathematics, I never dared

to lift my eyes towards such tremendous mysteries. I took ardently to Latin, thought I had a grand passion for the 'Prince of Latin poets,' but it proved only a flirtation. I took delight in two or three modern languages toiling and tugging at the roots of them bravely. My girlhood was shadowed by some sorrows and precocious anxieties, but it was blessed with much love, and harmonious domestic relations."

At the age of nineteen she moved to Brighton, Pa., which was her home for several years. In 1853 she married Mr. Leander K. Lippincott of Philadelphia and made her home in that city.

Of late years she has been writing chiefly for the young. She has the honor of editing *the first juvenile magazine*, "The Little Pilgrim." Some noted writers contributed to this,—Longfellow, Whittier, Dickens, Louisa Alcott, and Bayard Taylor. The Civil War seriously affected the magazine and in 1870 it had to be discontinued.

Her principal publications are:

Greenwood Leaves, Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe, History of My Pets, Recollections of My Childhood, Stories and Legends of Travel and History, Merrie England, Stories from Famous Ballads, Forest Tragedy and Other Stories, Stories from Many Lands, Record of Five Years, Poems.

KATHERINE PEARSON WOODS, Wheeling, W. Va., passed her childhood in the home of her grandfather, Rev. James Dabney McCabe, who lives in Anne Arundel County, Md. Her father had died when she was nine years old, and after his death her mother moved from Baltimore to her old home.

Although the house was filled with children of all ages, Katherine, naturally dreamy, sought as a favorite resort the gloomy garret of her grandfather's home, and read, or rather devoured the treasures placed there from his overcrowded library. We can picture now the demure little body reading "Tales of the Early Church," "Pearson on the Creed," or "Lardner's Lectures on Astronomy," while the others were romping below.

May it not have been that then and there was laid the foundation for the work she has so successfully followed? We refer to her work in the mission field—mission work among the laboring class in her native town.

When Katherine was fourteen her mother returned to Baltimore to give her children better educational advantages. There was a prize offered by "The Young Idea" for the best poem sent in before a certain time. Katherine sent a poem and received the prize, which was an engraving cut from "Godey's Lady's Book," "Shakespeare at the Court of Elizabeth." At seventeen she entered the fashionable school conducted by Mrs. Converse and Miss Miller. She became greatly interested in mission work and determined to devote her life to it. She entered the sisterhood under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church where she remained six months, and then was compelled to leave on account of failing health. This cloister life led her into the line of Christian Socialism, or "Universal Brotherhood." She turned her attention to literature after leaving the convent. She taught for a while at Mount Washington and at Wheeling, and then commenced a series of prize stories for the "Chicago Tribune." While in Wheeling she became interested in the condition of affairs among the working class, for the two years' strike occurred at that time. The plot of her greatest novel, *Metzerott, Shoemaker*, is laid in that city. A friend presented her a writing desk and said, "Write something great here," and upon this desk she wrote her greatest work. An amusing coincidence is that she kept her manuscript in a shoe box and did not discover it until her book about the shoemaker was finished. She decided quite accidentally upon the name of this book. She saw on a sign, while driving in Washington City, the word *Metzerott* and its oddity impressed her and she at once adopted it with the additional word *Shoemaker*. She was writing the novel from December to July, a period of seven months. Her story *The Mark of the Beast* appeared the same year, and her novel *A Web of Gold* the following year.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON, San Francisco, Cal., is a relative of the famous Benjamin Franklin. Her grandfather, Stephen Franklin, who reared her, edited the first paper in California. This was the "Golden Era," and there is no doubt that his taste for literary work was inherited by the granddaughter. Her inventive faculties were early cultivated, and she told fanciful stories long before she was able to write them. She completed her school days in Lexington, Ky., and then married a native of California, Mr. Atherton, who had his home in San Antonio, Texas. Early widowed, she returned to her old home, and began the study of the prehistoric period of her State. She is no dry chronicler, and her romances are founded upon facts. She considers *The Doomswoman* her best work. Her stories of Spanish California life are *Los Cerritos*, *The Conquest of Doña Jacoba*, *The Pearl of Lovetto*, and *A Ramble with Eulogia*.

PALMER COX, Granby, Quebec, 1840, is an Englishman, or rather Canadian, who by adoption is enrolled in American literature. After a residence in San Francisco he came to New York in 1875 and has since lived there, following literary and artistic pursuits.

His father was a farmer near Montreal, and Palmer Cox lived on a farm until he was seventeen years old when he went to Granby to enter the Academy, and finally after the close of the Civil War he sailed from New York to San Francisco; he lived there for twelve or thirteen years devoting his time to rail-roading. While in California he studied drawing, and this has been of great service as he has used the instruction in illustrating his own books. He wrote many years for "Wide Awake," "Harper's Young People" and "St. Nicholas," principally about animals and birds. Hubbard Brothers published these articles under the title *Queer People with Paws and Claws*. The *Brownie Stories* followed afterwards and met with such success that he has turned his mind solely to them.

His works are :

Squibs—or Every-Day Life Illustrated, Hans Von Petter's Trip to Gotham in Pen and Pencil, How Columbus Found America, That Stanley, The Brownies—their Book, Queer People and their Kweer Kapers, Queer People with Paws and Claws, Queer People with Wings and Stings.

ELIJAH KELLOGG, Portland, Me., 1820, is the author of the well-known speech, *Spartacus to the Gladiators*, a speech better known, perhaps, than any other to schoolboy declaimers unless "Friends, Romans and Countrymen" be excepted. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1840, and became the pastor of the Mariner's Church at Boston. He has few superiors in the line of juvenile literature. A rich vein of quaintness, originality and humor pervades all his books. He strives to make his readers better, and his books are safe-books to be put into the hands of the young.

While pastor of a church in Hapswell, Me., he noticed that the grass in a meadow field of a widow recently bereaved was burning up from the heat of the sun, and unless cut soon would all be lost. He mentioned this fact from his pulpit and announced that he would be there at half past four the next morning to help cut it. He kept his word and found a dozen or more mowers. The grass was cut, and in a few days housed. Mr. Kellogg brings out in his books this practical religion. He has no unnatural heroes, but those found in every household, poor or rich, famous or obscure.

His books number nearly fifty. Among them may be mentioned:

The Boy Farmers of Elm Island, The Young Shipbuilders of Elm Island, Arthur Brown the Young Captain, The Spark of Genius, The Unseen Hand, A Strong Arm and a Mother's Blessing, Live Oak Boys and Good Old Times.

MATT CRIM, Louisiana, is a very popular Southern novelist. Her life has been chiefly spent in Georgia, and she was educated

almost entirely at home. She wrote for the "Sunny South" and the Savannah papers, but her first sketch to attract general attention was *An Unfortunat Creetur*, which appeared in "The Century." "Harper's" and "The Independent" have since published many of her stories. She lives in New York, and has received helpful encouragement in her work from many literary men and women. Her books are *The Adventures of a Fair Rebel* and *In Beaver Cove and Elsewhere*. The latter, which has been published in England, is a collection of short stories, the former is a complete novel.

MISS ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS, Washington, Ga., 1847, a poet and an authoress, has written several pleasant and attractive books. Her first work was *A Family Secret* descriptive of Southern life. In this the dialect and folk-lore of the negro is particularly well pictured. *A Mere Adventurer*, a more ambitious work, did not appear until 1879. In this Miss Andrews makes a plea for a more extended field of usefulness for woman, showing her fitness for diversified work. Her *Prince Hal* is considered by some to be her best book. The letters of "Elzey Hay" were written mostly from Florida to the "Augusta Chronicle."

Miss Andrews's home is Washington, Wilkes County, Ga., a town noted for its culture and refinement. She was educated at the LaGrange Female College, and attracted attention on account of her literary attainments. She is now a teacher at Wesleyan Female College at Macon—the "mother of all female colleges."

It is said of her that she is never idle, and even when her health failed her for a time, she labored and planned for future work. She is a popular contributor to current literature in Georgia.

ANNIE MARIA BARNES, Columbia, S. C., 1857, is both author and editor. Her mother, who was Miss Neville, traces her descent from the Earl of Warwick. At the close of the Civil War Miss Barnes's father, like so many Southerners, was left without means, so at a very early age his daughter felt the necessity of earning in some way a support. She comes of a family of editors, and naturally turned to literature. She was only eleven when she sent an article to the "Atlanta Constitution," which was not only received but printed with favorable comment. At fifteen she became a regular correspondent to that journal. In 1887 she began to publish "The Acanthus," the only strictly juvenile paper ever issued in the South. It was not a success financially. In 1885 she published her first book, *Some Lowly Lives*. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote in highest praise of this. She is now the junior editor of the Woman's Board of Missions, Methodist Church South, having charge of its juvenile paper. Her other published works are:

The Life of David Livingston, Scenes in Pioneer Methodism, The Children of the Kalahari, The House of Grass, Light Bearers of the Reformation, Ninito—a Story of the Bible in Mexico, Atlanta Ferryman—a Story of the Chattahoochee, and Found in the Sand—an Indian Story.

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. Who was called the "American Fabius"? Why?
2. Who was called the "Watch-Dog of the Treasury"?
3. Who used skulls for drinking vessels?
4. What was the first "Thanksgiving Day"? Why and by whom appointed?
5. Who denied himself meat for several years to buy books?
6. In what battle did the defeated general leave his wooden leg?
7. How did California derive its name?
8. Did George Washington ever see a steamboat?
9. What Governor of Massachusetts had twenty-one brothers and four sisters?
10. What is the origin of the expression, "A little bird told me"?

Julia Montague Haven

POETS, HYMN WRITERS, ESSAYISTS AND CRITICS

"The test of the highest poetry is that it eludes all tests."—*Swinburne*.

"Poetry has a higher wisdom and a more serious worth than history."—*Aristotle*.

"Poetry is rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion, and insight of the human soul."—*E. C. Stedman*.

WILLIAM WINTER, Gloucester, Mass., 1836, is a dramatic critic and a poet.

"The outlook for a sailor's son, left motherless at the age of four, is not a golden one, and if there be any fact in the life of William Winter that should be emphasized it is that everything he has achieved has been accomplished not because of circumstances, but in spite of them." His mother was Louisa Whart, and dying when she was twenty-four, of necessity left her boy with little memory of a mother's tender love. He must have fallen into good hands, for the impress of some thoughtful mind dominates his life work. His early boyhood was spent in his native town Gloucester, but a few years later he moved to Boston and attended the Boylston School. At sixteen he left the Cambridge High School with a diploma from the hand of Edward Everett. He then took a course in the Harvard Law School, but never practiced,—not because he did not choose to do it, but because Providence seemed to determine otherwise.

His genius for writing verses had shown itself as early as ten years of age. His first book of poems, however, did not appear until he was eighteen. He dedicated this to Longfellow in loving acknowledgment of his friendship and encouragement.

In 1858 his second book, *The Queen's Domain and Other Poems*, appeared; then the following year he moved to New York and

became a writer for "Vanity Fair," "The Saturday Press," and other papers.

In 1860 he married Miss Elizabeth Campbell of Scotland, an accomplished writer herself. She has ever been a constant, helpful, and appreciative critic. They spend a part of every year at Mentone their home in Southern California, amid the flowers and orange groves of that delightful climate. One would suppose that his best work could be done in this inspiring region, but it is not there that he has accomplished most, but at his home on Staten Island. He had moved there in 1879, and it was in the Staten Island Academy that he and his wife established the "Arthur Winter Memorial Library" in memory of a gifted son who was killed by a dreadful accident at the age of fourteen. This library of rare, valuable, and useful books has been not only a blessing to the students and the entire community, but it has proven a source of joy and comfort to the bereaved parents. Their boy was a pupil of the school, and consequently they became interested in all that pertained to its welfare. Mr. Winter is now President of the Board of Trustees, and gives much of his valuable time to its development.

Although we know Mr. Winter better as dramatic reviewer of the "New York Tribune" and as poet, yet it must be conceded that he has done most excellent work in other departments of literature. He was at one time editor of "The New York Albion," and then it was his *Mercutio Letters* appeared. At another time he was managing editor of the "New York Weekly Review," and contributed to the "New York Express," and was afterward managing editor of Frank Leslie's paper.

We can never think of Stratford-on-Avon without recalling William Winter and his charming descriptions of all that pertains to Shakespeare and his home. No book has won more deserved distinction than his *Shakespeare's England*. Mr. Winter is a great traveler, and at different times has made prolonged visits in England and Scotland.

He is a great favorite with many of the actors of whom he

has written noteworthy reviews. His article on Adelaide Neilson has been very widely copied. He was better qualified than any other person to write the biography of Edwin Booth, for the actor had not only received him into his confidence, but for more than a quarter of a century had been his intimate friend. This book, *Life and Art of Edwin Booth*, will delight every lover of the stage, for it is a valuable chapter of the dramatic life of America.

His works are :

Poems, The Queen's Domain, The Poems of George Arnold, My Witness, Edwin Booth in Twelve Dramatic Characters, Thistledown, Edwin Booth's Prompt Books, The Trip to England, The Jeffersons, The Poems and Stories of Fitz James O'Brien, The Stories and Poems of John Brougham, English Rambles and Other Fugitive Pieces, Henry Irving, Mary Anderson, Shakespeare's England, Wanderers, The Press and the Stage, Brief Chronicles, Memorial of John McCullough, The Life of John Gilbert, The Actor and Other Orations, Gray Days and Gold in England and Scotland, Old Shrines and Ivy, George William Curtis, Shadows of the Stage, The Life and Art of Edwin Booth.

MAURICE THOMPSON,* Fairfield, Ind., 1844, is a Southerner by parentage and a Westerner by birth. He was born in Indiana, reared in Kentucky and Georgia, but now lives in his native State.

His youth and early manhood were spent in the Valley of the Oostanaula River in Georgia. When the "War between the States" began, young as he was, he entered the Confederate service and remained there during the entire struggle. After the war he moved to Crawfordville, Ind., to practice law. With the exception of the years 1885-1889, when he was State Geologist of Indiana, he has kept up his practice, although writing frequently for the magazines and periodicals. In 1890 he became a staff writer for the New York "Independent." Some one asked him, "How can you resist the imperative call to the literary life? I have understood it is irresistible." "Ah!" said he, "There is a

*See illustration.

stronger call ; I am making a future for my children. I have no love for money, but I must have it, and there is no money in literature."

He came to Indiana after the war penniless and unknown. Now he is a rich man, and all through his own labor and wise management. In politics he is an influential Democrat. He was sent by that party as a delegate to the National Convention in St. Louis.

He is a near neighbor of General Lew Wallace. He is a great observer of nature and views her from a literary and poetic point of view rather than from a scientific. Freshness and originality are the most striking characteristics of whatever Mr. Thompson produces. His writings are safe and helpful. "His studies have, of course, led him into the dreary waste of fruitless discussions of the alleged conflict between Science and the Bible, but never to take part in it." "The more I have studied nature," he said, "the more I have become aware of God. I do not expect that men will ever find the secret of life locked in a cell, or any other minute division of matter. God said, 'Let light be,' and light was. Still I believe in evolution ; I feel it, I see it, but it is the evolution by God's law, bounded by his limiting purpose. When we study nature, we study Him, not in the materialistic or pantheistic sense, but in the Christian sense. I see no clash between Christianity and Science. Geology tells me the same story that Moses and the prophets tell me ; the birds sing it, the flowers hint it, the winds murmur it, the aspirations of my soul are founded on it."

His works are :

Hoosier Mosaics, Songs of Fair Weather, The Witchery of Archery, At Love's Extremes, A Tallahassee Girl, By-Ways and Bird-Notes, His Second Campaign, The Story of Louisiana, Sylvan Secrets in Bird-Songs and Books, A Fortnight of Folly, Ceres, Between the Poppy and the Rose, Hodkin's Hide-Out—an Essay, Doom of Claudius and Cynthia, The Ocala Boy.

Some of his short stories are :

The Race Romance, Ben and Judas, and A Dusky Genius.

BRANDER MATTHEWS, New Orleans, La., 1852, wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Arthur Penn," but the fashion for hiding one's identity in this way is fast becoming unpopular, and each writer now feels that his own name must show for the work done. This is as it should be.

He is poet, essayist and critic. His writings possess literary and artistic merit.

He graduated at Columbia College and then studied law, intending to devote himself to that profession, but was attracted to literature and the drama. He has edited numerous theatrical works. Although a resident of New York, he travels a great deal and spends much of his time in England. (He was one of the founders of the Author's Club in New York, and took an active part in organizing the American Copyright League. He is methodical in all his work, and believes the morning hours are especially favorable to literary composition. *The Last Meeting* contains some clever sketches from the semi-Bohemian art of authors and artists' society.

His works are:

The Theatres of Paris, Pen and Ink, French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century, Ballads of Books, The Home Library by Arthur Penn, Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and United States, The Last Meeting, In the Vestibule Limited; A Story, John Bernard's Retrospection of America, (Assisted by Laurence Hutton), A Secret of the Sea and Other Stories, Papers on Subjects of More or Less Importance, A Family Tree and Other Stories, Margery, Lovers, A Gold Mine, This Picture and That, On Probation, The Story of a Story and Other Stories, Americanisms and Briticisms, Studies of the Stage, and The Decision of the Court, Poems of American Patriotism, and Sheridan's Comedies.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, 1851. Dr. Lathrop, the father of George Parsons, was an active physician in the Hawaiian Islands, where he was serving as United States Consul when his son was born. Both of the parents were New Yorkers of old New England ancestry. The boy was educated in New York City, and studied law at the Columbian Law

School. In 1877 he became editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and in 1879 the editor of the "Boston Sunday Courier."

His first volume of poems, *Rose and Roof-Tree*, was issued in 1875, his other in 1888. This last was his battle ode, *Gettysburg*.

His books, which are numerous, do not really represent his literary work. It is as the essayist, the critic, and the editor that he is best known to us.

In prose his style is strong and pleasing; he is very successful in the choice of themes, and his poetry has the true poetic ring. He virtually founded the "International Copyright League" in 1883, and served as its secretary for two years.

His works are:

Rose and Roof-Tree, Gettysburg, Afterglow, Somebody Else, No Name Series, An Echo of Passion, In the Distance, Newport, True, Two Sides of a Story, Would You Kill Him, A Study of Hawthorne, and History of the Union League of Philadelphia.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE,* Charleston, S. C., 1856. From an article written by W. T. W. Barbe, of West Virginia, in 1889 we obtain the following facts about the younger poet Hayne:

"When Paul Hamilton Hayne, that 'King Arthur of the pen,' died amid the pine barrens of Georgia a few years ago, he left to the world some of the most elevated poems the South has produced; a name which is a call to every Southerner to lift his hat; and a son who has already proved himself worthy to bear that honored name. The fact that this son's veins are full of the aristocratic blood of statesmen and soldiers and authors does not give him the literary prominence he has attained. * * In literature it is the work that tells rather than the blood. Yet the gifts which William H. Hayne has used so well are his by birthright." His home after the war was Copse Hill, in the cottage already described in the sketch of his father's life. "The place became a sort of Southern Mecca, to which loving folk made pilgrimages, and its name 'Copse Hill' grew familiar to all the world." There the father died in 1886 leaving only

* See illustration.

the mother and the son at the little home. In 1891 the mother, while on a visit to friends in Augusta, was taken, leaving the grief stricken son alone in the home nest.

"William H. Hayne was very delicate in his youth, and was educated chiefly at home by his parents, but spent a few months of hard study at Dr. Porter's school in Charleston. One does not need to be told he was a constant and conscientious student; his productions show this. * * His literary career began about 1879, although he has written verses ever since he was a lad." He has written enough poems to fill two volumes. His verses frequently appear in the leading magazines, and he has published numerous negro dialect sketches and biographical and critical papers. His poems for children have appeared in "St. Nicholas," "Wide Awake," "Harper's Young People" and "The Independent." In 1873 he visited the North with his father and met many of the distinguished *literati*. In 1887 he went once more and again was well received. His poems are now accepted by the best periodicals, and are much praised.

"And so ever since the Attic bees hummed about his cradle by the Southern sea, he has been gathering flowers in wood and lea, binding them with silken threads of rhyme, and casting them upon the outward tide. I doubt not that many of them will live to return, fresh and fragrant, when the burdened tide comes in."

Like Robert Burns Wilson he has no weakness for tricks in verse. Having found something to say he says it in a simple, natural way. Many of his choice morsels are in the quatrain form.

" It seems impossible to understand
How joy and sorrow may be hand in hand;
Yet God created when the earth was born
The changeless paradox of Night and Morn."

Then again:

" Hopes grimly banished from the heart
Arc the sad exiles that depart
To Melancholy's rayless goal—
A bleak Siberia of the soul."

Could any tribute be more beautiful than the one the son pays to his father?

“ The guardian pines upon the hill
Were strangely motionless and chill,
As if they drew his last loved breath
From the uplifted wings of Death.
And now their mingled voices say,
The passing of a soul away—
The tenderest of the souls of men—
Our dead King Arthur of the pen!
Oh, kindred of the sea and shore,
Our grief is yours forevermore!
His body lieth cold and still,
For death has triumphed on the hill!”

At the unveiling of Sidney Lanier's bust in Macon, Ga., 1870, William Hayne delivered the poem of the occasion. It was replete in every line with tender thought and pleasing simile, and was a fitting tribute to the man it was intended to honor.

“Mr. Hayne is not a married man, unless he may be said to be wedded to his muse. The honeymoon of his marriage with this radiant maiden, whom he met and won on the Helicon heights, is hardly over, but there is none to doubt that he will be faithful to her while life shall last.” No jealousy ought to be occasioned even by such pretty little tributes as the following to another maid with dusky hair:

“ Beneath the hood her eyes were bright;
I slyly watched her where she stood;
Her tresses looked like scraps of night
Beneath the hood.
Such smiles would stir a hermit's blood;
Such lips—like flowers warm with light—
Would quickly melt the iciest mood.
I stole behind her—'twasn't right—
I call it neither wise nor good—
I put propriety to flight
Beneath the hood.”

Mr. Hayne is still young, and much more expected from his pen. He has published one volume of his poems, *Sylvan Lyrics*.

EUGENE FIELD, St. Louis, Mo., 1850, is a poet and a “news-paper man.” He is now associated with the Chicago “Daily News,” and makes his home in Chicago. He was born in St.

Louis, but passed his childhood and boyhood in Vermont and in Massachusetts. It was at the home of a cousin, Miss Mary Field French, in Amherst, that much of his youth was passed. His father, Roswell Martin Field, was a native of Vermont, a man of great talents and a finished scholar, reading fluently Latin, Greek, French, German, and Spanish. He was an able lawyer and an excellent musician. His son tells us :

" My father was no pessimist ; he loved the things of earth,
Its cheerfulness and sunshine, its music and its mirth ;
He never sighed nor moped around whenever things went wrong.
I warrant me he'd mock at fate with some defiant song."

His mother, Frances Reed, was a Southern woman, very bright and very witty. They have only two sons, Roswell and Eugene, and both are gifted. Roswell has been one of the editors of the New York "World."

Eugene studied at the University of Missouri, and then became connected with papers in Missouri and Colorado, and later accepted the position in Chicago.

His wife was Miss Julia Sutherland Comstock, of New York. Her father was a man of wealth living in St. Joseph, Mo., when Mr. Field met her. He fell in love with her at first sight while visiting her brother, who was an old college mate, and he has never fallen out of love in the least.

" You are as sweet and fair and tender,
Dear brown-eyed little sweetheart mine !
As when a sallow youth and slender
I asked to be your valentine."

And again :

" Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When the year is white and old,
When the fire of youth is spent, forsooth,
And the hand of age is cold,
Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
Till the year of our love be told."

Mr. Field, like many men of genius is not systematic and consequently his wife is the sufferer. Mrs. Field says she has managed to keep the chickens out of the house, but the dogs, birds, curiosities, and books take up every available spot unoccupied by the chairs and beds.

It was in the "Yonker's Gazette" that his *Krinken, an Alaskan Ballad*, appeared. This paper was his first love. He alludes to the time that he was connected with the "St. Jo. Gazette" thus:

" Oh, but it takes agility,
Combined with versatility,
To run a country daily with appropriate ability!
There never were a smarter lot of editors, I bet,
Than we who whooped up locals on the
St. Jo. Gazette."

Besides newspaper work, which keeps Mr. Field very busy, he has had time to write several books of poems:

Little Book of Western Verse, *Little Book of Profitable Tales*, *A Second Book of Verse*, *Culture's Garland*, and *With Trumpet and Drum*. With his brother Roswell, *Echoes from the Sabine Farm*.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX was born at Johnstown, Wis. It was from her mother that she inherited her love for literature. When a child—not more than thirteen—she wrote verses and sent them to the newspapers, and while these did not bring her money, they did bring her to the notice of literary men and women, and in the end led to large financial returns.

Her father was from Vermont, and moved to Johnstown in 1848, and there his daughter was born. She was educated in the public schools of Windsor, Wis., and in the University of Wisconsin. Her first volume of verse was *Drops of Water*, written in the cause of total abstinence, which attracted a good deal of attention, but her volume entitled *Shells*, instead of adding to this reputation, detracted from it, as the poems were neither strong nor taking. Strange to say her *Poems of Passion*, which should have been condemned brought her the greatest fame. When the volume first appeared she was given a reception at the Academy of Music in Milwaukee and five hundred gold dollars were presented to her by her admirers.

There was, however, a hue and cry raised elsewhere against the work which made the public desire all the more to read it, and this very notice from the press gave notoriety to the poems and caused an unsurpassed sale. The more bitter the criticisms

the greater became the sale. If critics of to-day, instead of reviewing favorably or unfavorably, books of this kind, would simply ignore them, there would be no encouragement to the writing of them. A woman, gifted as Mrs. Wilcox is, can write just as strongly in the direction of right as wrong. Was it not a great temptation—a temptation that few could withstand—to pander to the popular taste, when the support of an aged mother and father depended upon the returns? Her other poems had not sold readily—these did. Should she write of nobler themes, as temperance, etc., or should she continue in the line of *Poems of Passion*? The question was a natural one for her to ask herself. She says she was as much surprised as any when the harsh criticisms appeared. “I wrote of human nature as I found it. I had no idea that I was saying anything unusual. I felt the criticism of the book to be unjust. One critic said it would damn me socially and intellectually. It has brought me warm praise from the most celebrated people in the land. The proceeds from its first sales enabled me to build over and enlarge the old home, thus rendering my aged parents comfortable for life. As I read my poems I painfully realize their defects, and wonder why I have been accorded such praise.”

No doubt the beautiful, unselfish devotion to her parents gained her many admirers who otherwise would condemn much that she has written. Her works after this time do not deal so much with passion—showing that she was really not fully conscious how much her words implied, and that she was unwilling to lay herself liable to the same charges again.

She married Robert M. Wilcox, of Meriden, Conn., in 1884 and has since resided in New York. The romance is an interesting one. He saw her on the streets of Milwaukee, and fell in love with her at first sight. He went South on business, and while in Macon, Ga., he wrote his first letter to her. Then upon his return he called. She refused for several visits to see him; finally she yielded, and became engaged upon the third visit.

Mrs. Wilcox is not a woman suffragist. She insists that she

has rights enough, and like others feels that there is danger in women losing their privileges by demanding their rights.

She has a good heart, as is shown by her New Year's resolve "to go out of my way to do some little act, say some little word, give some little help, if possible, incognito, to a new person each day of this year." She says this resolution brought her more true happiness than all her literary achievements.

On a beautiful plantation in the suburbs of Tuscaloosa, Ala., lives SAMUEL MINTURN PECK,* the poet, born 1854. He can be truly called the farmer poet, for he divides his time between farming and writing verses. He lives still on the estate, the old family servants remaining with him. He did not begin to write verses until he was twenty-five. His father was a native of New York, and was Chief Justice of Alabama. He is a very successful writer of society verse and a very great favorite in Southern society. His *Caps and Bells*, appeared in 1886, and sold rapidly. His first poems were sent to the "Montgomery Advertiser," then the "Atlanta Constitution," and since that time he has been writing regularly for the New York "Home Journal," "Youth's Companion," "Independent," and "Current Literature."

I Wonder What Maud Will Say, appeared in "The Century." *A Knot of Blue* has been set to music by twelve different composers.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE is no *nom de plume*, but a real personage. Hon. Henry Bedinger, for five years Minister to Denmark, was the father of Danske Dandridge, Copenhagen, Denmark, 1861. Her peculiar name, Danske (pronounced Dansker), meaning Dane, was given to her on account of the place of her birth, and it seems that to "her cradle the northern elves had brought a christening gift of fancies and rhymes." Her mother was from Rhode Island, a Miss Caroline Lawrence, the daughter of a writer, Eliza S. Bowne. She was left a widow with three children, Danske being the youngest.

* See illustration.

In 1877 Danske married Stephen Dandridge and settled in Shephardstown, W. Va. Her husband was not rich in worldly goods, and lived upon a farm. His wife was necessarily debarred access to books or opportunities for literary culture. The work she accomplished in a literary way should, then, be regarded as all the more wonderful, when we realize that at times she did not have a dictionary even at her command, and besides had ill health with which to contend.

She wrote a poem, *Chrysanthemum*, and sent it to "Godey's Lady's Book." The editor of that magazine, so quick to recognize genius, accepted it. She afterwards gained admission to the "Independent" and other periodicals.

When *Joy and Other Poems* appeared the "Boston Advertiser" said, "If a thought of spring could materialize itself into a book, it would take some such form as this most exquisite and elf-like volume." And again, "Human passion, human sorrow, seem to breathe in the songs of this strange singer."

She does not write a great deal, for she will not write unless she feels the poetic inspiration. It is hard to describe Mrs. Dandridge's verse better than by quoting from her *Joy*:

"The spirit for awhile,
Because of beauty freshly made,
Could only smile.
Then grew the smiling to a song—
And as he sang he played
Upon a moonbeam-wired cithole—
Shaped like a soul."

Her works are *Joy and Other Poems*, *Twilight in the Woods*, *The Lover in the Woods*, *Rose Brake*, and miscellaneous contributions to the periodicals.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON's father was an architect, and being a man of no considerable means, the education of his boy was necessarily given at home. Fortunately the mother was all that was needed in the way of a teacher. She had some of the best blood of Virginia in her veins—the blood of the Nelsons.

She had a talent for drawing and painting and could sympathize with her artist-poet son in all his tastes and aspirations. After her death he was sent to school, and at the early age of nineteen we find him making portraits for a livelihood and doing any artistic work that fell in his way.

He was born in Washington County, Penn., 1850, and his earliest recollections, as he tells us himself, are of an apple orchard in full blossom among the Virginia hills, and a ploughman with long beard and kindly, gray eyes, who allowed him to ride on the beam of the plough and watch the turning furrows. Then it was that a love for nature was developed in him, and he was wont as a young boy to wander over hill and dale, declaiming poems of his own composition. We can see now, knowing something of his life, why a vein of sadness pervades his poetry.

His best published work is probably his *June Days* and *When Evening Cometh On*. Both were printed in "Harper's Magazine."

His home at Frankfort, Kentucky, among those picturesque hills, is a fit environment for painter and poet. He had several of his paintings at the Louisville Exposition in '83 and at the New Orleans Fair.

Paul Hayne, just a short while before his death, said:

"The old man whose head has grown gray in the service of the Muses, who is about to leave the lists of poetry forever, around whose path the sunset is giving place to twilight with no hope before him but 'an anchorage among the stars,' extends his hand to a younger brother of his art with an earnest *Te moriturus saluto*."

"Few men of the present day have had a broader culture, or a more varied experience, than C. W. Hubner, who has been sometimes styled the 'Whittier of Georgia.'"—*W. J. Scott*.

CHARLES W. HUBNER is of German lineage, a native of Baltimore, Md., born in 1835. His boyhood was passed in Germany studying music and the classics. While there he acquired a knowledge of German literature, and it is to his acquaintance with the old German masters that we can trace the metaphysical trend of his poetry not fully appreciated by all of his readers.

Some of Mr. Hubner's poems have an exquisite beauty and a faultless rhythm. "While Mr. Hubner has written a large amount of poetry, he has often done so under a pressure that has not been most favorable to the highest artistic achievement. Much of it is the product of half hours of leisure in the midst of the exacting duties of professional journalism."

Mr. Hubner served in the Confederate army, although, as he tells us, he "is now thoroughly reconstructed on the basis of Mr. Webster's grand peroration, 'Liberty and Union—now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

His touching and tender song *Spirit Eyes* is dedicated to his daughter, who died when quite young. In speaking of her he said, "The *Spirit Eyes* I sing are *her* eyes, smiling down upon me wherever I turn my own tear-dimmed eyes to the starry splendors that blaze in the infinite blue. She was my darling, and just blooming into young maidenhood, when 'God's finger touched her' and she fell asleep in my arms to waken into life eternal. The sudden blow almost broke my heart, and the words were written with a pen dipped in the blood of a father's heart." Professor Snow put the words to music.

Mr. Hubner has been editorially connected with a number of papers in Atlanta, Ga.—the "Constitution," the "Evening Journal," the "Christian Index," and was the literary editor of the "American," established by Dr. Armstrong. Since 1870 he has made his home in that city.

His works are:

Historical Souvenirs of Luther, Wild Flowers, Cinderella—Lyrical Drama, Modern Communism, The Wonder Stone—Lyrical Drama, Poems and Essays.

JAMES R. RANDALL, Baltimore, Md., 1843, is the author of "*Maryland, My Maryland*, that thrilling war lyric, one of the master-works that is destined never to die. In its life Mr. Randall lives, and he will continue to live as long as literature has a place among the inhabitants of the globe."

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that it was the best poem produced on either side during the Civil War.

Its author is of English and French ancestry "with a dash of Irish." He was educated at the Catholic College in Georgetown, D. C. In 1860 he went to New Orleans, the most picturesque city of the South, to engage in journalistic work. He was appointed a professor at Poydras College, Pointe Coupée, La. While there one night he arose from a feverish dream and wrote the words of *Maryland, My Maryland*. The poem was sent to the "New Orleans Delta," and, like Byron, Randall awoke one morning to find himself famous. Every one in Georgia remembers the graceful and versatile letters of J. R. R. to the "Chronicle."

The following is the story of its being put to music: Frederic Berat chose the tune "Ma Normandie," but later the lovely German lyric "Tannebaum, O Tannebaum," was chosen as being more spirited. After the battle of Manassas General Beauregard invited some Maryland ladies to visit his headquarters, and while there the Washington Artillery of New Orleans serenaded them. After the serenade the "Boys in Gray" asked for a song and Miss Jennie Cary, standing at the door of the tent, sang *Maryland, My Maryland*. The soldiers caught up the refrain, and the whole camp rang with the beautiful melody. As the last notes died away "three cheers and a tiger" were given. It was said that there was not a dry eye in the tent, and not a rim upon a cap outside. From that time *Maryland* became a national war song of the South. *The Marsellaise of the South.*

At the close of the war Mr. Randall married Miss Kate Hammond, the daughter of Colonel Marcus Hammond of South Carolina. Mr. Randall again applied himself to his journalistic work, and accepted the position as editor of the "Augusta Constitutionalist," and afterwards was associated with the "Augusta Chronicle," being connected with these papers for twenty years.

Mr. Randall's ability as a journalist and special writer received most cordial appreciation and practical encouragement

from Hon. Patrick Walsh, the editor of the "Augusta Chronicle," who is the General Manager of the Southern Associated Press, and widely known as an able writer, and as the Champion of the Industrial South. A warm personal friendship exists between the patriotic and noble-hearted Walsh and the author of *My Maryland*.

In 1886 he resigned his position on the "Chronicle" to become associated with the Anniston "Hot Blast"; then in '87 he went to Baltimore his old home and became an editorial writer on the Baltimore press.

After the battle of Manassas, when an extra session of the Maryland Legislature was called with a view to secession, Randall wrote his second war song, *There's Life in the Old Land Yet*. When Pelham was killed, Randall sang his *In Memoriam*, so full of beauty and pathos. After this *Arlington* followed and the quartette of war songs was complete.

Mr. Randall's beautiful devotional poems have never been published; his friends trust they may be soon.

The thought of writing *Why the Robin's Breast is Red* came to him one night at the theatre. The poem is founded upon the supposition that a robin on the crucifixion day, in trying to take one of the thorns from the Savior's crown, pierced his silver breast and dyed it crimson with the blood.

Two other poems must be mentioned, *Young Marcellus* and *Eidolon*. In 1889 Mr. Randall was invited to deliver an original poem before his Alma Mater on the occasion of its Centennial, but ill health prevented his acceptance.

He has been called the "Tyrtæus" of the late war. Like the Greek poet he not only inspired the soldiers with his war songs, but by his elegiac exhortations he revived their constancy and courage.

HENRY LYNDEN FLASH,* Cincinnati, Ohio, 1835, was born of parents who were natives of Jamaica. His father moved to New Orleans, when the boy was three or four years old, and it

* See illustration.

was in that city he grew to manhood. He was educated in the Western Military Institute of Kentucky. After graduation he went into business in Mobile, Ala. In 1857 he visited Italy, spending a year in Florence. Upon his return he settled first in Mobile, then in Galveston, Texas. He entered the Confederate service, where he remained until the last year of the war, when he bought and edited the Macon "Daily Telegraph and Confederate." It was in the columns of this paper that his poems were first read. In 1886 he moved to Los Angeles, Cal., where he has since resided. He married Miss Clara Dolsen, of New Orleans, and has one son and one daughter. He has been in active business all these years, and only wrote poetry when he felt so inclined. Sometimes years would pass and there was no inspiration, while again he would write two poems in an hour. It is to be regretted that he has written so little of late years. The poem, *Shadows in the Valley*, will never be forgotten by those who first welcomed it. The first and last verses are:

" There's a mossy, shady valley,
Where the waters wind and flow,
And the daisies sleep in winter
'Neath a coverlid of snow ;
And violets, blue-eyed violets,
Bloom in beauty in the spring,
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelets
Till they seem to laugh and sing ;"

" And no slab of pallid marble
Rears its white and ghostly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead ;
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a dewdrop pure and white
Is an epitaph an angel wrote
In the stillness of the night."

Quite as familiar and almost as great a favorite is another,
What She Brought Me, beginning—

" This faded flower that you see
Was given me a year ago,
By one whose little dainty hand
Is whiter than the snow."

His poems have been collected and published.

ORELIA KEY BELL,* Atlanta, Ga., 1864, is the daughter of Marcus A. Bell, a man of sterling worth and integrity of character. She is related to Francis Scott Key, or as she expresses it: "I am close kin to the 'Star-Spangled Banner.'" She early

*See illustration.



ORELIA
KEY
BELL.

FRANK L.
STANTON.

HENRY LYNDEN
FLASH.

developed a taste for literature. "Mother Goose" has been her favorite from childhood, and she draws from it many morals for every-day life. She was educated in the public schools of her native city, and it was during her last years at school that Orelia became fascinated with "anapests and dactylic pentameters," with which she says she has ever since tried to get even with the public.

Henry Grady, of the Atlanta "Constitution," was one of the first to encourage her poetical genius; then the New Orleans "Times-Democrat," which stands very high as a literary exponent of news, through its editor, Mr. Page Baker, accepted many of her poems. Mr. Gilder of the "Century" was particularly kind to her, and Charles A. Dana of the "Sun" paid her one dollar a line for one of her poems. It was in his paper that *Gathering Roses* first appeared. She has a yearly contract to furnish "flower songs" and "love songs" to the "Detroit Free Press." Many of her sonnets are dedicated to Mrs. Livingston Mims of Atlanta, who encouraged the young poet at a time when she needed encouragement. Miss Bell works out all her problems of life by the simple rule of love. Called a "Tartar" when a child because she was such a "fighter," she continues to fight, but it is with the weapons of humility, faith, and love. Several of her poems have been set to music by distinguished composers, and elocutionists all over the land recite many of them. Rhea's favorite is *Maid and Matron*.

Miss Bell's poems will probably not reach the heart of the multitude, for they are too spiritual, too ideal. She is at her finest in her poems of nature. Yet with all the poetry in her soul she is truly practical and really enjoys "turning a sonnet into a bonnet." Her poems number in the hundreds. Those to attract most attention are *Po' Jo*, *Gathering Roses*, *To Youth*, *My Dream*, *Under the Laurel*, *To-day's Gethsemane*, *The Jamestown Weed*, and *The Dead Worker*. One of the best she has written, *Mariposa*, the Spanish for butterfly, has not yet been published. Her poems will soon appear in book form.

✓ FRANK LEBBY STANTON,* Charleston, S. C., 1858, is the poet of the "Atlanta Constitution."

He lived while growing to manhood at no particular place, for he says, "I was raised from one end of Georgia to the other." His father moved from Charleston, S. C., to Savannah, Ga., where he died in 1865, and the young boy Frank was forced to work upon a farm before he was nine years of age. He studied hard at night, having a firm conviction that one day he would be a writer. For six years he was in a printing office and then drifted, as he expresses it, to Smithville, where he founded the "Smithville News." From there he went to Rome and became associated with the "Tribune," a paper made so prominent by the able pen of John Temple Graves of Georgia. He did not write poetry until he was fifteen, and says, "I wouldn't have done it then if I had had any one to advise me." He wrote a great deal at that time, but afterwards he "grew wiser, and learned that there was no need to inflict the public with poems just because he could do it."

He has no method in his work—never knowing the word that will come next, but remembering every poem that he has ever written. He is of a sensitive, tender nature. Affection breathes forth from his poems and they all resound with the true hearth-stone ring. (The secret of his success is that his poems come from his heart, and go to the heart. (They have a touch of nature in every line. (His light verses are always bright and witty. His volume, *Songs of a Day*, was well received, and passed rapidly through several editions. He moved from Rome to Atlanta and is now connected with the "Atlanta Constitution." He edits the column, "Just from Georgia," and his friends and admirers watch eagerly for the fresh poems from his pen. His wife has inspired many of his best efforts. His *Dreamin' O' Home* was written after talking with her of the old home at Smithville. *A Little Hand* was written from seeing her train a vine over the porch; and again he wrote of her hands:

*See illustration.

" No jewels adorn them—no glittering bands—
 They are just as God made them—those sweet, sweet hands!
 And not for the world, with its splendor and gold,
 Nor for the pearls from the depth of the sea,
 Nor the queens of the lands with their beautiful hands,
 Should these dear hands be taken from me.
 What exquisite blisses await their commands!
 They were made for my kisses—these dear, sweet hands."

His poem on the death of Henry Grady is very beautiful. It begins:

" O Christmas skies of blue December,
 This day of earthly days remember."

He was very fond of Mr. Grady, who appreciated his talent and gave encouragement to it.

CELIA LAUGHTON THAXTER was born at Portsmouth, N. H., June 29, 1835. Her father was a lighthouse-keeper on White Island near the New Hampshire coast. This island was inhabited by fishermen, and many legends connected with its buried treasures, and many tales of storm and shipwreck, have been described by her. There were two brothers, Cedric and Oscar, who played with her on these barren rocks. The brothers had their books and playthings and Celia had her flowers. Frequently she would come in with her apron filled with dead birds which had beaten out their lives against the alluring beacon light.

At sixteen she married Mr. Thaxter and moved from her island home. She writes many poems for children. Her own childhood was so sheltered by sweet influences that it has given her the power to reach children's hearts. She has a bright and happy face, and makes one think that this is a glad and glorious world. When storms raged around the lighthouse she was accustomed to look for the bright calm to follow, knowing it must come, and so a spirit of glad assurance became the temper of her life.

Her works are a volume of poems containing *The Sandpiper*, *The Wreck of the Pocahontas*, *Rock Weeds*, *The Swallow*, *Courage*,

and other poems. She contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" her poems, *Among the Isles of Shoals*. Besides these she has written *Driftwood*, *Poems for Children*, *The Cruise of the Mystery and Other Poems*, *Idyls and Pastorals*, and *In Island Garden*.

MARIA LOUISE EVE, Augusta, Ga., 1848, is the daughter of Dr. Edward Armstrong Eve. The family of Eves when it first came to America settled in Philadelphia, afterwards in Charleston, S. C., and finally came to Augusta, Ga. There have been many noted medical men of that name, Miss Eve's father being among the number. From childhood she has shown a love for both poetry and prose, and in 1866 secured a prize of one hundred dollars for a prose essay, and in 1879 a prize of the same amount for the best poem expressing the gratitude of the South to the North for aid in the yellow fever epidemic.

This poem, *Conquered at Last*, begins:

"You came to us once, O brothers, in wrath,
And rude desolation followed your path.
You conquered us then, but only in part,
For a stubborn thing is the human heart."

And it ends:

"You conquered us once, our swords we gave;
We yield now our hearts—they are all we have;
Our last trench was there, and it held out long;
It is yours, O friends, and you'll find it strong.
Your love had a magic diviner than art,
And 'Conquered by Kindness' we'll write on our heart."

In 1889 the "Augusta Chronicle" offered a prize for the best poem, which her *Briar Rose* won. The Secretary of the American Peace and Arbitration Society requested her to write a poem of welcome to the English Peace Deputation. She sent *The Lion and the Eagle*, which attracted such attention that she has since been urged to write many more poems bearing upon that subject. Her writings are small in number but are of excellent quality.

EDITH M. THOMAS, 1854, is a native of Chatham, Ohio. Her father died just as the "War between the States" began, and her mother was left with two daughters, Edith and Nena. They moved to Geneva, Ohio, and there had the advantage of the Normal School. Her poetical faculties soon developed, and while a schoolgirl several of her poems were sent to the Ohio newspapers.

Helen Hunt Jackson was one of the first to discover her talent, and gave her an introduction to the editors of the "Atlantic Monthly" and "The Century." She at once became a contributor to both of these well-known magazines.

In 1885 her first volume of verse appeared, and nearly every year since she has sent forth new volumes.

She is now a resident of New York, and her literary work prevents her devoting much time to social enjoyment. She is a careful, painstaking writer, and her work is in constant demand.

She has published—

New Year's Masque and Other Poems, The Round Year, Lyrics and Sonnets, The Inverted Torch, besides others.

WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE was born in Waynesville, Ohio, in 1836. William Venable the father of the poet was a Quaker and an Abolitionist, who was in turn a surveyor, a teacher, and a farmer. Hannah Baird the mother was of Scotch descent. The son was born near the beautiful Miami. Henry was always a delicate lad, although active in body and alert in mind. He inherited from his father a love of books and very early learned to read. His school life was very bright and happy. At seventeen he determined to teach in order to make enough money to complete his education. He earned at first only sixty cents a day, but the experience was very valuable to him. When the Normal School, now the National Normal Academy, opened in Lebanon, William Henry and his sister were among the first to attend it. In 1860 he took charge of the Jennings Academy at

Vernon, Ind. He became one of the editors of the "Indiana School Journal." It was while living there that he met Miss M. A. Vater of Indianapolis whom he made his wife. In 1862 he taught at Chickering Academy, Cincinnati, and finally was made Professor of Literature in the High School of that city.

He wrote for many periodicals and edited the "Ohio Historical Quarterly." He is a scholar and his verse is scholarly. His home is at Tusculum just east of Cincinnati. It is a home full of love and poetry, a poet's home with a poet's wife—a talented woman who appreciates him and inspires him.

His works are:

Footprints of Pioneers in Ohio Valley, Early Periodical Literature in Ohio Valley, Sketch of Life of William D. Gallagher, Down South before the War, Teacher's Dream and Songs of School Days, Afternoon School in Popular Science and History, History of the United States, June on the Miami, Melodies of the Heart, Songs of Freedom and Faith, Summer Love, The School Girl, The Amateur Actor, Dramas and Dramatic Scenes.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, Pomfret, Conn., 1835, was educated in her native town with the exception of one year passed at Mrs. Willard's in Troy, N. Y. While yet a school-girl she married William N. Moulton, a journalist of Boston. She had made his acquaintance through a poem *Flag of Our Union* which she sent to his paper while at school.

After her marriage she began to write regularly and *Juno Clifford*, her first novel, was published anonymously. She has been connected with newspapers and periodicals ever since her marriage, acting at one time as Boston literary correspondent for the "New York Tribune," at another time as correspondent for the Boston "Sunday Herald." She has spent many years abroad and numbers among her friends some of the most distinguished literary people—Swinburne, Hardy, Meredith, and others. She always has a helpful word for young writers. Besides her poetry she has had time to write several books. Her reputation as a writer rests chiefly upon her poems. Her *Swallow Flights* and

In a Garden of Dreams rank particularly high. She has one daughter who is married and lives in West Virginia.

Her works are :

Bedtime Stories, Some Women's Hearts, Miss Eyre from Boston, Random Rambles, and Ourselves and Our Neighbors.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD, Bedford Springs, Penn., 1841, is of Scotch descent. Her ancestors were Revolutionary patriots. Her father was a classical scholar of marked attainments, and both parents were fond of song and poetry. One of the earliest recollections of the child is hearing them recount the ballads and lyrics of Scottish romance and adventure, so thus early was her mind impressed and her tastes cultivated for that style of poetry. Can we wonder then that many of her poems are in the Scotch dialect? At twelve she was sent to school at Poland, Penn., and afterwards to a Presbyterian Academy. She is a fine German scholar and has translated very much from that literature, and some of her poems have appeared in German periodicals. In 1859 she married Isaac R. Sherwood, an editor of Bryan, Ohio. She met him while he was a student at the Ohio Law College, at once entered into his journalistic work, where she learned to set type, to read proof, and indeed all the details pertaining to the work so that she might better aid him. General Sherwood has occupied many posts of honor in the gift of the people, and is now editor of the "Daily News Democrat" of Canton, Ohio. His wife has contributed to various magazines and periodicals, and since 1883 has been editor of the Woman's Department of the "National Tribune" at Washington City, a paper devoted to the interest of the soldiers. She has been a great favorite with the Union soldiers, and her poems have been recited at their reunions. She believes that the war was fought for unity and peace, and was among the first to plead for the extinction of sectional strife. Her *Hail to the Flag* was widely printed North and South. The Army of Ten-

nessee invited her to contribute a poem at the unveiling of the Albert Sidney Johnston equestrian statue in New Orleans.

In 1885 Mrs. Sherwood published *Campfire and Memorial Poems*, in 1890 *The Memorial of the Flowers*, and in 1893 the *Dream of the Ages: A Poem of Columbia*.

FRANCES HARRISON MARR, Warrenton, Va., 1835. Miss Marr is of French and Scotch descent. Her father was noted for his integrity and uprightness of character; her mother for her intellect, ready wit and clear judgment. Owing to her delicate health the daughter had only four years of school life. She taught for several years after the war, and then began to write more for amusement than from any other motive. She won the prize offered by a Georgia paper. Her poems, *Heart Life in Song*, were first collected in book form in 1874. Then in 1881 her *Virginia and Other Poems* appeared, followed in 1888 by *Songs of Faith*. Her poems are full of faith and trust and love. Her religious ones are "pure and tender, and they have comforted the mourning and soothed the dying." Miss Marr still resides at the old home owned by her grandfather over a century ago.

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, Chattanooga, Tenn., was born on St. Valentine's day 1863. Her father was captured and taken prisoner when she was about a year old. After the war was over and her father released, they returned to their old home Memphis, Tenn. She was sent to the Higbee High School from which she graduated. In 1884 she married Mr. Thomas R. Boyle a young lawyer of Memphis.

From childhood she has rhymed, and her compositions at school were in verse. She has written many Confederate poems. *The Old Canteen* published in "Harper's Weekly" relates her father's experience at the battle of Perryville. She has written also dialect stories, but it is by her poems that she is best known.

In 1893 her volume *On Both Sides* appeared. She has contributed many poems to the leading periodicals of the day, and in them all is "a tender vein of womanly feeling that touches and pleases like music."

LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE, Bayou Coden, Ala., was only five months old when her father, Mr. Moore, died, and so it happened that her maternal grandfather, William D. Ellis, of Georgia, reared her.

When nineteen Miss Moore was married to Hart Wylie, but after nine years of wedded life the young husband died leaving his widow with two little girls to support.

She had in her younger days written verse for amusement. During her husband's lingering illness some friends suggested that these be collected and published. The little volume soon paid the expenses of publication. Fresh from the press it was placed on the wife's desk just as her husband drew his last breath. Two days later Mr. Hoke Smith, President of the "Atlanta Journal," offered her the position of society editor on that paper, which place she held until she established a paper of her own, "Society." She is the Vice-President of the Woman's Press Club of Georgia. Some of Lollie Belle Wylie's poems are quite striking. *The Morning Glory*, one of her best, is a gem.

MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM, Lowndes County, Ga., 1857, is the poet of the "Atlanta Evening Journal." He was educated in one of the "old field schools" of Georgia, and after that drove cattle for three years. In '79 he returned to Georgia and in '84 he became connected with the Americus "Daily Recorder," and the year following Henry Grady secured him for the Atlanta "Constitution." He edited at different times the "Cedartown Standard," the "Atlanta Commonwealth," and the "Cedartown Guardian." He returned to the "Constitution," where he re-

mained until '91, when he became connected with the "Journal." His poems and sketches have appeared in periodicals and magazines all over the country, and some have been reprinted in Europe. His published work is entitled *Scraps of Song and Southern Scenes*.

FRANCES JANE CROSBY, Putnam County, N. Y., 1823, is the daughter of John and Mercy Crosby. She has been blind since the age of six on account of the maltreatment of her eyes. Her education was received at an institution for the blind in New York City, where she afterwards taught. Her classes were in rhetoric, grammar, and ancient history. Mr. George F. Root would frequently ask her to write the words to songs for him, as she had an excellent idea of rhythm, and never need wait for inspiration; she could write at any time on any theme.

She has written over twenty-five hundred hymns—some of them are as familiar as household words, such as *Safe in the Arms of Jesus*, *Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour*, *Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross*, *Rescue the Perishing*, *Saviour More than Life to Me*, *Close to Thee*, etc. She has also published several volumes of poems, but her fame rests upon her Sunday School hymns.

She is a bright, cheery person and appreciates all the blessings of life. It is not every blind person who can see the silver lining to the cloud. Her mind is stored with passages of Scripture and extracts from favorite authors. Her memory is remarkable, and she is withal a charming talker. She married Alexander Van Alstyne in 1858, but she is best known by her maiden name, Fanny Crosby. Her poems are *The Blind Girl*, *Monterey and Other Poems*, and *A Wreath of Columbia's Flowers*.

WELL-KNOWN POEMS, SONGS AND HYMNS AND
THEIR AUTHORS.

Mother Goose's Melodies, supposed for many years to have been written by John Fleet, of Boston, to make sport of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Goose, widow of Isaac Goose, are at last discovered by Mr. Whitemore, of Boston, to have come from the French "*Contes de Ma Mère L'Oye*" (Tales of Mother Goose) by Perrault, and that in all probability Oliver Goldsmith is responsible for the collection of nursery rhymes as we have them. He was playing *Jack and Jill* and singing *An old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon* as early as 1768, while the first edition of *Mother Goose* containing these, known in this country, was in 1824, edited by Thomas Worcester and signed *Jemima Goose*.

Mary Had a Little Lamb was written by John Roulston, of Somerville, Mass.

Dixie was written by Dan Emmet, of New York, for a minstrel troupe. *Dixie* was the name of one of the members of the troupe, a slaveholder whose home was in the South.

Lorena was written by Rev. R. D. L. Webster. He was pastor of a church in Ohio, and fell in love with a young lady who was not allowed to marry a "poor preacher." He wrote the words of the song and had another name, *Ella*, in it, but when Mr. J. P. Webster (no relative at all) was putting it to music he insisted upon a name of three syllables, and so *Lorena* was substituted.

Sweet By and By was written by Dr. S. Fillmore Bennett, Richmond, Ill.

Shall We Gather at the River, by Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D., Plainfield, N. J.

I Need Thee Every Hour, by Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks, New York.

Bonnie Blue Flag was written by an Irish comedian, Harry McCarthy. His sister Marion first sang it at a variety theatre in 1861. General Butler threatened to fine any man, woman, or child twenty-five dollars who sang, whistled, or played it, and then he arrested the publisher, A. E. Blackmar, destroyed the sheet music, and fined him five hundred dollars.

Just before the Battle, Mother, and Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching, were both written and set to music by George F. Root, of Chicago.

Battle Hymn of the Republic, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, was put to the tune of "John Brown's Body." The authorship of the last is not known.

Marching through Georgia, by Henry C. Work.

All Quiet Along the Potomac is claimed by Major Lamar Fontaine, Texas, Mrs. Ellen Beers, New York, and Thaddeus Oliver, Georgia.

Rock Me to Sleep, Mother, Elizabeth Akers Allen Strong, Maine, 1832 (Florence Percy).

Curfew Shall not Ring To-night, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, Mishawaka, Ind., 1850.

A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question, Mary Torrans Lathrop, Jackson, Mich., 1838. (This poem has been often attributed to Adelaide Procter and Mrs. Browning.)

The Burial of Moses, Cecil Francis Alexander, Ireland, 1830.

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming, Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, Old Dog Tray, Old Folks at Home, Stephen G. Foster, Pittsburg, Penn., 1826-1864.

The Children, Chas. M. Dickinson, Lowville, N. Y., 1842. (This poem is frequently attributed to Charles Dickens.)

Nothing to Wear, William Allen Butler.

If We Knew, Mary Louize Riley, New York, 1852.

Poor Little Joe, David Law Proudfit, Newburg, N. Y., 1842.

Old Grimes is Dead, Joseph Green, Boston, 1706-1780.

I am Dying, Egypt, Dying, Wm. Haines Lyttle, Ohio, 1826-1863.

I Would not Live Always, William Augustus Muhlenberg, Pennsylvania, 1796-1877.

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. *Who made the first American flag?* Mrs. Bosc
2. *What was the Grasshopper War?*
3. *What general lost his life by his devotion to a game of chess?*
4. *Where is the key of the Bastile?* Mt. Vernon
5. *When did women vote?*
6. *What woman saved Captain John Smith from drowning?* Mad. Charoyle
7. *How is it that Washington's birthday is celebrated on the 22d when he was born on the 11th of February?* Change of calendar
8. *How did the expression "Over the Left" originate?*
9. *What is the meaning of Texas? By whom given?*
10. *Who was the El Dorado?*

THEOLOGIANS, SCIENTISTS, HISTORIANS, MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

THEOLOGIANS.

America has produced in this nineteenth century more distinguished theologians than any other country, England not excepted—men who have not only accomplished a work in God's service by their eloquent and heart-reaching appeals, their pious and godly lives, but who by their learned writings have made an impress upon the literature of the day. Many of these godly men* have passed from earth but their works remain. Space forbids that sketches of them should be given as they deserve. We can only say a few words concerning some of those who are now living and writing.

JAMES McCOSH, D.D., LL.D., Scotland, 1811, is one of the most distinguished Presbyterian divines in this country. He was educated in Edinburgh, and taught in Queen's College, Belfast. In 1868 he was made President of Princeton, and most ably did he fill that trust. His executive ability was something remarkable. He resigned in 1887. His first literary work to make an impression was *The Method of Divine Government*, 1850. At once this showed that he was a man capable of dealing with the very highest questions of mental and spiritual science. His works are too numerous to mention. They deal chiefly with metaphysical subjects. He has a volume, *Reality*, ready for publication and is now writing his autobiography.

NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D., Farmington, Conn., 1811-1893, was a graduate of Yale and afterwards its President. He was

*See Addenda.

highly distinguished as a writer on metaphysics and education.. His work *The Human Intellect* ranks as the highest authority. He was able, earnest, scholarly and in all points liberal.

LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D., LL.D., Roxbury, Mass., 1835, is the son of Jacob Abbott the writer of histories. He was graduated from the New York University and in 1860 became the pastor of a Congregational church, but in 1869 he turned his attention almost entirely to literature and journalism. He succeeded Henry Ward Beecher as editor of the "Christian Union" and afterwards as pastor of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. He is a very distinguished man.

His works are :

Jesus of Nazareth—His Life and Teachings, Life of Henry Ward Beecher, An Aid of Faith, Old Testament Studies of New Testament Truths, and The Gospel History.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS BRIGGS, D.D., New York City, 1841, was educated at the University of Virginia, studied theology at the Union Theological Seminary in New York and at the University of Berlin. He was ordained minister in the Presbyterian Church. In 1864 he joined the Union army and marched to the defence of Washington. In 1874 he accepted the Chair of Hebrew in the Union Seminary. He was a constant contributor to the "Presbyterian Review," which he aided in founding, and of which he was editor until it was suspended. His scholarship is very fine, especially in Old Testament literature. For many years he taught theology at the Seminary and was finally offered the Professorship of Biblical Theology, his duties remaining substantially the same as before. This called forth a veto by the General Assembly. *Episcopal dismissed 1877*

His works are : *Hand for Sunday in 1872*

Lange's Commentary on Ezra and Psalms, Biblical Study—Its Principles, Methods, and History, American Presbyterianism, Messianic Prophecy, and Whither.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE, Boundbrook, N. J., 1832, is a graduate of New York University; he began his ministry at Belle--

ville, N. J., and accepted other calls, but finally was instrumental in having built for his use the Tabernacle in Brooklyn, N. Y.

He established a night college for training young men, and also devoted a great deal of time to lectures in order to aid his congregation in paying off a very heavy church debt. He has lately abandoned the lecture field.

Some literary syndicate has charge of his sermons and they appear in six hundred papers and magazines on the day that they are delivered in his pulpit. These are translated into various languages.

His works besides his *Sermons* are:

Crumbs Swept Up, The Almond Tree in Blossom, Around the Tea-Table, Old Wells Dry Out, From Manger to Throne, The Life of Christ.

PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., Switzerland, 1819, is the American editor of Lange's Commentary on the Bible. He is a Presbyterian, and is one of the most prolific contributors to theological literature that the century has produced. Had he accomplished nothing save the work on the Commentary that would be sufficient to make him noted in the world of letters.

HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL, Stonington, Conn., 1830, the editor of "The Sunday School Times," Philadelphia, was educated at Williston Seminary, Mass.

He assumed the editorship of "The Sunday School Times" in 1875, and some of the strongest articles in that most excellent paper are from his pen. His published works are:

The Knightly Soldier, Friendship the Master-Passion, The Blood Covenant, Kadesh-barnea, A Lie Never Justifiable, Hints on Child-Training, A Model Superintendent, Yale Lectures on the Sunday School, Principles and Practice, Light on the Story of Jonah, The Captured Scout, Children in the Temple, Teaching and Teachers, etc.

WENDELL PRIME, Massachusetts, is the present editor of the "New York Observer." His father, SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D., 1812-1885—for many years its editor—was the author of several volumes. Rev. Wendell Prime has in his possession the

Greek Testament which belonged to his great-great-grandfather, and was used by every generation, all of whom were Presbyterian ministers.

JOHN ALBERT BROADUS, D.D., LL.D., Culpepper County, Va., 1827, was graduated from the University of Virginia, and became a Baptist minister soon after. He was made Professor of New Testament Interpretation and Homiletics in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. He is regarded as one of the strongest men in that denomination. His preaching is strong in its very simplicity. He has published *Treatise on the Preparation and Delivery of Sermons*, *Lectures on the History of Preaching*, *Three Questions as to the Bible*, *Sermons and Addresses*, *Commentary on the Gospel by Matthew*, etc. He has been a constant contributor to the "Religious Herald."

THOMAS TREADWELL EATON, D.D., Tennessee, 1845, the editor of the "Western Recorder," is an able journalist, and esteemed as one of the strongest men in the Baptist denomination.

JAMES ROBINSON GRAVES, Chester, Vt., 1820, founded the "Southwestern Publishing House," in Nashville, Tenn. He is known for his support of a set of views which received the name of "Old Landmarkism." His published works are *The Great Iron Wheel*, *The Little Iron Wheel*, *The Intermediate State*, *The Redemptive Work of Christ*, *The New Great Iron Wheel*, *Denominational Sermons*, *The Parables and Prophecies of Christ*, and many others. Dr. Graves was at different times teacher and pastor in Nashville, Tenn.

JAMES MADISON PENDLETON, D.D., Spottsylvania County, Va., 1811, was Professor of Theology in Union University, Murfreesboro, Tenn. He was ordained to the ministry of the Baptist Church in 1837. His published works are *Sermons*, *Church Manual*, *Why Don't You Invite Us?* *Distinctive Principles of Baptists*, *Three Reasons for Being a Baptist*, *The Atonement of Christ*, etc.

WILLIAM CATHCART, D.D., Ireland, 1826, came to the United States in 1853 and has since lived and preached in Philadelphia. He is President of the American Baptist Historical Society. His published works are *The Baptists and the American Revolution*, *The Papal System*, *The Baptism of the Ages and of the Nation*, *The Baptist Encyclopedia*.

ALVAH HOVEY, D.D., LL.D., Greene, N. Y., 1820, was graduated at Dartmouth, and Newton Theological Institution, and since that time has either been professor or president of that institution. His works are too numerous to mention, but the ones by which he is more widely known are probably his *Doctrine of the Higher Christian Life compared with the Teaching of the Holy Scriptures*, *God With Us; or the Person and Work of Christ*, and *The Complete Commentary on the New Testament*.

THOMAS ARMITAGE, D.D., LL.D., England, 1819, came to this country in 1830. He joined the Baptists in 1848 and became pastor of a Baptist Church in New York. He was one of the founders of the Bible Union, and afterwards its president. His published lectures and sermons are numerous. His *History of the Baptists*, traced from Christ to the present day, has an introduction by Dr. J. L. M. Curry. He has published several works of note.

J. L. M. CURRY, D.D., LL.D., Georgia, 1825, is of Scotch and English ancestry. He graduated from the University of Georgia in 1843, and studied law at Harvard. He has occupied many posts of honor in his native State, and in Alabama, his adopted State. He was sent to the Alabama Legislature three times, represented Georgia twice in Congress, and was made Minister to Spain in Cleveland's first administration. He is now a trustee not only for the Peabody fund, but also for the Slater fund, and manages both with wisdom and discretion. He has written much for newspapers and reviews, is the author of *Constitutional Government in Spain*, *Gladstone*, *Establishment and*

Disestablishment, or Progress of Soul Liberty in America. The last book has attracted much attention in England and the United States. He is a Baptist in his religious views, and has always been regarded as one of the most prominent divines of that denomination. Mercer University, appreciating his abilities, conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. He holds the same degree from his Alma Mater.

JOHN HEYE VINCENT was born at Tuscaloosa, Ala., 1832. He has been associated closely with the Sunday School cause of the Methodist Church ever since his ministry began.

He first attended a private school in Philadelphia kept by an old woman. After this he was sent to other schools, three in number, and finally to the preparatory department of Lewisburg University where he studied under Dr. Taylor and his son Alfred. Later on he went to the Wesleyan Institute at Newark, N. J., which ended his formal student life. It has always been a great regret to him that he did not receive a collegiate education.

He was made agent of the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and moved to Plainfield, N. J. There it was the great plan of Chautauqua was fully matured. In 1874 Mr. Lewis Miller of Akron, Ohio, a wealthy and generous man, a lover of Sunday Schools, suggested to Dr. Vincent a large Sunday School gathering at Chautauqua, N. Y., where Christian people could enjoy lectures on science and literature, as well as theology. This suggestion was carried out. Four years later Dr. Vincent thought of the college course,—a plan by which any one—tired mothers or hard-working fathers or laboring mechanics—could secure a fair knowledge of literature, history and science by reading one hour a day for four years. On August 10, 1878, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was inaugurated. The class of the first year numbered eight thousand people; the entire stock of books was exhausted on the first day. Out of this work has grown the Chautauqua University with

Dr. Vincent as Chancellor. Besides attending to this he finds time for literary work. He has written lectures on *Reading, The Model Husband, Egypt and the Pyramids, That Boy, That Boy's Sister, Sidney Smith; The Witty Dean, The Every-Day College*, and published books on Sunday School work, and several text-books for the Chautauqua course.

ATTICUS GREEN HAYGOOD, D.D., LL.D., Watkinsville, Ga., 1839, was graduated from Emory College, Ga., and at once licensed to preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1876 he was made President of Emory College. His first book was *Go or Send*, published in 1873, which was a prize essay on missions. Then *Our Children* followed in 1876. Of this over fourteen thousand copies were sold. *Our Brother in Black* created much comment, but was more favorably received at the North than at the South. The book passed through several editions. Dr. Haygood was offered the bishopric, but declined, feeling that he could do better service in the management of the Paine Institute fund, but finally accepted the honor in 1890. Bishop Haygood is considered one of the strongest men in the Southern Methodist Conference. His other works are *Sermons and Speeches, Pleas for Progress, The Man of Galilee, Jack-Knife and Brambles*, besides numerous pamphlets. His sister is the well-known teacher, Miss Laura Haygood, who has been missionary to China for ten years. She has written several pamphlets in Chinese for use in her work.

OSCAR PENN FITZGERALD, D.D., Caswell County, N. C., 1829, the editor of the Nashville "Christian Advocate," was missionary to California, then Superintendent of Public Instruction in California. He became President of the Pacific Methodist College, Santa Rosa, Cal., 1872. In 1878 he undertook the editorship of the "Christian Advocate" and has contributed to its pages some valuable articles. He has published *California Sketches, The Class Meeting, Christian Growth, Glimpses of Truth, Dr. Summers, A Life Study*, and *Centenary Cameos*.

LUTHER TRACY TOWNSEND, D.D., Orono, Me., 1838, was graduated at Dartmouth College, and Andover Theological Seminary. He entered the Methodist ministry and became Professor of Practical Theology in Boston University in 1873. His publications are very numerous. The best known are *God-Man* and *The Art of Speech*.

RICHARD SALTER STORRS, D.D., LL.D., Braintree, Mass., 1821, was graduated from Amherst and became pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims at Brooklyn, N. Y. His works are very numerous. Among them may be mentioned:

Early American Spirit and the Genesis of It, Recognition of the Supernatural in Letters and Life, Manliness in the Scholar, Divine Origin of Christianity Indicated by Its Historical Effects, and Forty Years of Pastoral Life.

WILLIAM MACKERGO TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D., Scotland, 1829, was graduated from the University of Glasgow, and studied theology in Edinburgh. He came to the United States in 1872 and became pastor of Broadway Tabernacle Congregational Church, N. Y. He was at one time editor of the "Christian at Work." Among his numerous works may be mentioned especially those describing Bible characters, *Elijah; the Prophet, David; King of Israel, Peter; the Apostle, Daniel; the Beloved, Moses; the Lawgiver, Paul; the Missionary, Joseph; the Prime Minister*. Dr. Taylor takes a very high rank as a theologian.

JOSIAH STRONG, D.D., Naperville, Ill., 1847, was graduated from the Western Reserve College, and studied theology at Lane Theological Seminary. He wrote *Our Country: Its Possible Future and Its Present Crisis*. *The New Era.*

HENRY CODMAN POTTER, D.D., LL.D., Schenectady, N. Y., 1835, was made Bishop of New York in 1887. He was graduated from the Theological Seminary in Virginia, and was rector of Protestant Episcopal churches at Troy and Boston. Finally he was called to Grace Church, New York City. In 1883 he was

elected Assistant Bishop to his uncle Horatio Potter, and at his death succeeded him. He is the author of *Sisterhoods and Deaconesses*, *The Gates of the East*, and *Sermons of the City*.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D.D., 1818, is Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Western New York. He ranks very high as a scholar and a man of letters. He has contributed to various French periodicals, and published a work in French *L'Épiscopat de l'Occident* defending the Anglican views against the Roman Catholic attacks. His works are too numerous to mention, but his best known are *Advent, a Mystery*, *Athwold, a Romaunt*, *Saint Jonathan*, *Saul, a Mystery*, *Halloween*, *Sermons on Doctrine and Duty*, *Catholics and Roman Catholics: By an Old Catholic*.

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, S.T.D., LL.D., Ireland, 1830, has been Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Mississippi since 1887. He has edited religious periodicals and written numerous books, many of which have passed through several editions.

ALEXANDER CHARLES GARRETT, D.D., LL.D., Ireland, 1832, has been Bishop of Northern Texas since 1874. He is also author of *Historical Continuity*, a series of sketches on the Protestant Episcopal Church.

HENRY NILES PIERCE, D.D., LL.D., Rhode Island, 1820, has been Bishop of Arkansas since 1870. He is known also by *The Agnostic and Other Poems*.

RICHARD H. CLARKE, LL.D., 1829, Washington, D. C., was graduated from Georgetown College, practised law in Washington and New York. His most noted literary work is *The Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States*.

BISHOP JOSEPH M. FINOTTI, of Brookline, Mass., wrote the *Bibliographia Catholica Americana*.

SCIENTISTS AND HISTORIANS.

JOHN LE CONTE, Liberty County, Ga., 1818, was the son of Louis Le Conte, a noted botanist, who was descended from a French Huguenot family that settled in New York in the seventeenth century. There are few families that can present more eminent scientists than the Le Conte family of Georgia. Although Louis Le Conte did not publish any of his investigations in botany, other naturalists have done so, and the world has received the benefit. He inculcated in his sons the love for science and truth for their own value. He was a man of independence of character, firm, yet gentle. His brother, John Eatton Le Conte, 1784-1860, lived in Philadelphia, and published several papers on natural history. One of these papers, *North American Butterflies*, was reprinted in Paris. He was a member of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and also President of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science. He contributed very valuable papers to scientific journals.

Two sons of Louis Le Conte, John and Joseph, have become eminent men of science. Their mother died when the boys were quite young. She left six children to the father's care. Alexander Stephens prepared John for college. He graduated at Franklin College, now the University of Georgia, located at Athens. While there he showed such aptness for mathematics that one of his classmates said, "Give John the cosine A, and he can prove anything." After leaving Athens he studied at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, and moved to Savannah, Ga. to practice medicine in 1842. In 1841 he had married Miss Josephine Graham of New York, a young lady of Scotch and English ancestry. Her extraordinary beauty, brilliancy and wit made her the centre of attraction in every social gathering.

Dr. Le Conte accepted the Chair of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in Franklin College. In 1857 he discovered the sensitiveness of flame to musical vibrations.

Dr. Le Conte's home, which was in the belt of desolation left by Sherman's raid through Carolina, was destroyed by fire, and the manuscript of *General Physics*, the labor of many years, was lost. Then followed the period of reconstruction in South Carolina, and the domestic affliction in the loss of his daughter just grown to womanhood,—all of which tended to make scientific investigations impossible. He moved to New York and lectured on chemistry, then accepted the Professorship of Mechanical Philosophy in the South Carolina College at Columbia. In 1869 he was made President, and afterwards Professor of Physics in the University of California. His scientific work extends over fifty years. He has contributed to the scientific journals of both Europe and America.

His brother JOSEPH LE CONTE, Liberty County, Ga., 1823, is "The Evolutionist." He also graduated at Franklin College, then he entered the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard. He devoted his time to natural sciences and geology under Louis Agassiz. In 1851 he accompanied Agassiz on an exploring expedition into Florida. He accepted the Chair of Natural Science in Oglethorpe College,—an institution under Presbyterian management, located at Midway, Ga. A year later he was given the Chair of Geology and Natural History at Franklin College. From there he went to Columbia, S. C., and then to the University of California, following closely in the footsteps of his distinguished elder brother. He received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Georgia in 1879. His published works are:

Religion and Science, Elements of Geology, Light: An Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision, Compend of Geology, Evolution: its Nature, its Evidences, and its Relation to Religious Thought.

WILLIAM LOUIS JONES, M.D., Liberty County, Ga, 1827, is a nephew of Louis Le Conte. He graduated at Franklin College, was at Harvard, under Agassiz, and studied and practiced medicine.

He succeeded Dr. Joseph Le Conte as Professor of Chemistry and Natural History at Franklin College. At the close of the

war Dr. Jones bought the "Southern Cultivator" and edited it first in Athens, then later moved it to Atlanta. He contributed to this, as well as to the "Southern Farm" and "Weekly Constitution," many valuable scientific articles.

His connection with the University was renewed, but he resigned in order to devote more time to his newspaper work. His friends trust that his papers on Agriculture and kindred scientific subjects will be published soon in book form. His home is now Atlanta, Ga.

JOHN LAWRENCE LE CONTE, Philadelphia, Penn., 1825-1883, was another nephew of Louis Le Conte. He was graduated from St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg, Md. He too was a student under Agassiz, and visited with him the Lake Superior region, the Upper Mississippi, and the Rocky Mountains. He was a member of various scientific societies, and was one of the Charter Members of the National Academy of Science. Dr. Samuel Scudder called him the greatest entomologist that this country has produced.

WALTER LE CONTE STEVENS, Cassville, Cass County, Ga., 1847, is a grand-nephew of Louis Le Conte. He has devoted his life to scientific studies and research. He graduated at the University of Georgia, and became Professor of Natural Sciences at Packer Institute, New York, with which institution he was connected for years. He spent two years in Germany perfecting his studies, and upon his return accepted an offer made by the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., in the science department. He has undoubtedly inherited much of the scientific proclivities of his ancestors. His contributions to the journals of the day have not only been highly appreciated in this country but widely copied in Europe. ✓

JOHN FISKE was born at Hartford, Conn., 1842. His name was originally John Fiske Green. His father was Edmund Brewster Green of Smyrna, Del., and his mother was Miss Mary Fiske Bound of Middletown, Conn. Mr. Green was an editor in Hartford, New York, and Panama. At his death in 1852 he

left a widow and one son. In 1855 she married Hon. Edwin W. Stoughton, once United States Minister to Russia. The son then assumed the name of his maternal great-grandfather. He chiefly educated himself, and was far advanced in the languages and philosophy before he entered Harvard. At eight years of age he had read all of Shakespeare's plays, and at eighteen, besides being an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, he could read fluently French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian. He studied law, and indeed practised it for a while, but his taste did not lie in that direction, and he gave it up. He then undertook the study of the origin and progress of the human race, particularly in relation to evolution and Christianity. He delivered a course of lectures on philosophy at Harvard, then another course on American history at Boston, and delivered the same lectures by invitation before university audiences in London and Edinburgh.

Hawthorne and Lemmon, in their "American Literature," call him "the most substantial and enlightened figure in American philosophy."

Mr. Fiske is an evolutionist, but with him the principles of evolution do not conflict with the ideas of God and of a future spiritual life, but rather confirm them. He controverts agnostics, and brings powerful support to the affirmative side of the controversy. He did a great work for his country when he aided in editing Appleton's "Cyclopedia of American Biography." General James Grant Wilson was the other editor.

"Mr. Fiske is a thinker of rare acuteness and depth; his affluent store of knowledge is exhibited on every page, and his mastery of expression is equal to his subtlety of speculation." "He writes from full knowledge and thorough research, and has such mastery of his facts and so distinct a perception of their relations that his works are marvels of clear statement, while his strong, simple style gives them a very unusual attraction."

His home is in Cambridge, Mass., where he is very happy with his wife and children. "He numbers among his friends most of the men in England eminent in science and literature,

who were attracted by the skill with which he expounded the philosophy of Spencer." His published works are:

The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of His Origin, The Ideas of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge, Tobacco and Alcohol, Myths and Myth Makers, Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, The Unseen World, Darwinism and Other Essays, Excursions of an Evolutionist, American Political Ideas, Critical Period of American History, The War of Independence, A History of the American People, The Puritan Theocracy in its Relation to Civil and Religious Liberty, The Discovery and Spanish Conquest of America, and Life of Edward L. Youmans.

WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, Northampton, Mass., 1827, probably stands first among the philologists of this country. His word is authority upon all points pertaining to that science. He was graduated at Williams College, and then studied in Germany. Upon his return he accepted a professorship in Yale. His Chair is Comparative Philology and Sanskrit.

He has been a leading contributor of philological articles to prominent literary journals. He is a corresponding member of the French Institute and has received the Order of Merit from the Prussian government. He belongs to many learned societies in this country and in Europe. His books are too numerous to mention here, but prominent among them are *Oriental and Linguistic Studies, Life and Growth of Language, Essentials of English Grammar, Compendious German Grammar, German Reader in Prose and Verse, and Practical French Grammar.* He aided in revising Webster's International Dictionary, and was chief of the editorial staff of "The Century Dictionary."

JOHN JACOB ANDERSON, New York, N. Y., 1821, has accomplished a work worthy of special notice in a text-book on American authors. He has prepared a most charming series of histories. One could guess that Dr. Anderson had been a teacher so well does he understand how to present the subject discussed to the pupils. His books have been prepared with the greatest care and are accurate in almost every detail. His education was acquired in the public schools of New York City. He had intended taking a collegiate course, and was fully prepared to do so, but having been offered a position as teacher he

accepted it, and determined to make teaching his profession. His career as a teacher covers a space of more than twenty-five years—twenty of which he was at the head of one of the large public schools of New York City. His works are:

Introductory History of the United States, Common School History of the United States, Grammar School History of the United States, Pictorial History of the United States, A Manual of General History, A School History of England, A School History of France, The Historical Reader, and The United States Reader.

RASMUS BJÖRN ANDERSON, Albion, Wis., 1846, is of Norwegian parentage, and was educated in a Norwegian Lutheran college in Iowa. In 1884 he was made Professor of Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin. In 1885 he was appointed United States Minister to Denmark. His works throw valuable light upon the discovery of America by Norsemen, and are highly prized additions to literature. Chief among them may be mentioned:

America Not Discovered by Columbus, Norse Mythology; or The Religion of Our Forefathers, Viking Tales of the North (translated from Icelandic), and *The Scandinavian Languages; Their Historical, Linguistic, Literary, and Scientific Value.*

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. Who said, "The sun of American liberty has set; now we must light the lamps of industry and economy"?
2. Who wrote a book one hundred and forty years before Columbus set sail for America, claiming that one might "with a vessel sail around the world both above and under it"?
3. What American was called by Lord Byron the "Cincinnatus of the West"?
4. Who presented over two hundred petitions to Congress in one day?
5. Which was the "Year of Confusion"? Why so called?
6. What became of the flag given by the ladies of Bethlehem, Penn., to Count Pulaski?
7. Who were the "four accidental Presidents"?
8. Who thought "a national debt, if not excessive, would be a national blessing"?
9. Who said, "Public office is a public trust"?
10. Who said, "Honor lies in honest toil"?

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON, was born in the Newberry District of South Carolina, in 1829. He is of Scotch ancestry, "his grandfather, Alexander Davidson, having left Scotland *immediately* after the battle of Culloden, 1746, when Charles Edward's cause went under."

He was graduated with distinction from the Columbia College, S. C., in 1849, taking the degree of A.B., and afterwards, in 1855, that of A.M. After graduation he taught, and was at one time Professor of Greek in Mt. Zion College at Winnsboro, S. C. He moved to Columbia and taught Greek and Latin as joint Principal in the High School in that city. He then enlisted as private in Hampton's mounted company, but later joined the infantry under Robert E. Lee in Virginia and continued under Lee until his surrender.

Mr. Davidson says he "has never surrendered," and it is very certain he has never been reconstructed. When Sherman burnt Columbia he destroyed every article of property owned by Mr. Davidson, including a very valuable library, and manuscripts of ten years' literary work. No one can form an idea of what this loss was to him.

After the war he entered the field of journalism, and as he expresses it, "did more arduous service pen-fighting carpet-baggers than he ever did sword-fighting Yankees."

This was a necessity in South Carolina just after the war, for that State particularly suffered from the inroads of "carpet-baggers and "scalawags." Mr. Davidson, with a patriotism born in all Carolinians, fought with a will, and was enabled to do most excellent work in combating the threatened evils.

In 1871 he moved to Washington, D. C., and then to New York City, where he spent eleven years as literary editor of the New York "Evening Post," and engaged in other journalistic and literary work.

He is truly an indefatigable worker, as is shown in the amount

of research, published and unpublished, that he has made since his library and manuscripts were burned.

His first book, *The Living Writers of the South*, appeared in 1869, and his *History of South Carolina* the same year. This is used very generally as a text-book in his native State. *The Correspondent* appeared in 1886. *The Poetry of the Future* in 1888. This little book takes radical ground on prosody, and was received very favorably by the Boston press. The Appletons asked Mr. Davidson to write *The Florida of To-Day* to replace an older book.

He is now at work on a *Dictionary of Southern Authors*. Over three thousand four hundred names have already been found, each of whom has written at least one book, some more than fifty. He is not able to publish this voluminous volume, but hopes to do so soon. It will be a very valuable addition to literature, and especially Southern literature.

While teaching Homer he conceived a fiction of life in Homeric times, entitled *Helen of Troy*, but has never had time to finish this. He is on the editorial staff of "The Standard Dictionary," under the direction of Funk & Wagnalls.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, Christian County, Ky., 1808, was President of the Confederate States. He was graduated at West Point, and then served in the Black Hawk War in 1831-32. He was United States Representative from Mississippi in 1845, and United States Senator in 1847-51. Under Pierce he served as Secretary of War. In 1861 he was in the Senate, but when Mississippi seceded he felt it his duty to withdraw.

He was elected President of the seceding States for six years, but in 1865 when the Southern army surrendered he was captured with his wife and child, near Irwinville, Ga., and confined as a prisoner of State in Fortress Monroe. An old body servant gives the following account of this capture:

"Yes, I was with old marster when they overtook him. I was close by him all the way from Richmond to Irwinville. We struck camp at Abbeville. I never will forget that night.

I laid awake a long time, and every time a horse would stamp I would think it was the blue coat cavalry. All of us was so tired out that it wasn't long before we were all asleep, as sound and hearty as if there hadn't been no war. Suddenly a rattle-rattle-rattle, like reeds popping in a canebrake roused me up, and before I could get my eyes good open I heard a yell and the tramping of what appeared to me a regular regiment of horses, and right straight I knowed that all was gone up the spout. Them Yankee soldiers came tearing right into the camp, and in a mighty little while it was all over. Old Mars Jeff. was as solid as a cannon ball and I never saw a man do as gentlemanly as he did. My Lord! I was scared to death, but he was as straight as any sapling round there, and he looked like he was giving orders instead of carrying out somebody else's instructions. I looked after Missis Davis and little Winnie, and I tell you I kept close to that child the balance of the time. Of course the Yankees was mighty glorified when they found out who it was they had, but they were a great sight better behaved than we expected them to be, and they didn't do anything to hurt the feelings of the women and children all enduring that long trip to Macon.

As for the old boss, nobody could tell anything of his sufferings except one who had stayed around him a long time like I had. He kept the same gleam in his eye, and the same bold look in his face, although, to me he looked twenty years older, and he walked just as straight as if he was walking the streets of Richmond with Lee and Jackson, driving the Yankees across the Potomac at every crossing. I've seen lots of big generals and brave men in my time, but that man was the bravest looking man I ever saw. I was scared they would hang him, for you know them were troublesome times, but if ever he flinched nobody ever saw it. He just seemed to look older. It wasn't for himself that he cared, but for the people that had looked up to him, and the cause that he loved.

Folks may say what they please, but Jefferson Davis was a

brave man. He might have been strong-headed, but he was all right in his inside."

In 1866 he was indicted for high treason, but was admitted to bail a year later, his first bondsman being Horace Greeley. He was never brought to trial, being included in the general amnesty of 1868.

L. D. Gray A lady bequeathed to him her estate at Beauvoir, Miss., where he spent the remainder of his life. During his last years he devoted himself to writing *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, which makes clear many points not fully understood before. It makes the book, aside from its literary merits, of great value.

He died in New Orleans, La., 1889, and was buried there, as his wife desired, but two years afterwards his body was removed to Richmond, Va., the fitting burial place of the chieftain of the Confederacy, and the highest respect and honors were shown as the body passed through the Southern States on the way to its final resting place.

MRS. VARINA HOWELL DAVIS, of Natchez, Miss., his widow, wrote a memoir of him. She was well qualified to do this work. By loving ministrations and intellectual companionship she was her husband's confidante through the memorable years of his life, and greatly contributed to enable him to achieve the career which has made him so prominent. The war record given is historical. She has two children—a married daughter, Mrs. Addison Hays, who lives with her family in Mississippi, and Annie Varina. This last daughter, affectionately called "Winnie," and introduced by General Gordon, of Atlanta, as the "Daughter of the Confederacy," by which name she is now known, was born in 1864, at Richmond, Va. She has literary talent of very high order, and has contributed to a number of periodicals. No woman of the South is so endeared to its people. She possesses intelligence, culture and refinement, and is gifted with a charming personality. She makes friends wherever she goes.

The Deeded Doctor

LAFCADIO HEARN, Leucadia, Santa Maura, Ionian Islands, 1850, received his education in England and France, but when his father died he came to America, settled in Cincinnati, and devoted himself to literature which he determined should be his life-work. His father was an Englishman but his mother was a Greek. She was a beautiful Ionian whom Mr. Hearn married while stationed as surgeon on one of the Ionian Isles.

Lafcadio Hearn after working for some time as a reporter under Fred D. Mussey of the "Commercial Gazette" determined to go South, so he moved to New Orleans and became identified with the literature of that State. He worked on the New Orleans "Democrat" before and since it was united with the "Times." This training prepared him for the magazine and book work which makes his name so familiar in literature.

He lost the use of one of his eyes while playing ball. This necessarily restricts the amount of his work, but in no wise affects the quality. In 1889, greatly to the surprise of his friends, he went to Japan to make that his future home. He became a professor in a college in a remote part of the Empire, and has identified himself with the people by marrying a Japanese—"one of those graceful, high-bred, soft-voiced, gentle, kind, quiet, unselfish women of Japan," as Edwin Arnold describes them. His works are:

Gombo Thèbes, Stray Leaves from Strange Literature, Some Chinese Gods, Chita—a Memory of Lost Island, Two Years in the French West Indies, Youma, One of Cleopatra's Nights (trans.).

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON, Hallowell, Me., 1851, was graduated at Dartmouth College. Immediately after graduation he became editorially connected with the New York "Independent," and six years after the editor of "The Sunday School Times." He worked for two years on that paper when he was made editor of "Good Literature." This is now the "Critic" of New York edited by the Gilders. In 1882 Mr. Richardson was made Professor of English Language and Literature at Dartmouth.

He has taken the time to prepare some very valuable books. *A Primer of American Literature*, *The College Book* edited with Henry A. Clark, *The Cross*, which contains thirty-three religious poems, *The Choice of Books*. This has been translated into Russian and fifty thousand copies or more have been sold in this country, but Mr. Richardson's greatest work is his *American Literature, 1607-1885*, in two volumes. Only those who have prepared a similar work can estimate the labor expended in collecting such valuable information. He was one of the three editors of "The International Cyclopedia," issued in 1885 in fifteen volumes.

MARION HARLAND (Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune), Amelia County, Va., 1830. Mary Hawes's father was a Massachusetts man, and her mother a Virginia woman. Thus the blood of both sections flows in her veins, which accounts so readily for the daughter's freedom from sectional prejudices. Her father, Samuel Hawes, was a merchant of Richmond, Va. There he was married, and not far from that city was his daughter born.

One can readily trace the influences which led to Mary Hawes's becoming a writer. At ten years of age she was found reading aloud to her mother "Rollins's Ancient History," "Pollok's Course of Time," "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Plutarch's Lives," while a year or more later she was known to have committed to memory whole pages of "Paradise Lost," "Cowper's Task," and "Thomson's Seasons." Her light reading was "Godey's Lady's Book" and "Graham's Magazine." Thus it was that at an early age her taste for good reading was cultivated by a wise and devoted mother.

She was scarcely fourteen when she began sending contributions to a weekly paper, and was just sixteen when *Marrying Through Prudential Motives* appeared in "Godey's Lady's Book." Her first novel was *Alone* and her second *The Hidden Path*.

In 1856 the young authoress became acquainted with Edward Payson Terhune, a young minister licensed by the Presbytery.

He had accepted a call at Charlotte Court House, where he met Mary Virginia Hawes, and there it was at the age of twenty-three she became his bride.

Ruby's Husband is dedicated to him. The dedication reads, "To him who for many years has been to me adviser, co-worker and best earthly friend." She has written more than seventeen novels, all pure and elevating books.

Her influence upon the home will endure for more than this generation. She said: "If the lowly places of life are brighter, daily burdens that must be borne lighter, because I have lived and worked, I am satisfied. I believe it is possible to elevate household drudgery into a mission; to make home the center of thought and duty, and yet help the toilers in other homes." What a force such a woman will be in determining the beliefs and ideals of the woman of the future!

She is now travelling in Palestine, and we may expect much to adorn literature from her observations there. Her other works are:

Alone, Miriam, Judith, Common Sense in the Household, Eve's Daughters, Loiterings in Pleasant Paths, Husks, Husband and Homes, Sunnybank and Christmas Holly, The Story of Mary Washington, Phemie's Temptation, At Last, The Empty Heart, Jessamine.

FRANCES E. WILLARD was born at Churchville, N. Y., 1839. When she was two years old her parents moved to Oberlin, Ohio. There the girl for twelve years lived a life of perfect freedom upon a Western farm, spending most of her time in the open air, and having as companions an only brother Oliver and her "much-loved sister Mary." This life secured for her a healthy body before the mental training actually began. Her mother and father were her first teachers, and for two years the two girls had a governess, and after that they entered a neighborhood school.

At fourteen Frances and her sister started a newspaper filled with poems, essays, and stories. The news was meagre, but "greatly enjoyed by the public," which public was their father and mother. Frances was only sixteen when she received the

prize for an essay on "Country Homes." This greatly delighted her father who was President of the State Agricultural Society, and a member of the Legislature, and therefore much interested in this subject.

On her seventeenth birthday she tells how she suffered martyrdom by having her hair done up "in woman fashion, twisted like a corkscrew in the back," and how her feet became entangled in the skirt of her new gown, and how distressed she was because she never again would be able to jump a fence, nor climb to her "Eagle's Nest in the big burr-oak."

A year later she was sent to Milwaukee College founded by Catherine Beecher. The parents saw the necessity of moving to a place affording educational advantages for the children, so left the farm to settle in Evanston, the seat of the Northwestern University. There the girls entered the Woman's College from which they both were graduated with honor.

Frances had no need to teach, but her independent nature could not be restrained. She could not see why she should sit quietly at home and wait for marriage, so she opened a school near Chicago, and later on was offered the position of Professor of Science at her Alma Mater.

After her father's death she spent two years travelling with a friend, Miss Kate Jackson, and while in Europe she wrote articles for the "Independent," the "Christian Union," and for other New York, and Chicago papers. In Paris she attended the lectures of Guizot, and other famous men, and studied in Berlin and in Rome. Upon her return she was elected Dean of her Alma Mater. She has been very successful as a teacher, her influence over her pupils being something remarkable. She was one of the five women chosen by the Electoral Conferences as delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was refused admission, however, on the ground that the constitutional law of the church forbade the admittance of women.

Frances Willard's voice has ever been raised in the temper-

ance cause, and has been there a power for good. At a convention held in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1874, when the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized, she was made the Corresponding Secretary. She travelled all over this country, organizing unions, writing letters and pamphlets, and planning future work. When her brother, who was editor of the "Chicago Post," died in 1878, she assumed the editorship. In 1879 she was chosen President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In 1888 she was made President of the Woman's National Council of the United States. She maintains there is no position that woman cannot and should not hold. She says God has endowed her with ability and it should not be man's prerogative to exclude her from her rights. Even those of her sex who cannot agree with her, nor even sympathize with her in what is known as the Woman's Suffrage Movement, admire her gifts and capabilities, and acknowledge the good that she has accomplished.

In speaking on the temperance question she says, "To *endure* is the first verb that woman learns to conjugate in the grammar of life; *to do* comes later on." She urges women to escape the enduring and to be up and doing. She makes an excellent public speaker. She is never bold upon the platform, and is always easy and graceful with a magnetic voice, musical, mellow, yet strong—"like the sound of silvery bells on the Sabbath day," as some one has expressed it. She has great faith in men, but equally great in women. She argues that they should go forth hand in hand—"these two halves of humanity." Some disgruntled listener once said, "Yes, but Miss Willard thinks woman is the biggest half," which paradox was answered by an admirer, "Well, she herself is bigger by more than a half than any man I ever saw."

She wrote her *White Cross and Silver Shield*, *Social Purity Work*, and *For God and Native Land* in behalf of weaker members of her own sex.

Senator Blair in his "Conflict between Man and Alcohol"

said, "There never was an evil which has passed away that was not destroyed by public opinion. There is not, there never will be, an evil which can withstand the assaults of the enlightened condemnation of a free people who suffer from it. The demon (liquor traffic) has been tried and condemned to death in the highest court—the court of public opinion." So Miss Willard, continuing on the same strain, said, "What institution reaches all? The public schools." So she set to work and she, with other women working with her, had laws enacted requiring that hygiene with special reference to the effects of alcohol and tobacco upon the human system should be taught in the schools, so as she said, "While the enemy brewed beer, the women brewed public opinion; while one distilled whiskey, the other distilled sentiment; while one rectified spirits, the other rectified the spirit that is in man." Her pen has never been used more effectively nor more powerfully than in the temperance cause.

Her works not before mentioned are:

Woman and Temperance, How to Win; a Book for Girls, and Woman in the Pulpit.

"I have swung like a pendulum through my years, 'without haste, without rest.'" Life has been for her a constant work day. In *How to Win* she says: "Keep to your specialty, whether it is raising turnips or tunes; painting screens or battle pieces; studying political economy or domestic recipes. * * Have in place of aimless reverie a resolute aim. The first one in the idle stream of my life was the purpose, lodged there by my life's best friend, my mother, *to have an education.*

If my dear mother did me one crowning kindness it was in making me believe that next to being an angel the greatest bestowment of God was to make me a woman.

If I were asked the mission of the ideal woman, I would say it is to make the world homelike. Woman came into the college and elevated it, into literature and hallowed it, and into the business world and ennobled it. She will come into government and purify it, for woman will make homelike every place she enters, and she will enter every place on this round earth."

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON, Farmington, Conn., 1841, was educated at Hartford Seminary, which was founded by Miss Catherine Beecher, the learned daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher. She it was who was engaged to Professor Fisher, of Yale College, who was lost at sea. His betrothed with a resolute will determined that since life could not be along the pleasant paths that she had hoped, she must make the best of the future, so decided to do all the work that she could for girls. She thought women should have equal rights of education with men and so set to work and secured the means to have the Hartford Female Seminary erected. It was at this school that the greater part of Mrs. Bolton's school days was spent and from this school she graduated.

Her poems were published shortly after. In 1866 she married Charles E. Bolton, of Massachusetts, who had graduated at Amherst College. She took an active part in the great temperance crusade, using pen and voice in that cause. At one time she edited the Boston "Congregationalist." She spent some time travelling in Europe, and had the honor of meeting many of the distinguished literary men and women of the day. When she returned from Europe she wrote *Social Studies in England* and dedicated the book to her husband, whose aid she said had been so invaluable to her, and from whom she had received so much sympathy and encouragement. Her *Poems from Heart and Nature* were written with her son, CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON, Cleveland, Ohio, 1867. He is now assistant librarian at Harvard.

Mrs. Bolton has a bright and cheerful nature. She says we usually find in other hearts what we cultivate in our own. "Let us then grow palms and not lichens." Her works are :

How Success is Won, Sketches of Peter Cooper, Bishop Vincent and John Wannamaker, American Statesmen, Poor Boys Who Became Famous, Girls Who Became Famous, Stories from Life, Famous American Authors, Famous Men of Science, Some Successful Women, English Authors of the Nineteenth Century, European Artists, English Statesmen, Types of Womanhood, and Poems.

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL is better known to the world by his attacks upon the Christian religion and the Bible than he is for any special literary attainments, although he is an author and aside from his many speeches and lectures has published *The Gods, Ghosts, Some Mistakes of Moses, Lectures Complete*, and *Prose Poems and Selections*.

He is the son of a Congregational minister, and was born in Dresden, N. Y., in 1833. His father was a man of such broad views on the subject of religion that a dissension was caused between his parish and himself. The son's boyhood was spent in Wisconsin and Illinois, where the family moved in 1843. He practised law in Shawneetown, Ill., with his brother Eben, who was a member of Congress. During the "War between the States" he was made Colonel of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry.

His attacks upon the Bible had such a damaging effect upon the young people of the day—upon those whose faith was not strong enough to resist these attacks, and whose knowledge of the Bible was not sufficient to meet them—that the ministers of the Gospel throughout the land felt that it behooved them to speak for Christianity by answering these attacks from the pulpit. An anecdote, which has great force, is told of a certain eccentric divine from the South who, visiting New York at this time, was invited by Dr. Armitage to fill his pulpit. He began his sermon by relating a dream. He said, in effect, that he had wandered out to the Catskill Mountains, and seeing there an immense mountain of stone whose top reached nearly to the heavens above, was wondering and admiring it as a marvelous work of God, when he was attracted by a little man with a pick-axe, digging away for dear life. "Little man," I said, "what are you after?" Pausing a moment and wiping the perspiration from his brow, he answered, "I am trying to turn over this mountain of stone." "Poor, foolish one;" I dreamed, "he is surely demented!" He walked on and reached the other side of the mountain, where he saw another little man with his back to the solid wall of stone pushing with might and main, almost

exhausted from the severe bodily strain exerted by muscles and nerves. "My friend, my friend!" said the dreamer, "what in the world is the matter?" "Why," he answered, "there is a man on the other side of this mountain trying to turn it over, and I am keeping him from doing it." "Well," thought the dreamer, "the man with the pick-axe had little enough sense, but truly here is one with less!"

Brethren, the mountain is God's Word, the man with the pick-axe is Bob Ingersoll, the man with his back to the mountain is your pastor here, or is any one of these pastors in New York, or elsewhere, who thinks it necessary to meet the weak attacks of one who is so powerless to harm.

God's Word will and must stand forever, firm as a rock, immovable as stone. There is no need for you to put your back against the rock. You exhaust your strength in vain. If Christians would live right—live as Christ has taught them to live there would be no need of arguments to meet the attacks of infidels and agnostics.

Ingersoll's sophistry was startlingly displayed on one occasion to his own confusion. A friend said, "Mr. Ingersoll, I have witnessed a most heartless proceeding. What would you think of a man who knocked first one and then the other crutch from under a poor, struggling, inoffensive cripple? The man is now lying helpless in the ditch."

"Think!" said Mr. Ingersoll, on his feet in a moment. "Where is the villain, that I may find him and punish him within an inch of his life! Come!"

"Mr. Ingersoll," said the friend, sadly, "I am the cripple! My faith was my only support."

Mr. Beecher, on one occasion, complimented Mr. Ingersoll, and some one asked how he could find any good in "the champion blasphemer of America." His reply was, "Christianity draws men together; that which separates men on any other ground than that of immorality is anti-Christ; Ingersoll is a man of pure morals, of happy domestic life, of warm friendships; much

esteemed by all who know him personally. He is an unbeliever in Church and Bible, largely through ignorance. A rigid, despotic father threw him off with fatal rebound in theology.

My rule in life has been to work with any man of good morals—any man whose face is as if he would go to Jerusalem!"

Josh Billings on Infidelity said, "A man may learn infidelity from books, and from his associates, but he can't learn it from his mother nor the works of God that surround him. Unbelievers are always so ready and anxious to prove their unbelief, that I have thought they might be just a little doubtful about it themselves."

Colonel Ingersoll's family seems to be a very happy one. He teaches a high morality. Alas! morality cannot save. All the members of the family are musical. His children were never sent to school, their parents preferring that they should be instructed at home. The daughters are excellent French and German students, and are taught to be thoroughly practical, planning and making even their own dresses. They are very active in charitable works.

Ingersoll once accomplished good indirectly by his agnosticism, for it is said that the writing of "Ben-Hur" arose from a conversation with him. He asked Wallace, "Is there a future life? Is there a God? Is Christ the Son of God?" Wallace says he could not then reply satisfactorily, so he determined to study the Bible to answer him, and "Ben-Hur" was his answer.

LAURA C. HOLLOWAY was born in Nashville, Tenn., 1848. She is called the "Brooklyn authoress." Her maiden name was Carter, and at the early age of fourteen she was married to Junius B. Holloway, of Kentucky, a friend of Henry Clay's family. She is now Mrs. Langford, but is known in literature by her first husband's name. Mrs. Holloway's father was at one time Governor of Tennessee, and a very prominent man in the State. At the age of eleven his precocious daughter began to contribute to Southern periodicals, and was only twenty-two

when she wrote her most noted book, *The Ladies of the White House*, of which one hundred and forty thousand copies were soon sold in this country, and twenty-five thousand in England and other European countries. Miss Harriet Lane, who presided over the White House during Buchanan's administration, was an intimate friend of Mrs. Holloway, and it was at her suggestion that this book was written. During the three years that she was writing it, she was a guest at the White House, and Dr. Benson J. Lossing, the historian of the Presidents, paid the work a high compliment when he said that the book "would be forever associated with the history of the republic." Her lecture, *The Perils of the Hour, or Woman's Place in America*, was pronounced by Henry Ward Beecher the most eloquent lecture ever delivered to the women of America. Mrs. Holloway edited Miss Cleveland's "Poems of George Eliot." Mrs. Cleveland frequently presents *The Ladies of the White House* to girl friends as a wedding gift.

Her other works are:

Adelaide Neilson, the Beautiful Actress, Charlotte Brontë, or Flowers from a Yorkshire Moor, Representative American Fortunes, and the Men who Made Them, Howard, the Christian Soldier, Chinese Gordon, the Uncrowned King, Mothers of Great Men and Women, The Buddhist's Diet Book, The Saviour in Verse, and The Woman's Story.

JOHN MARTIN CRAWFORD, Herrick, Penn., 1847, is of Scotch ancestry. He was graduated at Lafayette College, Easton, a Presbyterian college of high rank. He taught school one term in the public schools of Dimock, Penn., then he was elected Principal of the Normal School at the same place, and later was Professor of Higher Mathematics and Latin in the Chickering Classical and Scientific Institute, Cincinnati, O. During his leisure time he studied medicine, and when thoroughly prepared as a physician, resigned his professorship. His classical education enabled him to perform literary work that would seem incredible in the midst of other labors.

While a student at Lafayette College he heard Dr. Thomas Porter say something about the epic poem "Kalevala" and he

was seized with a desire to know more of it. He commenced at once to study the Finnish language, and soon was enabled to translate many portions of the poem. Longfellow with his keen artist ear had caught the beautiful metre and imitated it in his "Hiawatha," but Dr. Crawford was the first to give an English translation to the poem. This translation of "Kalevala" marks an epoch in literature. It is the record of the great heroes of Finland. Throughout the poem lessons of morality are inculcated. The Finns possess just as beautiful and complete a mythology as any that the ancient Greeks had. The struggles between the Finns and Laplanders are very similar to the ones between Greeks and Trojans. Wainamoinen is the hero of the poem and gives short sermons to his people:

"Wainamoinen calls his people,
On the plains of Kalevala,
Speaks these words of ancient wisdom,
To the young men, to the maidens,
To the rising generation :
Every child of Northland, listen :
If thou wishest joy eternal,
Never disobey your parents,
Never evil treat the guiltless,
Never wrong the feeble-minded,
Never harm thy weakest fellow,
Never stain thy lips with falsehood,
Never cheat thy trusting neighbor,
Never injure thy companion,
Lest thou surely payest penance
In the kingdom of Tuoni,
In the prison of Mawala :
There the home of all the wicked,
There the couch of the unworthy,
There the chambers of the guilty," etc.

Dr. Crawford has given his valuable time to the study and translation of this poem, and he has done this without neglect of patients, or college students, or his own family. The world should show its appreciation of the work. During Harrison's administration he was Consul to St. Petersburg.

HELEN HAMILTON GARDENER, Winchester, Va., 1853, is a social scientist and an author. On her father's side she is descended from Lord Baltimore and Oliver Cromwell, and on her mother's from Judge John Davenport of Maryland. Although

a Virginian by birth and the daughter of a slaveholder, yet her sympathies, as her father's were, have ever been with the North as opposed to slavery.

She did not choose literature as a profession. She saw the difference accorded man and woman, and she felt that her voice must be raised and her pen used in the defence of her sex. Her first published work was *Men, Women and Gods*. This was a series of agnostic lectures. It is sad enough to see a man lose faith in God and His Word—it is pitiable in woman. She sent to the "Popular Science Monthly" a lecture, *Sex in Brain*, which was favorably commented on by medical journals in this country and Europe. In order to reach a larger class of readers she began to incorporate her scientific and sociologic ideas and theories into her stories. She published *A Thoughtless Yes* in 1890, and her first novel, *Is This Your Son, My Lord?* appeared the same year. Her second novel, *Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?* was published in 1892, when her volume of short stories, *Pushed by Unseen Hands*, appeared, and in 1894 *An Unofficial Patriot*, a historical and sociological story of our late war was published.

Helen Gardener, now Mrs. Smart, is a prominent member of the Woman's Press Club of New York.

ROBERT GRANT, Boston, Mass., 1852, is a novelist, story-writer and poet. He was graduated from Harvard and then studied law and practised in Boston. The literary works by which he is best known are *The Little Tin Gods-on-Wheels*, and *The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl: A Story of Fashionable Life*. His poems are few in number, and the best known is the satire, *The Lambs: A Tragedy*.

His other works are:

An Average Man, The Knave of Hearts, A Romantic Young Lady, Face to Face, Jack Hall, or the School Days of an American Boy, Jack in the Bush, or A Summer on Salmon River.

CHARLES PATTON DIMITRY, Washington, D. C., 1837, is the son of Alexander Dimitry, a distinguished educator of Louisiana. He received his education at the Georgetown College, D. C. He

served in the Confederate army, and since the war has devoted himself to journalism and literature. In 1871 he married Miss Elizabeth Nannie Johnston, the daughter of Reuben Johnston, a lawyer of New Orleans. She lived only nine years after their marriage, dying in 1880. His home is in New Orleans. Besides editing various newspapers, he has published *Guilty or Not Guilty? The Alderly Tragedy*, *Angela's Christmas*, *Two Knaves and a Queen*, *Gold Dust and Diamonds*, and very many short stories for magazines. He has several novels in manuscript ready for publication. His *Alderly Tragedy* first appeared as *The House in Balfour Street*.

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. Who said, "We must consult Brother Jonathan"?
2. Who was called the "American Chesterfield"?
3. Who said, "All we ask is to be let alone"?
4. Who said, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead"?
5. Who said, "The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure, and pleasure my business"?
6. Who said, "Hold the Fort, I am coming"?
7. What important telegram contained one word?
8. What American general was called "The Young Napoleon"?
9. Who was called "The Pathfinder"?
10. Who was the "Sage of Monticello"?

HUMORISTS.

CHARLES H. SMITH, better known as BILL ARP, was born in Gwinnett County, Ga., 1826. His father was a Massachusetts man, his mother a South Carolinian. Mr. Smith settled in Savannah when he first moved to Georgia. There he taught school, and it was there that he met and married one of his pupils. He never returned North to live, but settled in Georgia, and his son Charles, the subject of this sketch, was born in that State. He tells us that he "grew up as bad as other town boys, went to school some, and worked some." He entered Franklin College at Athens, but did not graduate; studied law, and then married. His wife was Miss Mary Octavia Hutchins, and they have ten children. He was a merchant at one time, but when the war commenced he began to write rebellious letters in a humorous way, which attracted attention, not merely for the humor contained in them, but from the fact that all that he said was so good naturedly said, and so much to the point, that every true Southerner felt that "Bill Arp" echoed his own thoughts and feelings. From the time that he asked "Mister Linkhorn for a *leetle* more time" to the present day, all have looked to him to express what they feel. At first these letters were written in the Josh Billings style of spelling, but this was afterwards laid aside.

The *nom de plume* "Bill Arp" was adopted in this way: When President Lincoln called for volunteers at the outbreak of the war, Mr. Smith, who was living at Rome, Ga., wrote a ludicrous criticism on the call. He read the article to a group of friends on a street corner, and after a hearty laugh they begged him to publish it, but he said he was not willing to have his name signed. In the crowd attracted by the reading was a country wag named Bill Arp, who suggested that his name be put to it. At once the signature became popular.

The "Courier-Journal" said of his letter to Artemus Ward in 1865, that "It was the first chirp of any bird after the surrender, and gave relief and hope to thousands of drooping hearts." Another paper said, "His writings are a delightful mixture of humor and philosophy. There is no cynicism in his nature, and

he always pictures the brightest side of domestic life, and encourages his readers to live up to it and enjoy it."

He has told us much about himself and about his family in these letters which he has been sending out weekly for nearly thirty years. These "talking letters," as Coleridge would call them, draw us near to the writer and make us feel the same interest we would feel in letters from a personal friend.

He bought a farm at Cartersville, Ga., after the war, and there he lives and writes. His home life is very happy. His cheerful philosophy cannot fail to brighten all around him. His description of the condition of a home without the mother shows how helpless he feels without "Mrs. Arp."

"The clock run down. Two lamp chimneys bursted. The fire popped out and burnt a hole in the carpet while we were at supper, and everything is going wrong just because Mrs. Arp's gone. I'm poking around now and hunting for consolation. I've half a mind to drop her a postal card and say, 'Carl is not well,' and then go to meet her on the first train that could bring her. It does look like a woman with ten children wouldn't be so foolish about one of them, but there is no discount on a mother's anxiety. I wonder what would become of children if they didn't have a parent to spur 'em up? In fact it takes a couple of parents to keep things straight at my house. * * It's mighty still and solemn and lonely around here now. Lonely ain't the word, nor howlin' wilderness. There ain't any word to express the goneness and desolation that we feel. * * The dog goes whining around—the Maltese cats are mewling, and the children look lost and droopy. But we'll get over it in a day or two, maybe, and then for a high old time."

Bill Arp is at present writing weekly letters to the "Constitution" and the "Sunny South," and has just published a *History of Georgia*. His many readers trust that he may continue for many years to send forth his cheerful, helpful philosophy.

✓ EDGAR WILSON NYE, better known as BILL NYE, was born at Shirley, Me., in 1850. He was educated in an academy at River Falls, Wis. He moved to Wyoming Territory and

there studied law. He was admitted to the bar at Laramie, Wyo., in 1876. He found law a poor paying investment, so applied to Judge Blair for employment upon the "Sentinel." The kind-hearted judge, willing to help the young attorney, told him he could do any kind of work that he liked in order to earn his board and lodging. Then it was that he began to write those humorous sketches which have brought him so much fame. At first, however, he wrote articles filled with pathos, and it was not until he met Colonel Root that he developed his humorous talent.

At Deacon Hayford's he met Miss Fannie Smith, a pretty, vivacious music teacher, and fell desperately in love with her, and the young lady fortunately returned this affection, so they were married in 1877.

In 1884 some of his friends purchased a paper and put Nye in charge. It was called the "Daily Boomerang," not from Nye's favorite mule as is supposed, but because the editor foresaw that the enterprise would react upon its promoters. The paper, republican in sentiment, did such service in the political campaign that Nye was given several posts of honor in the little city. A nervous affection forced him to change climate, and so he moved East. He lives at Staten Island and walks five miles to his work. He writes a weekly letter to the "World" and through a syndicate appears in many prominent dailies.

He has four children and his married life is a very happy one. James Whitecomb Riley said he would not object to getting married if he could be as fortunate as Bill Nye.

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. Who was called the "Colossus of Debate"? Webster
2. Who was called the "Father of the Constitution"? Madison
3. Who was the "Old Man Eloquent"? Adams
4. Who was called "Old Hickory"? Jackson
5. Who was the "Sage of Kinderhook"? Van Buren
6. Who was the "Hero of Tippecanoe"? Harrison
7. Who was "Young Hickory"? Taylor
8. Who was "Rough and Ready"? Grant
9. Who was called "Unconditional Surrender"? Grant
10. Who was the "Teacher President"? Garfield

MAGAZINE WRITERS AND JOURNALISTS.

Richard Watson Gilder, in an address on the "Future of American Literature" delivered before the Annual Dinner given to the New York Press Club, said that it is probable that American literature of the future will be strongly affected by two influences—the American magazine and the American newspaper, and it is evident that the ranks of literature hereafter will be largely recruited from the ranks of journalism. "Indeed," he went on to say, "journalism has made greater contributions to American literature of the younger generation than have all the colleges and universities." While the last statement has been and will be questioned by college-bred men and their friends, still journalism, whether conducted by college-bred or newspaper-bred students, *must* be an important factor in the literary world; therefore journalists and magazine writers of to-day—those who are undoubtedly moulding public sentiment—demand a place in a text-book upon literature just as well as authors of books, whether poets, novelists, scientists or historians.

Mr. Lecky in his "European Morals" says that the English papers exercise a greater influence than any other production of the day in forming the ways of thinking of ordinarily educated Englishmen.

William Mathews, LL.D., says in his "Literary Style," "The public journal, at once the echo and the prompter of the public mind, is constantly enlarging its power and widening its scope. As a means of swaying the minds of men, which is the essence of power; as an instrument for elevating society, which is the object of goodness; in directness, strength, and persistence of its influence, it has no equal among all the agencies of human utterance."

Wendell Phillips once said that there are two kinds of education—the education of Harvard and Yale, and the education of

the "New York Tribune" and that the *latter* is quite as valuable as the former.

Charles Dudley Warner said, "The literature of a people is largely the creator of the moral atmosphere of that people. From the printed suggestion to the unlawful act the way is as straight as the flight of an arrow. By literature is here meant whatever is read, spread broadcast by the press, and especially fiction, which is universally read by young and old, and is most subtly influential in its effects upon the mental and moral growth."

So great is the responsibility of writers in the creation of the moral atmosphere of a people that it behooves all lovers of pure literature not only to commend the good and condemn the bad; but more, to appeal in strongest terms to the writers of the day, those whose powers are greatest in directing and controlling thought, that they may be fully alive to the responsibility resting upon them. If our boys have the low-grade and vulgar stories of adventure and crime continually presented to them, we need not wonder that the jails and reform schools are full to overflowing. If our girls have the false ideals, devoid of modest and womanly feeling, presented for their admiration and imitation, and weak and sentimental stories with which to regale themselves, we need not wonder at ruined lives, unhappy marriages and unnatural mothers. As long as the newspapers of our land encourage vice, then so long will vice exist.

Upon the editors of newspapers and magazines rests the heavy responsibility in this matter; and they will not be guiltless if they allow to enter the columns of their publications sensational articles, thereby encouraging crime by holding up to public view the perpetrator as a hero; or by publishing low and vulgar stories, thereby familiarizing their readers with language and surroundings unbecoming polite and cultured circles; or by writing flattering criticisms of books or poems which should be condemned, thereby degrading the tastes of the readers who have confidence in them as critics.

Just so surely as they are guilty of pandering to a vitiated sentiment in this respect, just so surely will their own children suffer.

An incident is related of a French writer that he wrote a book so immoral in tone that it sold rapidly and was bringing him great fame. When he thought that there was a possibility of his pure and lovely daughter's reading the book, he was filled with the wildest alarm, and spared no means in collecting the copies to have them destroyed. Had he the right to injure others' daughters when he was not willing that his own should be sullied? The true aim of literature should be to benefit humanity, to aid in the development of character and manhood. Are the writers of to-day aiming at this standard?

We have had in literature authors who were amusers rather than teachers of men; who played upon the imagination rather than instructed the minds or elevated the consciences of their readers; who were perfect leeches upon the industry of men, and who prided themselves in telling the most marvelous stories in order to astonish their gullible readers,—men whose moral characters were not examples to be followed as patterns of manhood or of conduct, and whose writings were calculated to form characters as dwarfed in moral nature and in judgment as their own.

On the other hand we have had authors whose writings have been strong and helpful, pure and noble—a reflex of their own lives; they have written to ennoble mankind, not to degrade it. While they pleased and amused, they instructed and benefited; while they wrote for honor and fame, they wrote for the highest development of character and manhood.

When the influences of the one are weighed against the other, will not the scale for good turn in favor of the latter? Then does it not behoove writers—writers of whatever kind—to cease pandering to the vitiated taste of the public and condemn in unqualified terms everything that falls below the moral standard? Youth is a tender twig—easily bent. Remember that the power to make or mar lies in the hands of the journalists of to-day. Let not the charge of moral cowardice be brought against them.

Colonel John A. Cockerill, editor of the New York "Commercial Advertiser," says, "The editorial page has gone steadily to seed in the last decade or two; it has ceased to stand for the views of any individual or to represent any preëminent power." In seeking to find a reason for this, Colonel Cockerill is led to believe that it comes from an "*absolutely heartless money standard.*" When the success of a paper and the value of its work are gauged by the amount of the monthly remittances, then the editor is powerless. Just so long as the managing editor must get money to the proprietor or lose his position and reputation, just so long will the evil exist. To get money he must sell the paper; to sell the paper he must feed the public mind with crimes, tragedies, and scandals. One would say then that the reform must begin with the public mind—but what has corrupted the mind of the public but the sensational writings of the day? So it reverts at last to the proprietors of the papers who have themselves allowed, or whose predecessors have allowed, this state of things to exist. They then must be the first to take the initial stand for social and moral reform, and the intellectual reading public must follow and uphold their hands—the circulation of the papers must *increase* rather than diminish. Where will the evil end if something is not done and done quickly?

When journalism is pure then literature will be pure. All honor to that noble clan of journalists and critics who condemn the false and commend the true! Blessings be upon those who in the future may be as morally brave!

Among the leading writers of to-day special mention must be made of CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, Plainfield, Mass., 1829, who is now in charge of the "Editor's Study" of "Harper's Magazine," and most ably does he manage that department. (How safe one feels in reading all that falls from his pen! Would that his article on *Literature* could be read by every journalist of to-day, and, indeed, by every writer of whatever kind throughout the land! Would that there were many more (such brave and outspoken wielders of the pen!

Warner was a farmer-lad and learned in early life the habit of work. When he was thirteen he left the farm to attend school in a small village near New York. He remained there to be prepared for college, although the guardian to whose care he was entrusted after his father's death wished him to go into business; but a boy who could repeat "*Thanatopsis*" while milking the cows was never intended for a business life, so he entered college in 1851, and won the prize for the best essay in his class. He studied law after leaving college, paying his expenses by compiling a *Book on Eloquence*. He married when only twenty—married a lovely lady who is the "Polly" of his *Garden Sketches*. She makes his home charming in every way, and while he works she sees to the garden "*by letting it run to weeds*," as her husband laughingly expresses it.

In 1868 he went to Europe and three years afterwards his *Saunterings* appeared. Whipple said of this: "He not merely addresses his readers, he takes them with him." Later he and his wife travelled in Egypt, and he then gathered the material for *In the Levant*, which is said "to contain not a dull line."

His home is in Hartford, Conn., within a stone's throw of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Mark Twain. "No stones are thrown between them, however; the three being not on stone throwing terms, but very far otherwise." To be neighbor to any one is to be on intimate enough terms to borrow, or to be amiable enough to put up with petty annoyances without complaining. There may be more truth than romance then in Warner's description of his neighbor's chickens, we know not whether Mrs. Stowe's or Mark Twain's.

"I like neighbors and I like chickens, but I do not think they ought to be united near a garden. Neighbors' hens in your garden are an annoyance. Even if they did not scratch up the corn, and pick the strawberries, and eat the tomatoes, it is not pleasant to see them straddling about in their jerky, high-stepping speculative manner, picking inquisitively here and there. It is of no use to tell the neighbor that his hens eat your toma-

toes; it makes no impression on him, for the tomatoes are not his. The best way is to casually remark to him that he has a fine lot of chickens, pretty well grown, and that you like spring chickens boiled. He will take them away at once."

Fortunately Warner had been trained well at home. He had a noble mother, and a cultured father, and was early encouraged in his taste for good books. (He became a great reader and letter-writer. After graduation he studied and practised law, moving to Chicago as soon as he was married. He sent to the editor of the "Hartford Press" some sketches which so pleased him that he offered the writer eight hundred dollars if he would move East and become associate editor. The offer was accepted and that paper became merged into the "Hartford Courant" with Warner as one of its proprietors. From this date he became interested in newspaper work, and although he has written much besides, his best work is connected with journalism.

He wrote:

The Work of Washington Irving, A Little Journey in the World, Their Pilgrimage, Our Italy, Studies in South and West, Back Log Studies, Baddeck and that Sort of Thing, My Winter on the Nile, Being a Boy, In the Wilderness, A Roundabout Journey, On Horseback, As We Go, As We Were Saying, Life of John Smith, and Gilded Age (with Mark Twain).

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH,* Portsmouth, N. H., has been so connected with journalists that he deserves special mention among them, although he is a foremost writer of society verse also. He has been editorially connected with the "New York Mirror," the "Home Journal," the "Saturday Press," "Every Saturday," and the "Atlantic Monthly."

If you have ever read the *Story of a Bad Boy* you have seen with slight changes the autobiography of Aldrich himself. "A pretty bad boy," as he says, "but not a mean, cruel or vulgar boy, simply one who delights in mischief, and that of an innocent kind."

The first school he attended was Dame Bagley's. Her method

* See illustration.

of punishing her pupils was to tap them over the head several times with an uncommonly heavy thimble. Aldrich says every time that thimble came down upon him he felt sure that it was going right through him. He never had any fondness for arithmetic, so he entered into an agreement with his desk-mate to write his compositions in exchange for working his examples. This scheme worked very well for some time, but was of no moral advantage to either party.

His literary tastes developed early, and at the age of twelve he had written a story, *Colenzo*, and at sixteen was sending articles to the papers signed "Experience." His father's death forced him to leave school, and so he was deprived of a college education. He tried to work as bookkeeper, but it was so at variance with his tastes that he devoted himself to literary work. He succeeded William Dean Howells as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" from 1881-1890. He resigned to devote himself to literary work. He is well known by his *Prudence Palfry* and his *Daisy's Necklace*. (His stories linger in the mind like memories of sunny days, and his poems have the polish and brilliance of diamonds.) "He is our foremost writer of society verse. His jeweled lines, exquisitely pointed, which express a single mood or a dainty epigram, place him at the head of our lyric poets."

Sir Isaac Newton had a dog, "Diamond," noted in English literature, and "Trinket," Aldrich's Irish setter, deserves a place in American literature. "As a dog of letters he would be regarded self-made, although he had an academical education acquired at Sumner's kennels in Dorchester, Mass., where he graduated well trained to the gun." When Mr. Aldrich was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" "Trinket" watched for the postman, received the mail, and carried it safely and proudly to his master. The air of importance his dogship assumed was greater even than that of the distinguished editor himself. It was whispered by "disgruntled" contributors that "Trinket" also assisted in sorting the manuscripts sent to his master for review.

Aldrich has written :

The Ballad of Babie Bell and Other Poems, Pampinea and Other Poems, Cloth of Gold and Other Poems, Flower and Thorn, Fair Jerome's Beautiful Book, Mercedes and Later Lyrics, Wyndham Towers, The Sisters' Tragedy, The Story of a Cat, Two Bites at a Cherry and Other Tales, Out of His Head Romance, The Story of a Bad Boy, Marjorie Daw and Other People, Prudence Palfry, The Queen of Sheba, The Stillwater Tragedy, From Ponkapog to Pesth, 'Daisy's' Necklace, and others.

What critic is better known than LAURENCE HUTTON, New York, 1843, who has edited *Literary Notes* in "Harper's" since 1886? He was educated in New York, and travelled extensively in Europe, spending many summers in London. He started life as a merchant, but finding the work uncongenial abandoned it and began writing for the press. His general culture and unquestioned ability gave him prominence at once. In 1870 he became dramatic critic for the New York "Evening Mail."

He has means independent of his pen, so can afford to write when he pleases. Personally he is very popular, and his charming wife makes his home still more charming to his friends. He takes special interest in a collection of death masks of authors, which he prizes amongst his treasures. He inherited from his father a library of about five thousand well-selected books, including an especially fine collection of the British essayists of the eighteenth century. In this collection are many volumes, *rare first editions*, which are to be found in no other library in this country. He is an indefatigable collector of all kinds of literary and artistic curiosities. His works are :

Plays and Players, Literary Landmarks of London, Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh, American Actors Series, Artists of the Nineteenth Century, Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States (assisted by Brander Matthews); *John Bernard's Retrospection of America, Opening Addresses of the American Stage, Curiosities of the American Stage, From the Books of Laurence Hutton, Edwin Booth, and Portraits in Plaster.*

"The Saturday Review," London, gives his *Literary Landmarks of London* very high praise. "Altogether this is a book of which literary America may be proud and literary London

ashamed. Mr. Hutton has done for us what we have never done for ourselves." The "Boston Traveller" says his *American Stage* is "one of the most important contributions yet made to the history of our native drama"; and the New York "Herald" says it is "by far the best book of its kind; some readers may go further and pronounce it the only book of its kind."

✓ One scarcely knows whether to place RICHARD WATSON GILDER, Bordentown, N. J., 1844, among the poets or journalists—so completely is he identified with both. It is chiefly in connection with the "Century" work, however, that we find him to-day—not in the editorial rooms, but in a private office on the north side of Union Square, New York, surrounded by all that indicates refinement, scholarship and artistic culture. Over five hundred manuscripts are received each month, and only about one-twelfth of them can be used. His is the task to discriminate, and a most thankless task it sometimes proves.

Mr. Gilder's father was a Methodist minister—himself a journalist of high rank. Richard Watson was one of eight children, and began when quite young to turn his attention to literary work. At twelve years of age he was publishing a paper at Flushing, even setting the type, and in fact doing all the work himself. He had intended to study law, but after his father's death he was compelled to try to earn money at once to aid in the support of the family, so he accepted a position as paymaster on the old Camden and Amboy Railroad. A year later he became a reporter for, and finally managing editor of, the "Newark Advertiser." He was ambitious to have a paper of his own, so he started a daily called the "Newark Morning Register." Besides this he undertook to edit "Hours at Home." His time was so fully occupied that he was forced to sit up late at night, even at times working all night, snatching a few hours sleep when he could. His sister Jeannette aided him by writing a column entitled "Breakfast Table-Talk," and other members of his family aided also, as all were interested in the "Register,"

but in spite of these efforts it failed financially and had to be sold.

Dr. J. G. Holland was then connected with "Scribner's Magazine," and he determined to secure young Gilder for its pages, who for eleven years saw that magazine grow to enormous proportions, and after Holland's death was made editor-in-chief. "Scribner's" afterwards became "The Century."

Gilder married a granddaughter of Joseph Rodman Drake, and a daughter of Commodore de Kay. Their home is "the centre of true aristocracy of brain, and the society of Mr. and Mrs. Gilder is much sought after. There is a restful artistic air about their home, charming in its books and pictures, but more charming still for the helpful wife who is herself an artist and a woman of superior qualities of mind and heart." In speaking of her Mr. Gilder says :

Not from the whole wide world I chose thee,
Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea !
The wide, wide world could not enclose thee,
For thou art the whole wide world to me.

Mr. Gilder is a kind critic. He holds that "good manners are to be observed in criticism as in other departments of literature and life," and that one should not refuse "to take advantage of so many opportunities for making one's self happy by doing good to other people." He always *takes the time* to speak a helpful word to young writers, and has given encouragement to many who were ready to despair for lack of that very kind of help which costs no money, and injures the reputation of no critic.

In 1875 he published a volume of poems, *The New Day*, containing beautiful sonnets. In 1880 *The Poet and His Master*, his second volume of poems, appeared, and his third, *Poems and Lyrics*, was published in 1885. Stedman said of his books, "Each is a cluster of flawless poems." In speaking of him CLINTON SCOLLARD, New York, 1860, the educator and poet, said :

"Pure depth of feeling wedded to high art
And keenest insight—these the poet brings.
And when he sweeps the lyre's reverberant strings
He strikes the chords that stir the human heart."

Mr. Gilder continues to send forth his poems although his duties are very arduous; at one time he was forced to go abroad to rest for fifteen months. His last work is *Two Worlds and Other Poems*. He belongs to a decidedly literary as well as journalistic family. His brother, JOSEPH B. GILDER, Flushing, N. Y., 1858, is associate editor of the "Critic," and has been at times connected with the Boston "Advertiser," Buffalo "Courier," and the New York "Herald," and edited with his sister, Jeannette, *Essays from the Critic* and *Authors at Home*. Another brother, W. H. GILDER, is the author of *Schwabka's Search* and *Ice-Pack and Sundra*; and his sister, JEANNETTE LEONARD GILDER, Flushing, N. Y., 1849, is a poet and author. She edited *Representative Poems by Living Poets*, aided her brother in editing several books, and with Miss Helen Gray Cone edited *Pen-Portraits of Literary Women*, in two volumes. She is now associate editor of the "Critic," and has been connected at various times with the Newark "Morning Register," New York "Tribune," "Scribner's Monthly," and was literary editor of the New York "Herald" before she assumed her present duties. She corresponded for the Boston "Saturday Evening Gazette" and "Evening Transcript," Philadelphia "Press" and "Record," and was American correspondent of the London "Academy." CHARLES DE KAY, a brother-in-law born in Washington, D. C., 1848, is a poet and author of note.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, Cambridge, Mass., 1823, like Holmes "tumbled about in a library" when young. The walls of his home seemed to be made of books, and he was reared in an atmosphere of learning and literature. He came of a long line of Puritan clergymen and scholars. His ancestors were "Indian fighters," so we can readily see how he inherited the "fighting propensities which have been so strongly developed in his career."

At thirteen he entered Harvard, and at an age when most boys are only freshmen, he was graduated. When he left college so strong and vigorous was he that a fancy seized him to be a black-

smith, hoping in this way to learn to sympathize with a class of people known to him only through books. He was dissuaded from this, however, and became in turn a teacher, preacher, and author. He had met at his father's home such literary people as Judge Story, Margaret Fuller, and Edward Everett. His nurse was historic, for she was the wife of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." He studied theology at the Divinity School of Cambridge and was ordained a minister in 1847. His extreme anti-slavery views made him very unpopular with his congregation at Newburyport, Mass. So active was he in that movement that he was indicted for trying to rescue a runaway slave from the United States officers. During the Civil War he commanded a regiment of negroes, and thus gained his title of "Colonel."

His contributions to the "Atlantic Monthly," and other magazines, have been numerous. He advocates in an earnest way out-door life and physical culture for the American student.

His works are:

Out-Door Papers, *Malbone: an Oldport Romance*, *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, *Atlantic Essays*, *Short Studies of American Authors*, *Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, *Lydia Maria Child*, *Wendell Phillips*, *The Monarch of Dreams*, *Hints on Writing and Speech-Making*, *Concerning All of Us*, and *Women and Men*.

HENRY MILLS ALDEN, Mt. Tabor, Vt., 1836, is now the managing editor of "Harper's Magazine"—a position which he has held since 1869. He was graduated from Williams College, and then attended the Andover Theological Seminary. In 1861 he contributed articles to the "Atlantic Monthly"; in 1863-'64 he delivered a series of twelve Lowell lectures at Boston on *The Structure of Paganism*. Aided by Alfred H. Guernsey he prepared *Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion*. In 1864 he became managing editor of "Harper's Weekly," and four years later of the "Magazine." His *God and His World*, which appeared in 1893 anonymously, is regarded as a remarkable book,—“one to be read and reread, and always with increasing delight. The faith is that of a little child, and there is a restful-

ness in it that charms." "While the book is evangelical in the best sense of the word, it is also entirely unconventional. It will not offend the orthodox Christians, and it will touch the hearts of those whose faith is not fully established." It is "an original and powerful study of the relation of man to his origin and his destiny." "Many passages are true prose poems."

HORACE E. SCUDDER, Boston, Mass., 1838, is the editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." The Scudders trace their ancestry to Governor Winthrop, of colonial days. The father of Horace Scudder was a Boston business man, eminent for integrity, intelligence and a bright, sunny nature; the mother was Miss Sarah Lathrop Coit. Horace was the youngest of seven children, several of whom have become noted men. One brother, SAMUEL SCUDDER, Boston, Mass., 1837, became Agassiz's assistant in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. He is the editor of "Science" and assistant librarian of Harvard. There is no higher authority on entomology than Professor Scudder. Another brother, David Coit Scudder, went as a missionary to the West Indies and died in 1862. His daughter, Miss Davida Scudder, Madura, India, 1861, is a talented instructor in Wellesley. She has contributed essays to the "Andover Review," and compiled a volume of George Macdonald's poems.

Horace Scudder was graduated from Williams College and then he taught in New York for three years. He succeeded Mr. Aldrich as editor of the "Atlantic" in 1890. He has long been identified with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and contributed to the "Atlantic" "that line of creative criticism in which that monthly has held easy precedence." His essays appear in a volume, *Essays and Reviews*. He has written many juvenile books, as the *Bodley Books*, and has edited and compiled several volumes of poems and stories. In the "American Statesmen Series" he wrote *Noah Webster*. He assisted Mrs. Taylor in editing "Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor," his and other works are:

The Game of Croquet: its Appointment and Laws, by a Fellow, The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court, Men and Manners in America, One Hundred Years Ago, Recollections of Samuel Breck, A History of the United States of America, Men and Letters, Essays in Characterization, The Book of Folk-Stories Rewritten, Stories from my Attic, and Seven Little People and their Friends.

WILLIAM JAY YOUMANS, Saratoga, N. Y., 1838, is the editor of "Popular Science Monthly." His scientific education was acquired under his brother and in the Yale Scientific School. He studied Natural History under Dr. Asa Fitch. He practised medicine at first, but finally abandoned it to assist in editing the "Popular Science Monthly." At the death of his brother he became sole editor. He has contributed many valuable articles on chemistry, metallurgy, and physiology. He is a member of several scientific associations. He edited "Huxley's Lessons in Elementary Physiology" to which he added *Elementary Hygiene*. MISS ELIZA ANN YOUMANS, Saratoga, N. Y., 1826, his sister, is author of several well-known scientific works. Their brother, EDWARD LIVINGSTON YOUMANS, New York, 1821-1887, was a noted scientist and author. He established the "Popular Science Monthly" in 1872.

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. In what battle was the mud so deep that the soldiers had to step from mule to mule? *Shiloh*
2. Who was called the "American Chesterfield"? *C. F. Adams*
3. Who said "All we ask is to be let alone"? *Jeff. Davis*
4. Who said, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead"? *Carter*
5. Who said, "The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure, and pleasure my business"? *A. Burr*
6. Who said, "Hold the Fort, I am Coming"? *Sherman*
7. What important telegram contained one word (not a cipher)? *Rich*
8. What American general was called "The Young Napoleon"? *Geo. B. McClellan*
9. Who was called "The Pathfinder"? *John Smith*
10. What giant lived in North Carolina, and how large was he?

CONCLUSION.

"American Authors" must come to an end—not for the lack of material, but for the lack of space. As the last chapter is closed there come to mind many authors that should be given a more conspicuous place than in the *Addenda*. If from *that* any names are omitted, it must not be attributed to intentional oversight.

Only those who have published a similar book can appreciate the hours of labor expended in the compilation of it; only those who have never published a book will be ready to criticise the typographical errors found. The author will be satisfied if the readers and students of the book shall receive one-tenth of the pleasure and profit which she has received in preparing it. She begs that all authors who failed to receive, or to reply to, letters of inquiry regarding dates and facts will send to her a correction of any errors, and she promises that they shall not occur in another edition. She asks also for all names which been omitted from this volume.

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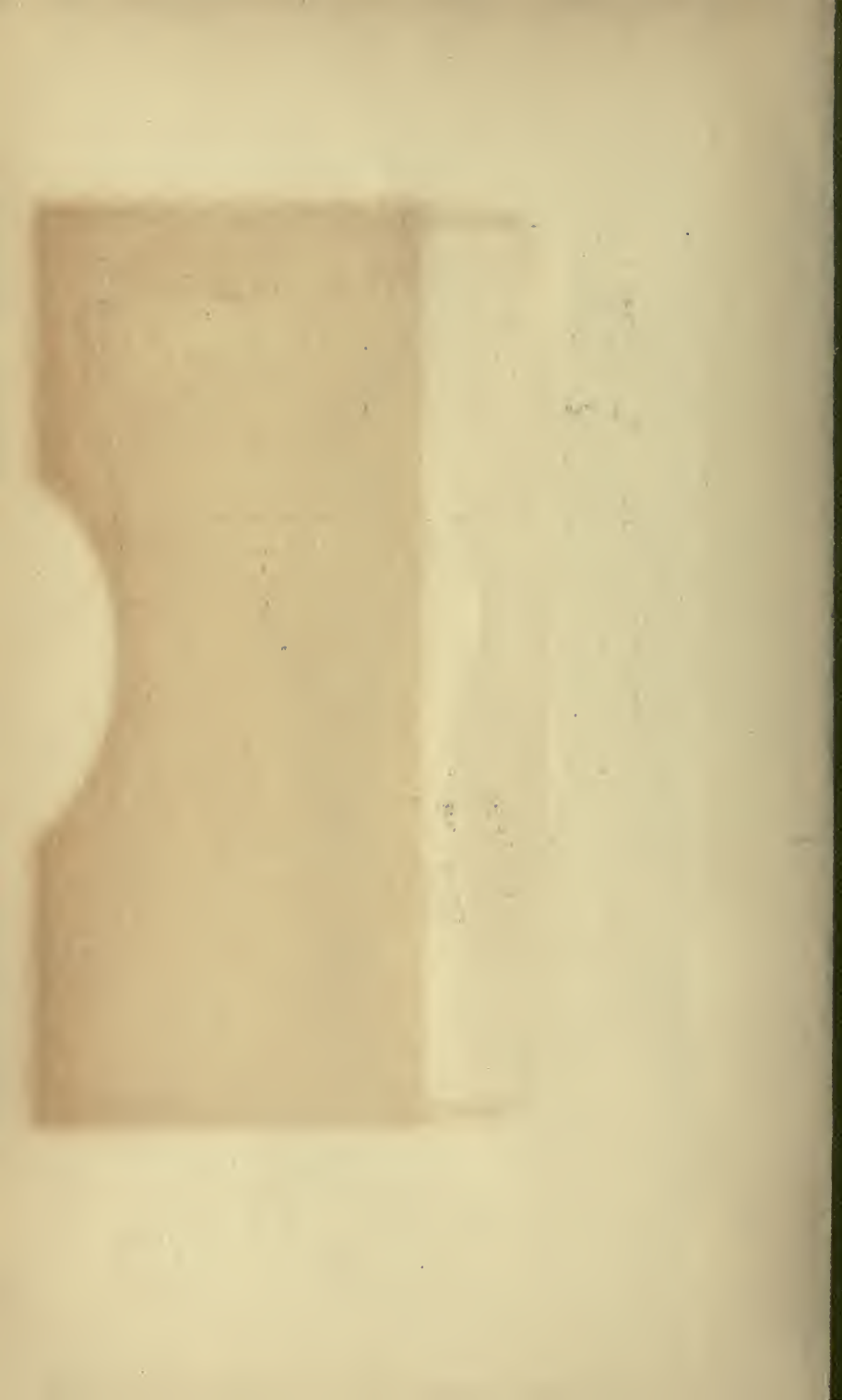
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